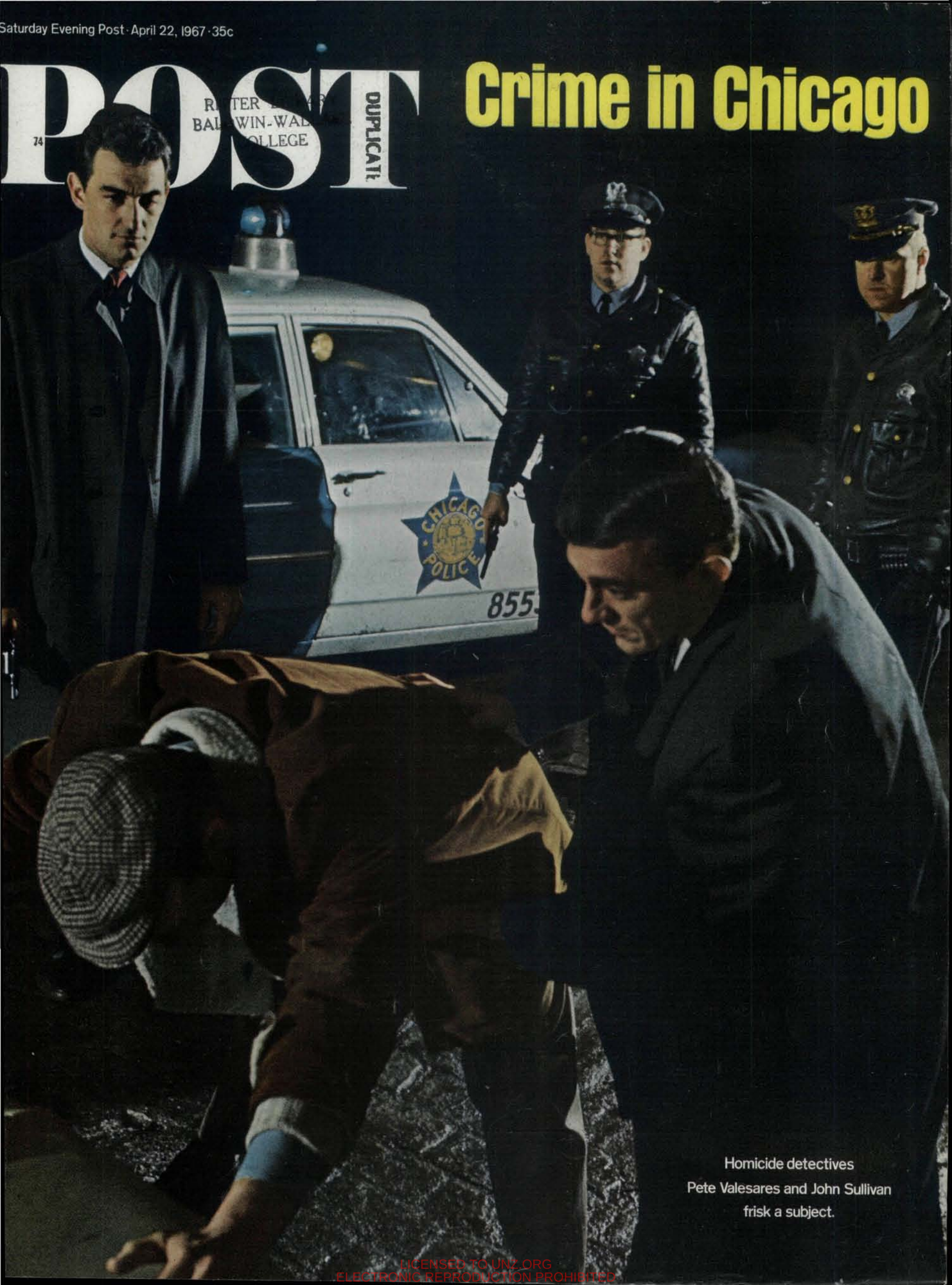
Saturday Evening Post · April 22, 1967 · 35c

POST

DUPLICATE

Crime in Chicago



Homicide detectives
Pete Valesares and John Sullivan
frisk a subject.

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GM
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The Saturday Evening
POST

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Ben Franklin

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About this issue

John Launois

MARSHALL FRADY, who writes about Georgia's new governor, was a correspondent for *Newsweek* magazine when he first reported on Lester Maddox and his defiance of the civil-rights bill in 1964, and has covered Maddox's activities on many occasions since then. Now a free-lance writer, 27-year-old Frady is writing a book about Alabama's George Wallace for The New American Library. . . . Contributing photographer JOHN LAUNOIS, whose assignments in this issue took him to Canada's Expo 67 and to California's redwood forests, has claimed another award. His *Post* photograph "Chemical Fallout Over Chicago" (DEATH IN OUR AIR, October 8, 1966) won first place in the 24th annual competition of the Pictures of the Year awards . . . . WALLACE MARKFIELD, here taking an affectionate look at old movies on television, may someday find himself watching one of his own stories on the Late Show—filming has just begun on the movie version of his comic novel *To An Early Grave*. . . . In addition to several plays and a screenplay, BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN has written two successful novels *(Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses),* is now at work on a third. / Cover photo by Declan Haun.

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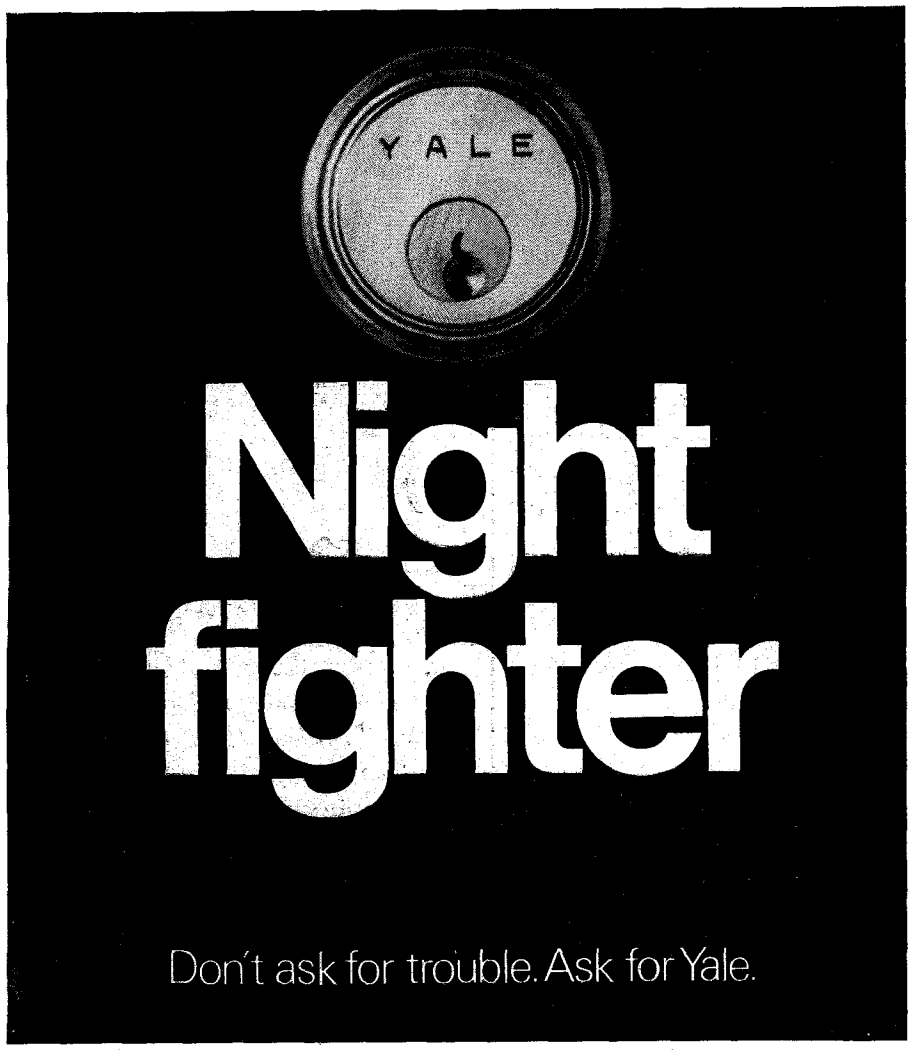

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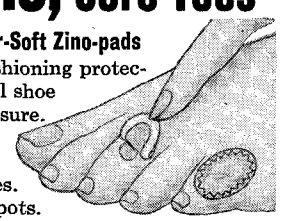

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Letters

Jackie Kennedy

Gentlemen:

Thanks for Alan Levy's JACKIE KENNEDY: A VIEW FROM THE CROWD in the March 11 *Post*. Will someone kindly tell me why this valiant woman cannot be left alone?

JAMES A. KENNEDY
Dodge City, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

We found Alan Levy's article itself to be respectful and even affectionate—mirroring the sentiments of so many of us who feel the press has hounded Mrs. Kennedy and her family long enough.

We assumed the *Post* shared these sentiments. However, instead of trying to preserve the small measure of privacy remaining to Mrs. Kennedy, you saw fit to publish a map and record of her daily life. What you have given with one hand, you have taken away with the other.

BRADFORD DILLMAN
SUZY PARKER DILLMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Apparently you didn't send us complete copies of the March 11 issue—our discount tickets for guided tours following Mrs. Kennedy around town seemed to be missing.

DENNIS A. GARY
Littleton, Colo.

Dear Sir:

I want to report in as one of probably millions who are *not* watching Jackie Kennedy and straining to hear what she has to say.

ROUSE D. FREEMAN
Lufkin, Tex.

Dear Sir:

Somehow I get the feeling that someone is priming the political pump. I wonder if we aren't being softened up by a pretty lady just so her brother-in-law won't look quite so bad when he's presented as a future political plum.

GENE HOLDER
McGregor, Tex.

Sirs:

What is so rare as a day in June? A newspaper or magazine issue without a Kennedy photo.

ARTHUR E. DEMERITT
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I'm up to here with the views of Jackie Kennedy's hairdresser, her cleaning woman, her stable boy, *ad infinitum*. I'm sure she is a very nice lady with a couple of very nice kids, just like millions of the rest of us; and the fact that she lost her husband in a tragic way doesn't make her a Super Being. Why don't you and the rest of the press give her and us a much needed rest?

MRS. EDWARD THOMAS
Vista, Calif.

Nazi criminals

Dear Sirs:

It is truly in the *Post* tradition to offer an article written by such an exciting individual as Simon Wiesenthal [THE MURDERERS AMONG US, February 25-March 11]. Although the subject matter may be hackneyed to some, Wiesenthal's story is unique. All too often people say that revenge rather than justice is the motive behind the investigations and prosecutions of the Nazis. Wiesenthal helps to change this erroneous notion.

BARRY DOV SCHWARTZ
Chaplain, *Westover AFB, Mass.*

Sirs:

While the world forgets the genocidal tendencies of the American people toward the Indians and of the Soviet leadership toward "enemies of the state," the *Post* seems unable to temper its obsession with anti-Nazi articles.

G. D. VAISEY
Peterborough, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

While I sympathize with Simon Wiesenthal and the horrible experiences he suffered, it is difficult for me to see the good in his life's work.

WILLIAM H. HALL
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Deeply infected wounds must be kept open, drained and clean.

Simon Wiesenthal has not been reopening old wounds—he is keeping foul ones open, hopefully to drain and cleanse them.

MILDRED L. WHITE
Ringwood, N.J.

Jesuit leader

Dear Editor:

John Kobler's article on the Jesuits' Very Rev. Pedro de Arrupe y Gondra [THE BLACK POPE, March 11] was most illuminating, scholarly and extremely well written. Thank you.

CYRIL CLEMENS
Kirkwood, Mo.

Dear Editor:

We need to be reminded not only that leaders of morality exist but also who they are. Please continue to write about people like Father Arrupe.

MRS. W. L. SCHWARZROCK
Minot, N. Dak.

Basketball's Barry

Dear Sir:

Congratulations to Rudolph Wurlitzer for his article on San Francisco's Rick Barry [THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST, March 11]. Barry's magnetic personality, so irresistibly evident on the court, comes through with almost frightening realism in the words and pictures of the *Post* article.

CYNTHIA RAMSING
Greenwich, Conn.

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As soon as I get behind the wheel I sober up

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Frankly.

Frank Gifford-ly. On CBS Radio Network's "Worldwide Sports" show—now sponsored alternate weekday evenings by Nicholson.

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Letters

Mrs. Tooze and booze

Gentlemen:

Thank God for Mrs. Fred Tooze and her courageous associates of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union [CAN THE FORCES OF VIRTUE DEFEAT JOHN BARLEYCORN? by William Kloman, March 11]. In a world where those who fight for righteousness are held up to ridicule, these women remain our true beacon lights.

MR. AND MRS. LEE J. MOSHER
Little Valley, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The first thing I did upon finishing your article was to down a good stiff drink. The piece reminded me of the immortal words of a well-known comedian: "I have read so much about the evils of drinking, I have decided to give up reading."

NEIL MACINTOSH
Queens Village, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I was quite amazed to realize what a superficial observer like Mr. Kloman could accomplish by picking out the flaws and disregarding the achievements of a really great organization. The W.C.T.U. is not nearly so much of a has-been as Mr. Kloman represents it.

MIRIAM J. EZELLE
Jackson, Miss.

Gentlemen:

I'm sorry the *Post* felt satirical derision was an acceptable substitute for informative reporting.

ANITA STITH
Boise, Idaho

Dear Editor:

Mr. Kloman is a little behind. The bill for a Youth Temperance Education Week *did* pass, and was signed into law by the President on May 4, 1966.

MRS. R. S. ROWLAND
Madera, Calif.

Dear Editor:

If the members of the W.C.T.U. wish to live according to their code, more power to them. They have, however, no right to decide for me whether or not I smoke, drink and/or curse. I prefer to look after my own liver, lungs and soul.

MEREDYTH D. ROWAN
Glenside, Pa.

New England skiing

Dear Sirs:

I heartily agree with John Skow's analysis of New England snow conditions [SKIING BARE-TO-GOOD, WITH SOME PAIN, March 11]. I've skied everywhere, and have decided that in New England skiing is not just a sport—it's a matter of survival.

DR. ESTHER L. ROBERTS
New Castle, N.H.

Dear Sir:

New England's days of well-nigh perfect snow and glorious sunshine are not as scarce as Mr. Skow makes them. The fact is, skiing is very much dependent on the whims of nature. Some winters the East is blessed with months of memorable skiing, running right into May. Other years, indeed, fit right into Mr. Skow's somber pattern—but for him to imply that that's the way it is always is hitting below the snow belt.

GILBERT R. LESSER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In my opinion John Skow is a snob—if he finds one minute detail is out of place, he scratches off the whole ski area.

SONIA GOULD
West Dover, Vt.

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Letters

Children and violence

Dear Sir:

It is most disturbing to read the opinions of Dr. Bruno Bettelheim [CHILDREN SHOULD LEARN ABOUT VIOLENCE, March 11], who assumes that "violence exists . . . and each of us is born with his potential for it."

Certainly we are born with the *physical* capacity to perform acts of violence, but there is no conclusive evidence indicating an innate motivation. Approaching violence as an innate psychological potential tends to relieve the individual of responsibility for his behavior and limit a positive approach to development.

ROBERT D. ROSS
Behavioral Science Dept.
Auburn Community College
Auburn, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The curbing of natural instincts—when curbing is in order—by self or home discipline or by law enforcement marks the difference between men and animals.

LYNN L. HARDEN
Blue Springs, Nebr.

Dear Editor:

I disagree with Dr. Bettelheim's acceptance of television. The exaggerated quantity (a program may be filled with "action" to keep the attention of the audience) and the distorted and unrealistic quality of violence on television only serve to dull a child's judgment and powers of discrimination.

MRS. JOYCE A. ARNOLD
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

Children should know enough about violence to protect themselves from it, but they certainly should not be steeped in it, through movies and books.

LAURA RANDELL
Inglewood, Calif.

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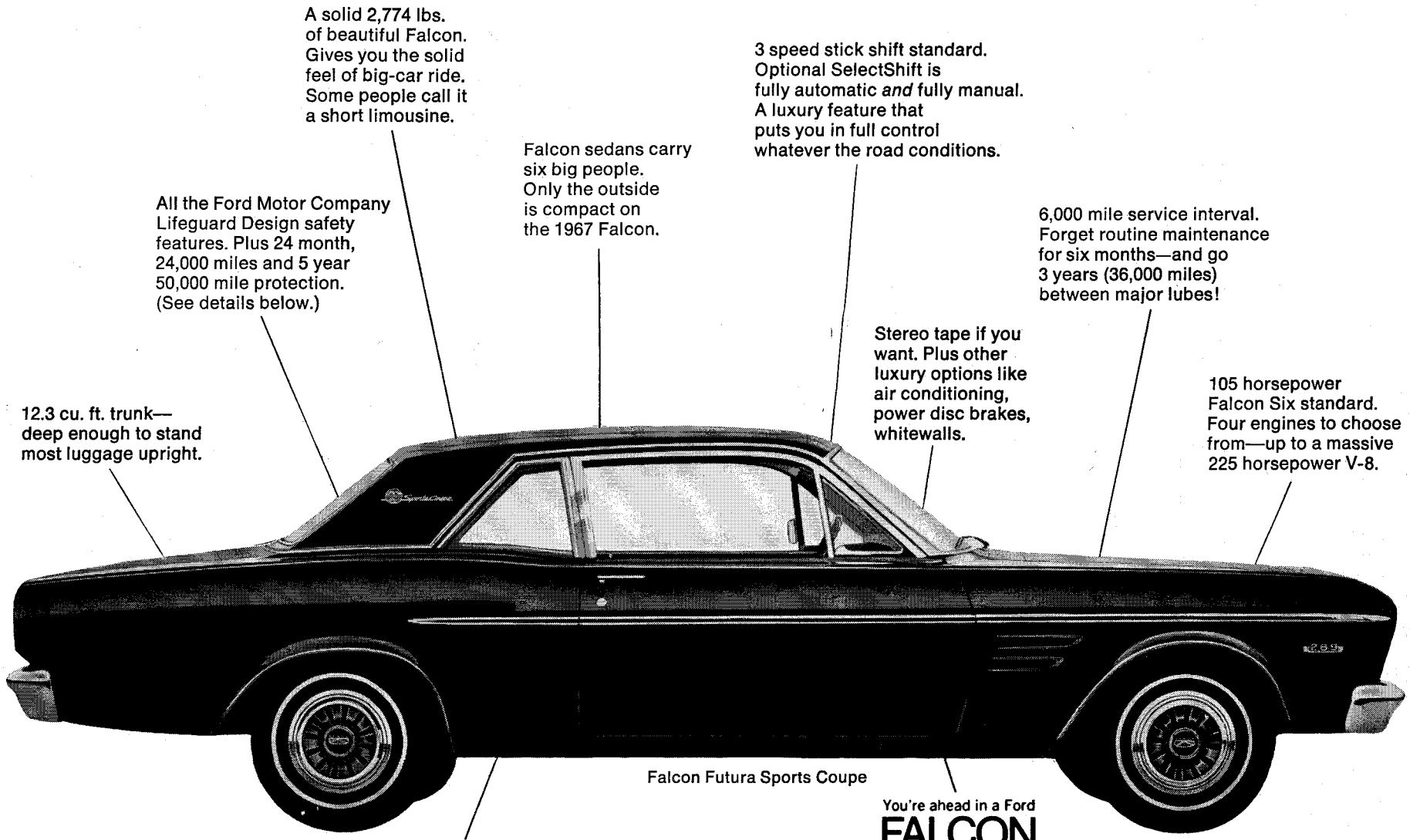
What's the matter with getting more than economy in an economy car?

Look at this.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Power train parts include: Engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission cases and internal parts, torque converter, driveshafts, universal joints, differentials, and driving axles and their wheel bearings. Suspension and steering parts include all parts of the front and rear suspension systems, steering gear and linkage, power steering pump, road wheels and front wheel bearings and seals. Related items such as ignition, electrical, cooling, fuel and brake systems, engine or transmission controls or linkages, steering column and wheel, clutch assembly, shock absorbers or load leveling system are excluded. The owner is required to obtain certain maintenance services* and, every 12 months, a written certification from Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer that he has presented evidence that such services have been performed.

The warranty does not apply to tires or tubes (adjustments are provided by tire companies), or to normal maintenance services or normal replacement of service parts such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points, wiper blades or brake or clutch linings, or to normal deterioration of soft trim, appearance items, hoses, belts or molded rubber or rubber-like items.

The warranty applies to vehicles normally operated in the U.S.A. and Canada.

*Every 6 months or 6,000 miles: Change oil and oil filter; clean air cleaner, air filter and oil filter cap; check axle lube and transmission oil levels. Every 12 months or 12,000 miles: Replace air filter on closed crankcase ventilation systems; clean emission system and carburetor spacer; replace emission control valve and thermactor air filter. Every 24 months or 24,000 miles: Change engine coolant and check radiator hoses. Every 36 months or 36,000 miles: Replace air filter on open crankcase ventilation systems; adjust automatic transmission bands; lubricate steering linkage and ball joints; clean and repack front wheel bearings.

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under the income-tax law was stillborn. Even in an economy as great as ours, we must be hurt when billions are thrown into an unproductive war. In 1961, when President Kennedy still favored a tax increase, I proposed a tax cut, for I believed that this would lead to expansion of the economy. In 1964 the cut finally came—$11.3 billion, a sum larger than the total of all taxes received by the Treasury in any year before 1942, larger than the income of all the banks or the railroads or the mining industry. Today this sum pays for only a fraction of the Vietnam war. Can anyone honestly believe that the economy is not affected?

Certainly no one inside the Administration believes this. This is evidenced by the way budget figures have been rigged. When an Administration witness came before the Finance Committee a year ago, I told him that the Pentagon was underestimating Vietnam costs by $10 billion, and would have to make a supplementary appropriations request for that amount. The actual figure turned out to be $9.7 billion, but I do not claim powers of clairvoyance. The budget requests for long-range military procurement, principally involving planes and missiles, had been based on an assumption the war would end by July, 1967. No one really believed this would happen. The underestimate was a political device to soothe the public and disguise the impact of Vietnam on the domestic economy.

The domestic attrition which comes about because of Vietnam is perhaps best demonstrated in the "small" items which congressmen consider killing at a time when the Society is supposedly becoming greater than ever. It was proposed in 1966, for instance, that the school lunch program be cut by $19 million, a sum which would finance the war in Vietnam for less than six hours. Another six hours presumably could be paid for by a cut of $20 million in Agriculture's budget for rehabilitation of land and property because of natural disaster. How Great is a Society when it is recommended that $158 million be cut from the National Defense Loan Education Act at a time when college costs accelerate and college students proliferate? At one point, the school milk program was slated for a slash from $103 million to $21 million. The $82 million saved would have run the war for one day, but what would its loss do to children whose only milk is the milk provided by these funds?

Other budgetary gimmicks have been used in an effort to conceal, or at least make unobtrusive, the true impact of Vietnam. A total of 225,000 companies, the ones that withhold more than $2,500 a month in income taxes from their employees, are "asked" to forward the money to the Treasury twice a month instead of only once. Sales of mortgages held by federal agencies to the public in the form of "participations" is another way of providing emergency relief to the Treasury without its being much noticed by the public. In the recent past there has been optimistic talk about the need to share federal revenues with the states. There is a growing demand and genuine need for such a redistribution of tax revenues. But does anyone really think that such a proposal has a chance while war in Vietnam is still going on?

Another imaginative proposal, seemingly utopian and yet keyed to our economy of abundance, is for a "negative income tax"—a guaranteed income—as a way to attack economic ills in the slums. The Democratic Study Group in the House of Representatives proposed examination of the idea. So did the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress. But while we pour billions into Vietnam, there cannot be serious consideration of such a proposal.

Or look at the hidden costs stemming from the flow of dollars to Vietnam. I call them "hidden" because the public seldom understands them. As a member of the Senate Finance Committee, I find them matters of deep concern.

To put it bluntly, Vietnam has ruined any chance we might have had for attaining equilibrium in our balance of payments. There has long been concern about our net outflow of dollars: In 1964 our deficit was $2.8 billion; in 1965, largely because of voluntary cooperation by large corporations, it was $1.3 billion. Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler and other Administration leaders encourage increased borrowing abroad by American firms to finance their foreign capital needs. We discourage tourists from going abroad in order to keep more dollars at home. But until recently there was curiously little official acknowledgment that, after all, Vietnam is the real culprit, for we are sending billions abroad to keep the war going.

So many words have been written about Vietnam that sometimes we must all feel like the small boy who, having read an exhaustive account of the habitat, habits and psychology of the penguin, wrote in his book review, "It really told me more about penguins than I wanted to know." And yet few of us know nearly as much about the subject as we think we do—especially about what this adventure is really costing us. I shall, of course, continue to vote for the military supplies our troops need. But it is time to be honest about what "benefits" we are receiving for our efforts. Cost-accounting a war is impossible, but realism is not. Even the South Vietnamese are not profiting from our vast investment. Our dollars have distorted an already impoverished economic scene, causing devaluation of the piaster to half its previous rate and thus adding misery for almost everyone, while a handful of Saigon businessmen have a vested interest in keeping the war going on.

Ninety miles from Florida lies a Communist country under Fidel Castro. We have an enclave there, at Guantanamo. If we decide we must have a foothold in Indochina, then let us establish an enclave there, as General James Gavin and others have suggested. But let us concede the facts: Vietnam is 8,000 miles from California; it is difficult to supply; it has an unstable government; it is an arena of civil strife, and Ho Chi Minh is not a real threat to the United States. We are squandering our national wealth there unconscionably, much more of it than most of us realize, and more than our Government will admit. The key question is whether we are using an elephant gun to shoot an elusive fly.

Vance Hartke

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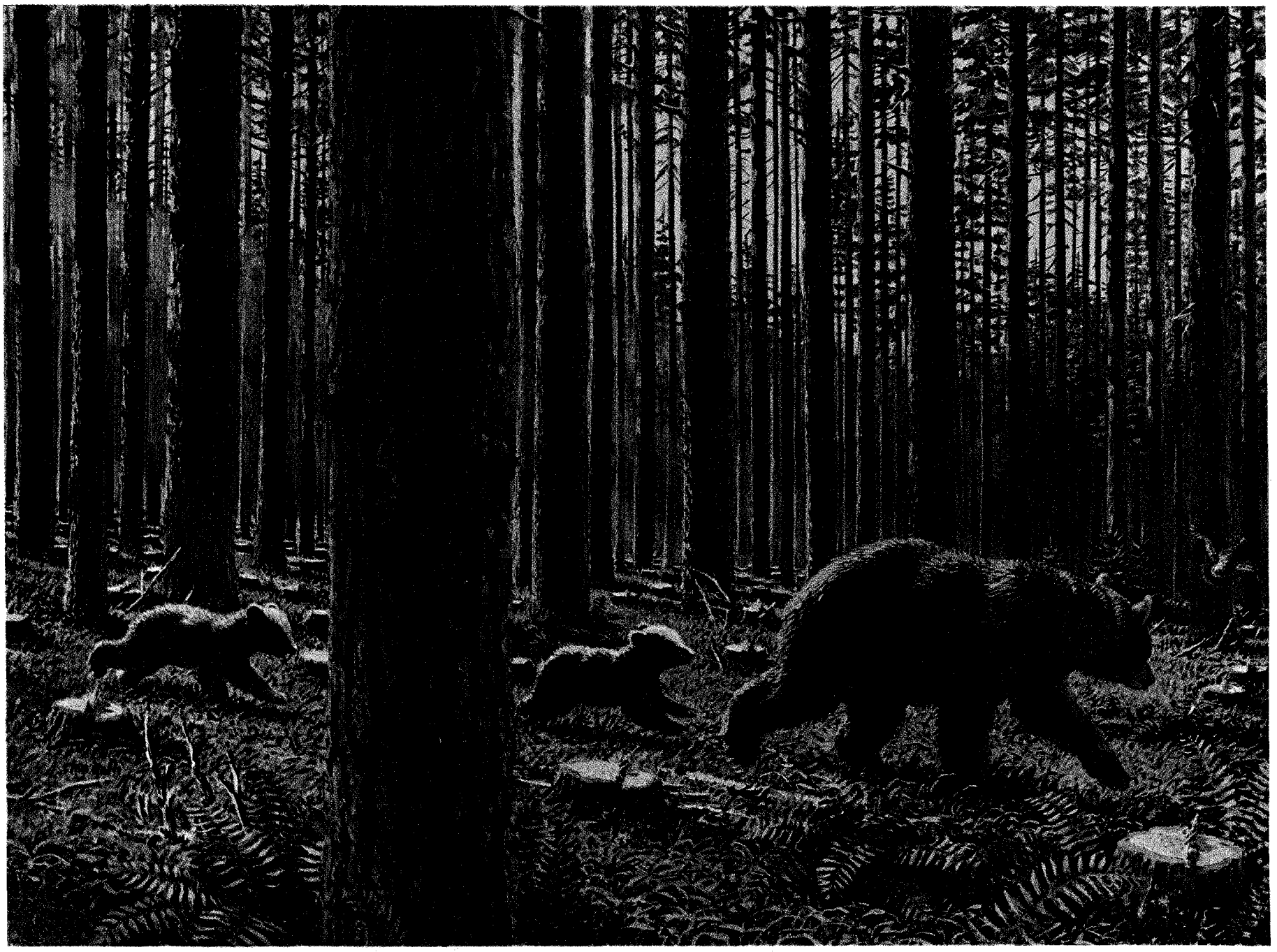

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Some cars have it, some don't.

Some cars don't have Body by Fisher, either. Or the kind of inventive engineering that brings you both front wheel drive cars and rear engine cars. Which, of course, is why some cars don't have a mark of excellence, either. And some do.

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

. . . but oh you kid!

WASHINGTON:

In the era when "twenty-three skiddoo to you" was considered brilliant repartee, gay blades, to prove their sophistication, would display on their lapels large plaques bearing the strange device: I LOVE MY WIFE BUT OH YOU KID! These words rather neatly express the attitude of the anti-Goldwater, or moderate, Republicans toward George Romney of Michigan and Charles Percy of Illinois. The Republican moderates are wedded to Romney, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer. But they just can't help ogling Percy.

The wedding between Romney and the Republican moderates was something of a shotgun wedding—it was performed hastily and under pressure. Many months ago it became clear that Richard Nixon had an excellent chance of inheriting the 1968 nomination by default, by lining up behind his candidacy the same people who had given Goldwater his first-ballot victory in 1964. This prospect was not at all pleasing to the leaders of the two biggest eastern states—Nelson Rockefeller of New York and William Scranton of Pennsylvania. Neither is a passionate admirer of Nixon, and neither thinks Nixon can defeat Lyndon B. Johnson.

Rockefeller, Scranton and the other leaders of moderate Republican factions agreed that George Romney was their best bet to stand off Nixon and his Goldwaterites. They further agreed on a sort of nonproliferation treaty—rather than dissipate their strength among several candidates, they would stick to Romney, and Romney alone, through thick or thin.

Romney is still the candidate of the moderates, and the nonproliferation treaty is still in force. But among his Republican supporters, a certain restiveness about the marriage with George Romney is becoming increasingly evident.

"He bombed out in Pocatello, and he bombed out again at the Gala," said one such restive Republican, "but I guess we're stuck with him." He was referring to an unhappy Romney press conference in Idaho, and an unhappy performance at a Republican rally in Washington.

His supporters are worried by what they consider Romney's impulse to hang around his own neck a reputation for being indecisive and uninformed about the war in Vietnam. A good many Republican fence sitters are also annoyed by what they consider his tendency to preach at them. Sen. Thruston Morton, for example, is something of a pivot man in the Senate—he is committed neither to Nixon nor to Romney. Recently he flew to Lansing to talk politics with Romney. He spent three hours with him, during which, Morton later confided to friends, Romney held the floor for two hours and fifty minutes at a stretch. Morton flew back to Washington unconverted.

The moderates also mutter unhappily that the Michigan governor has no idea how to put together a national organization. Romney first approached Scranton, to ask him to run his campaign, and when Scranton refused, Romney tapped "old pro" Leonard Hall. Since then, there have been few signs of the Romney organization's jelling, and many complaints that Hall is trying to manage the campaign out of his back pocket.

Such mutterings are still *sotto voce*, and they will certainly remain that way as long as Romney maintains his remarkable standing in the public-opinion polls. But the public is fickle, as Lyndon Johnson and others have learned.

"The polls are the only thing that's holding the whole Romney operation together," says a Republican professional from a big eastern state, "and George could take a tumble any day now."

Romney's evangelical political style, though it may annoy the politicians, seems to be widely admired by the voters, and Romney may never take a tumble. If he does, the Republicans who are now backing him will certainly begin to ogle Charles Percy more than ever, but a drop in the polls would hardly provide sufficient excuse to dump Romney in favor of Percy.

The real moment of truth is likely to come for Romney in the first few primaries—especially the first primary, in New Hampshire, which Romney can hardly duck. In 1956, when there was talk that Dwight Eisenhower might dump his Vice President, New Hampshire gave Nixon an impressive write-in vote, and Nixon still has a lot of strength in the New Hampshire organization. A poor showing by Romney in New Hampshire, followed by a poor showing in a couple of other primaries, would certainly lead to the breaking of the nonproliferation treaty. Rockefeller himself might be one of the treaty-breakers—his enthusiasm for Romney has cooled since Romney went out of his way to advertise the fact that he is not a Rockefeller man.

As the inevitable fall-back candidate of the Republican moderates who oppose Nixon, Percy would be the beneficiary of a breaking of the nonproliferation treaty. It is really rather astonishing that Percy, a mere junior Senator, should be widely regarded as a serious presidential contender after only a few weeks in his first elective office. But he is, and there are some good reasons why he is. For one thing, if he is not more knowledgeable than Romney about the basic foreign and domestic issues, he certainly sounds as if he is. His articulateness is dismissed by some politicians and reporters as mere glibness, but on the television screen—more and more the make-or-break test for any politician—it is most effective.

So is his appearance—he looks young, he looks handsome, but he also looks serious and competent. He *is* serious and competent—no politician does his homework more conscientiously. Moreover, for a neophyte he is remarkably shrewd. In his position—that of an undeclared, fall-back candidate, in some ways the most difficult position in politics—it is always easy to appear either too coy or too eager or both at the same time. So far, Percy has not put a foot wrong.

But there is another and very important reason why Percy is already a serious contender. When he ran for governor of Illinois in 1964, he supported Barry Goldwater—albeit pallidly—and was roundly defeated for his pains. Partly for this reason, and partly because he likes Percy personally, Goldwater has made it clear that he could support a Percy presidential candidacy perfectly happily, whereas if Romney were nominated he would be very unhappy indeed. Thus Percy offers the Republican Party what no other presidential hopeful offers—a candidate who could be nominated without a bruising and embittering fight.

If this is still true a year from now—and if in the meantime Percy begins to look like a man who could beat Lyndon Johnson—the Republican moderates may be sorely tempted to leave George Romney in the lurch and run away with the freshman Senator from Illinois.

Stewart Alsop

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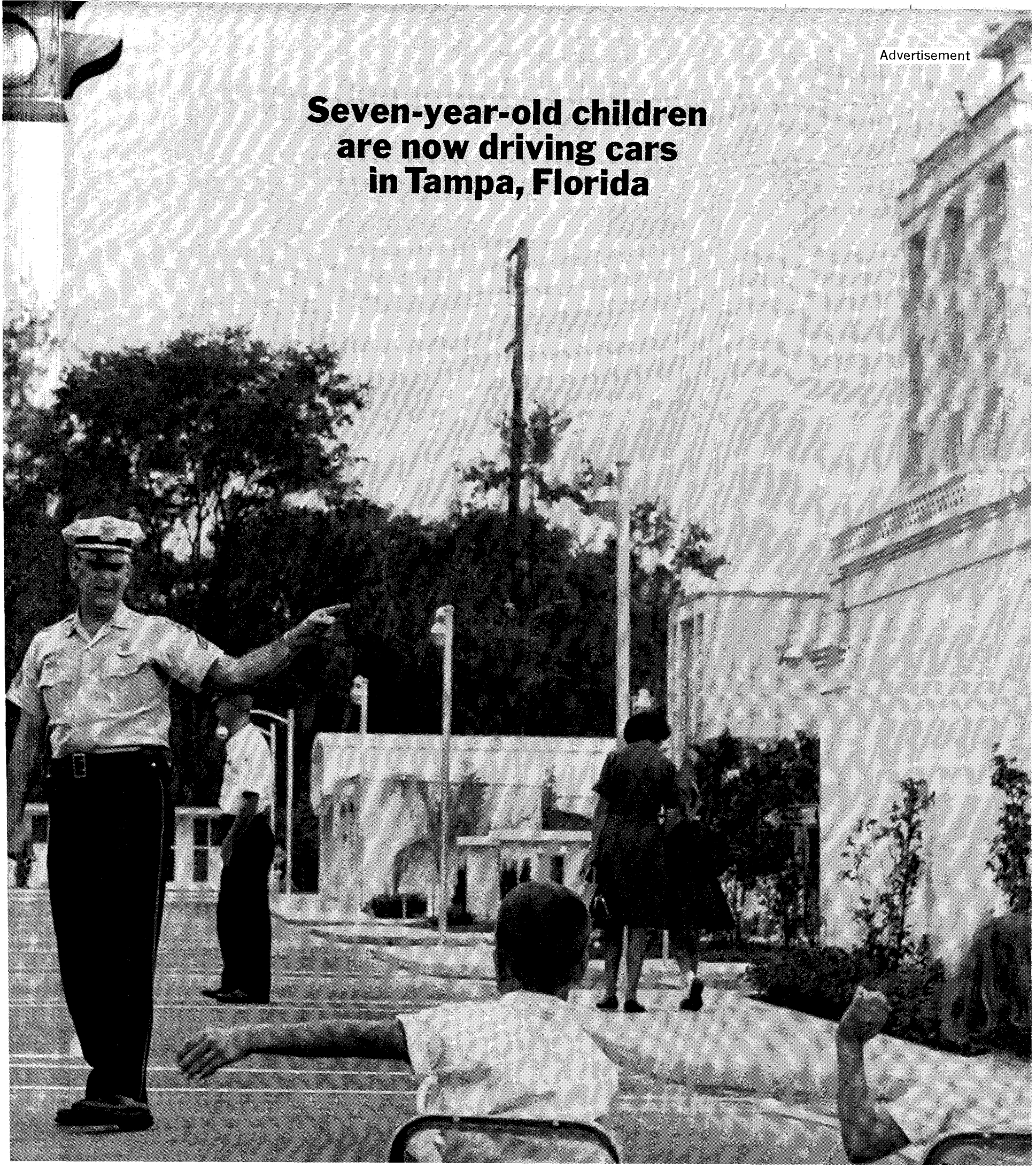
Advertisement

Seven-year-old children are now driving cars in Tampa, Florida



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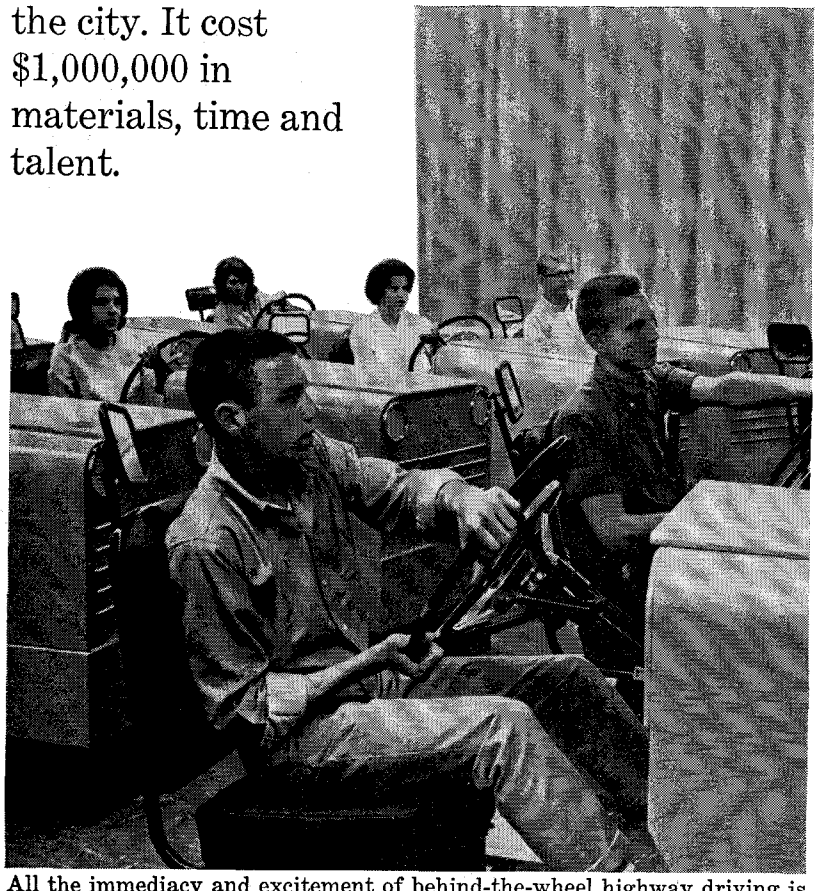
Child-sized town teaches traffic safety in unique experiment

It's all being done to teach children the fundamentals of highway and traffic safety so that a safer generation of drivers will emerge. Boys and girls of seven and eight years drive miniature cars in a child-sized town of their own, called Safety Village, U.S.A. The little town is modeled after parts of Tampa, where it is located in a city park.

This forward-looking concept in teaching traffic safety is sponsored by the Independent Insurance Agents of Greater Tampa, in cooperation with the city. It cost $1,000,000 in materials, time and talent.



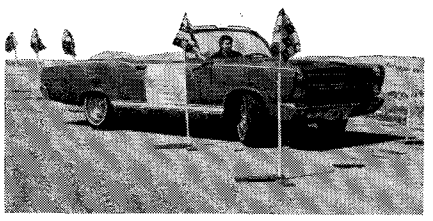
All the immediacy and excitement of behind-the-wheel highway driving is recreated in this simulated driver training class. Supported by insurance companies, such classes are currently teaching 300,000 high school students throughout the United States how to be good drivers.

Unending Fight for Safety.

Safety Village, U.S.A. is only one of the many programs designed to make highways and homes safer. These programs are sponsored by the nation's independent insurance agents – men who display the professional Big "I" symbol of the National Association of Insurance Agents – and the insurance companies they represent.

The insurance companies listed on the opposite page work with independent agents to reduce your chances of having an automobile accident, a fire, an industrial loss. They spend many millions of dollars for year-round fire prevention and safety programs.

To protect your life and property, these companies:



In Teen Driver Contests, teenagers pit their driving skills and knowledge against each other. Supported by independent insurance agents, these contests include a comprehensive examination on rules of the road, behind-the-wheel tests through an obstacle course, and a drive through normal city traffic.

Insurance company research experts gather information first-hand on traffic problems, accidents, injuries, property losses. Today the companies contribute many millions of dollars annually, plus expert engineering assistance, to help make the use of highways less dangerous.

☐ Support high school driver education courses which train students to handle a car confidently and safely.

☐ Conduct in-the-field research on the problems involving man and the automobile – fatalities, injuries, property losses, and over-crowded highways and streets.

☐ Strive for uniform federal and state traffic safety legislation, improved law enforcement throughout the country, stronger and safer building codes.

☐ Explore new ways to control fire losses.

☐ Work to make plants safer in design and construction, and reduce hazards to life and limb.

☐ Produce motion picture films and literature on highway and fire safety.

☐ Support safety organizations with grants-in-aid.

☐ Sponsor national safety events like Protection Week, April 16 to 22.

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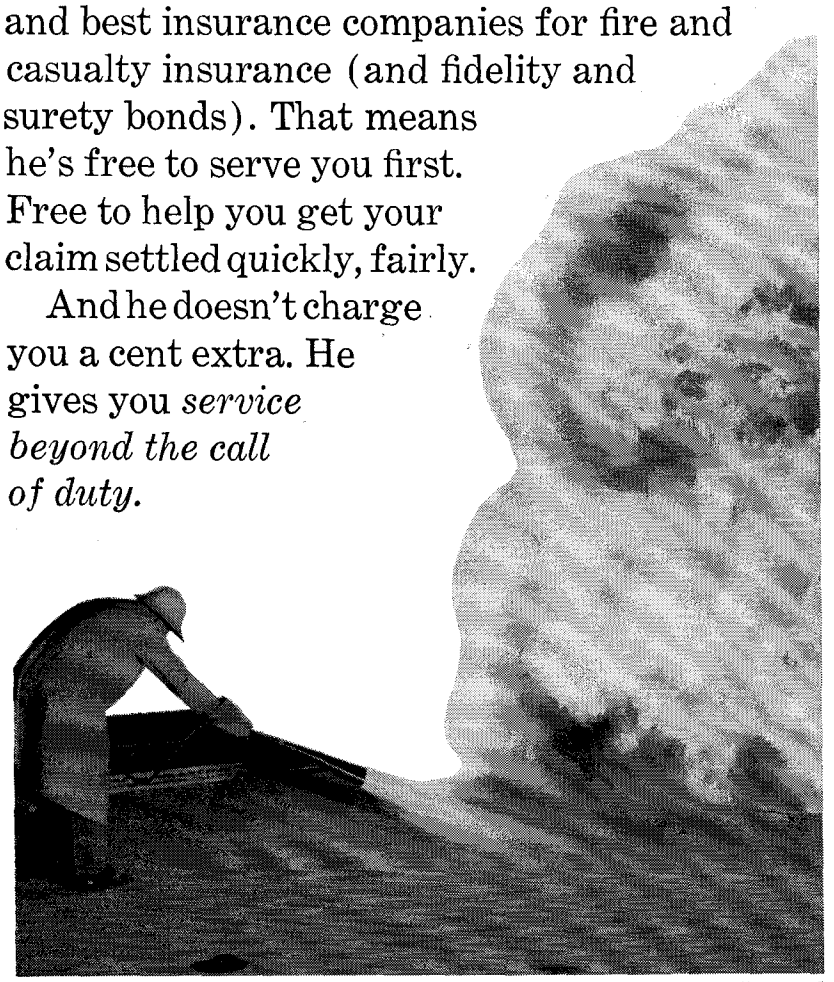
Through the cooperation of local fire departments, children are taught how to prevent and control fire during Fire Prevention Week, an event in which the insurance industry actively participates.

While many of the insurance companies listed may approach safety from different directions, they all have one objective: to provide you with the best insurance for your home, car or business at the lowest possible rates.

All these companies sell insurance through *independent* agents, a significant fact. An independent agent represents the strongest and best insurance companies for fire and casualty insurance (and fidelity and surety bonds). That means he's free to serve you first. Free to help you get your claim settled quickly, fairly.

And he doesn't charge you a cent extra. He gives you *service beyond the call of duty.*



A safety engineer of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. tests a 15-pound fire extinguisher. This 73 year-old organization, sponsored by major insurance companies, examines and tests for fire safety thousands of devices, systems, and materials.

These leading insurance companies actively promote safety programs for highway, home and industry

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Ætna Life & Casualty
Chubb & Son Inc.
Commercial Union Insurance Company of New York
Crum & Forster Group of Insurance Companies
The Employers' Group of Insurance Companies
Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland
Fireman's Fund American Insurance Companies
Great American Insurance Companies
The Hartford Insurance Group
The Home Insurance Company
The Maryland American General Group
National Union Insurance Companies
Phoenix of Hartford Insurance Companies
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Royal-Globe Insurance Companies
Safeco Insurance Group
The St. Paul Insurance Companies
The Travelers Insurance Companies
The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Companies
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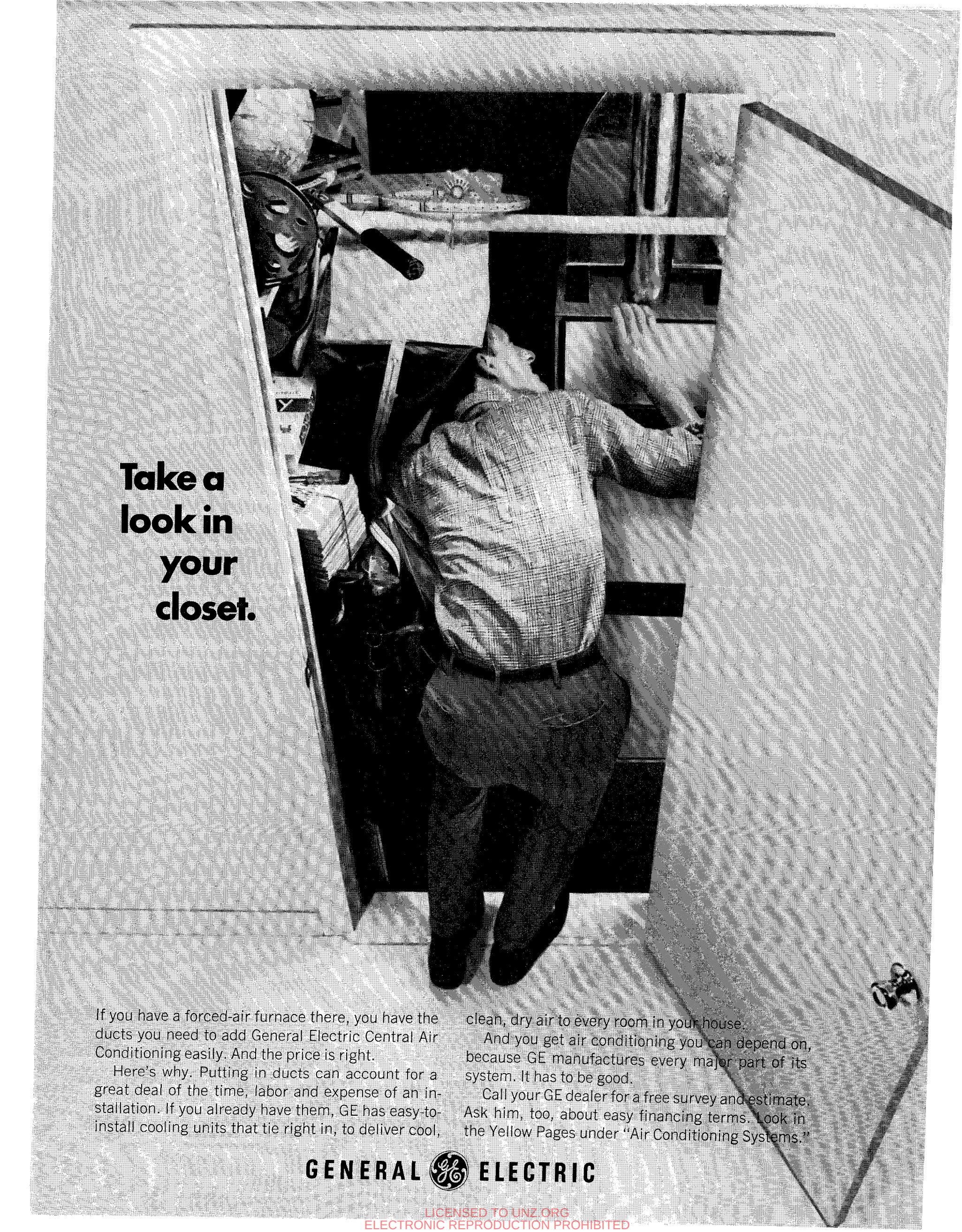

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And you get air conditioning you can depend on, because GE manufactures every major part of its system. It has to be good.

Call your GE dealer for a free survey and estimate. Ask him, too, about easy financing terms. Look in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Systems."

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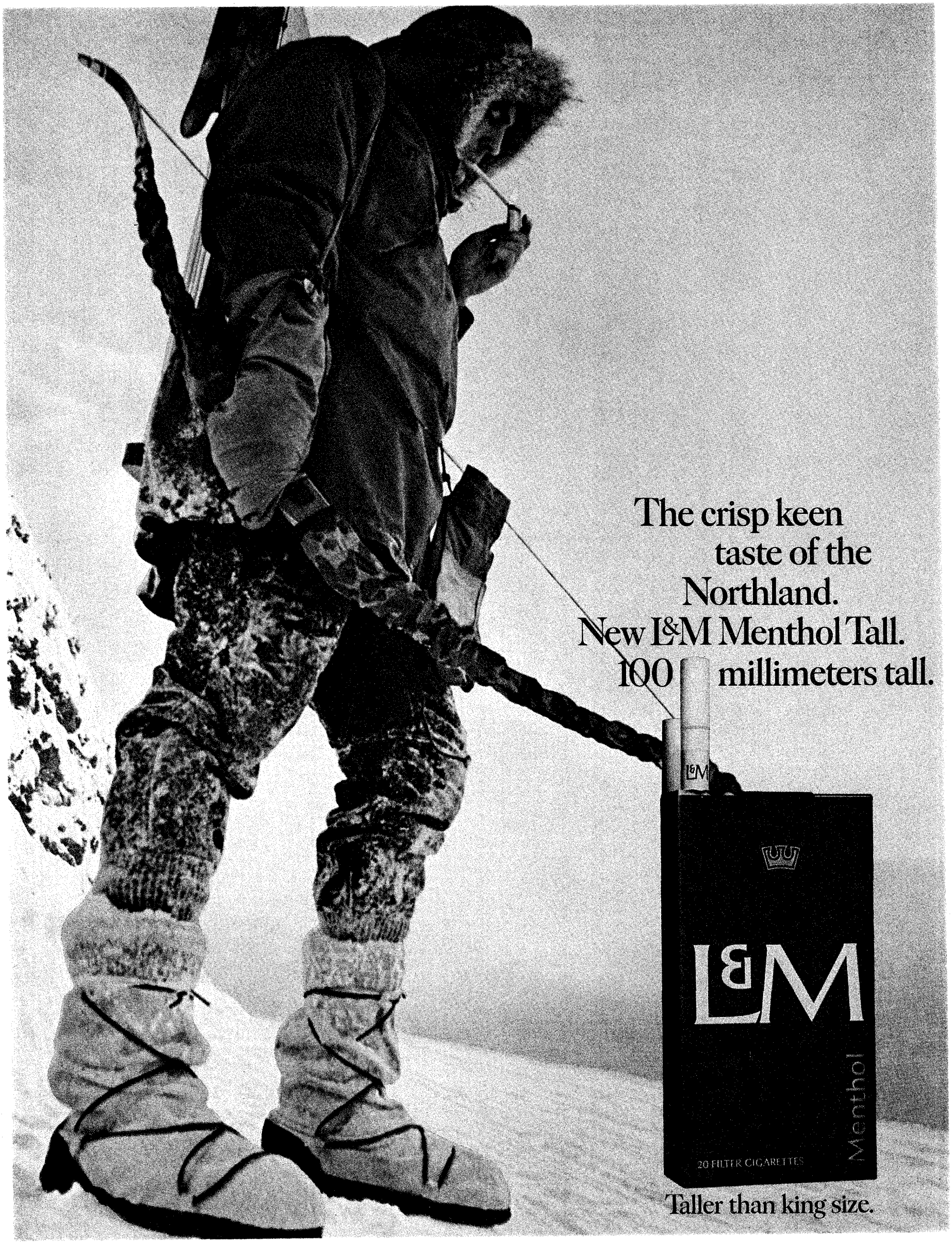

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Is this any way to run an airline? (don't ask me)

By Richard Lemon

A lady from a poll-taking firm came in recently and interviewed me about U.S. airlines, on which I am a minor expert. Unfortunately the poll was about international flying, and she asked things like, "Do you think the presence of Willynilly Airlines in France helps the U.S. image overseas?" I can't imagine how a Frenchman feels when he sees an airline, and if my answers are taken seriously, I look for a downturn in Willynilly's business. But polls have their place. I've flown almost every airline inside the U.S., and if I had directed the conversation to my areas of special knowledge, things could have gone profitably, like this:

POLLSTER: Hello, sir. We're taking a survey on U.S. air travel.

ME: Wonderful. Would you like to know what bugs me most about it?

POLLSTER: That's not the question it says on the paper, but all right.

ME: Everything in U.S. airplanes comes in a wrapping. The sugar comes in a paper wrapping, the cream and salad dressing come in little plastic containers, the silverware comes in a cellophane wrapping, the butter has a paper lid on it, the hand-moistening towel comes in a foil wrapping, the movie earphones came in cellophane.

POLLSTER: But that's for sanitation.

ME: You worry about getting packages mixed up and pouring salad dressing in your coffee. And the ashtrays are too small, so you eat surrounded by crunched-up paper. It takes two hands to tear everything open, and two hands and teeth to break open the containers of salt and pepper, and when you let go of the silverware, it gets lost under the litter. If you want more cream and sugar, you have to squash the sugar, salt, pepper and hand-moistener wrappers and the cream container into the milk carton, to make room. I don't like wrapped glasses in hotel rooms either.

POLLSTER: That's irrelevant.

ME: I'm giving you background. I'm anti-wrapper, generally.

POLLSTER: All right. "Anti-wrapper." Now, I'd like to ask ——

ME: The motion-discomfort bag is basically dishonest.

POLLSTER: How is that?

ME: Motion discomfort is when your leg falls asleep, or the man in front whips his seat back and rams you in the ribs with your own tray.

POLLSTER: I don't think the airlines would go for "Throwing-up bag."

ME: They could compromise.

POLLSTER: Sir, my question is, "From your point of view, what is the most important feature of the plane?"

ME: The stewardess.

POLLSTER: Very well. And do you know of any ways these important persons could perform better?

ME: They should be taught where Cincinnati is.

POLLSTER: "Stewardesses ignorant of location of Cincinnati." Fine. How do you happen to know that, by the way?

ME: I once flew from Paducah to Louisville and missed my connection to New York. They put me on a flight that went to Cincinnati and then Cleveland, and said I should get a New York flight from one of those cities. So once aloft I asked the stewardess which was nearer New York—Cincinnati or Cleveland. She didn't know.

POLLSTER: She should have asked the pilot.

ME: She did, and he didn't know either. Then she went up and down the aisle asking passengers, and none of them knew. I found it unnerving.

POLLSTER: Which *is* closer?

ME: I still don't know. I got off in Cincinnati. Another time I was flying to Topeka, and the stewardess announced that they wouldn't be serving cocktails due to the turbulence.

POLLSTER: What's wrong with that?

ME: When there is turbulence is the most important time to serve cocktails. It would make more sense to serve *extra* cocktails. Or they could just chuck around a lot of those little bottles.

POLLSTER: Sir, do you have any opinion about pilots?

ME: I think they are all great men.

POLLSTER: Really?

ME: Every time I get into a plane, I say to myself, "The pilot of this craft is a great man who can surmount any obstacle." I say it several times.

POLLSTER: That's a wonderful attitude to have.

ME: I do have one small criticism, though. Pilots should learn which button to push for talking to the control tower, and which is the button for talking to the passengers. On a flight out of Salt Lake City the pilot started asking the passengers for landing instructions.

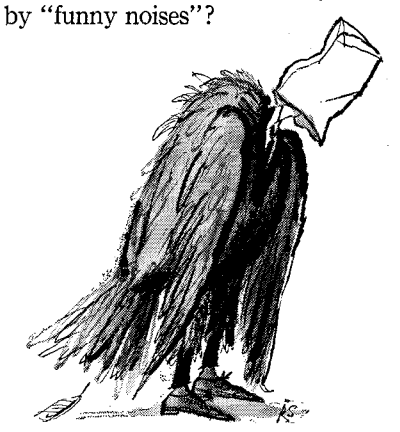
POLLSTER: Good point. "Pilots should master intercom button."

ME: I think it tends to detract from the image one likes to have of the men up front. Incidentally, do you know how come, if the plane is airtight, there are little specks of dirt in between the double panes of the windows?

POLLSTER: No.

ME: OK. Also, it would be helpful if the crews got familiar with funny noises their planes tend to make.

POLLSTER: Just what do you mean by "funny noises"?



ME: Flying up to Maine one time, the wing started making a funny noise. During takeoff and landing. Sort of a "whoot-whoot," like a foghorn.

POLLSTER: What did the stewardess say about it?

ME: She said, "What funny noise?"

POLLSTER: I see.

ME: Well, the man next to me heard it too. As he was getting off in Portland—I was staying on—he said he had been on a plane whose landing gear went bad, and they had to belly-land on the ice. He thought this might be a similar problem. But then, when we took off, the stewardess heard it.

POLLSTER: And what did she say?

ME: "I'll be damned." Or "darned," maybe. It turned out they change the propeller angle on takeoff and landing, and the wind makes that noise. At least that's what she said the pilot told her.

POLLSTER: Do you feel stewardesses are sufficiently communicative?

ME: *Over*-sufficiently.

POLLSTER: What does that mean?

ME: In Seattle, a stewardess leaned over me while we were refueling and said she was watching the ramp men—the ground crew. When I asked why, she said she had been to a science-fiction movie the night before in which the ramp men were all Martians and had eaten the wings off the plane.

POLLSTER: But surely, a movie ——

ME: I don't believe there ever was any such movie.

POLLSTER: I see.

ME: I don't want to be arbitrary, but I don't think girls who have fantasies about ramp men eating the wings off their planes are cut out for air travel.

POLLSTER: Well, sir, thank you very much for your thoughtful answers.

ME: It was a pleasure to serve you.

On second thought, maybe the airline people should stick to flying and not ask questions. □

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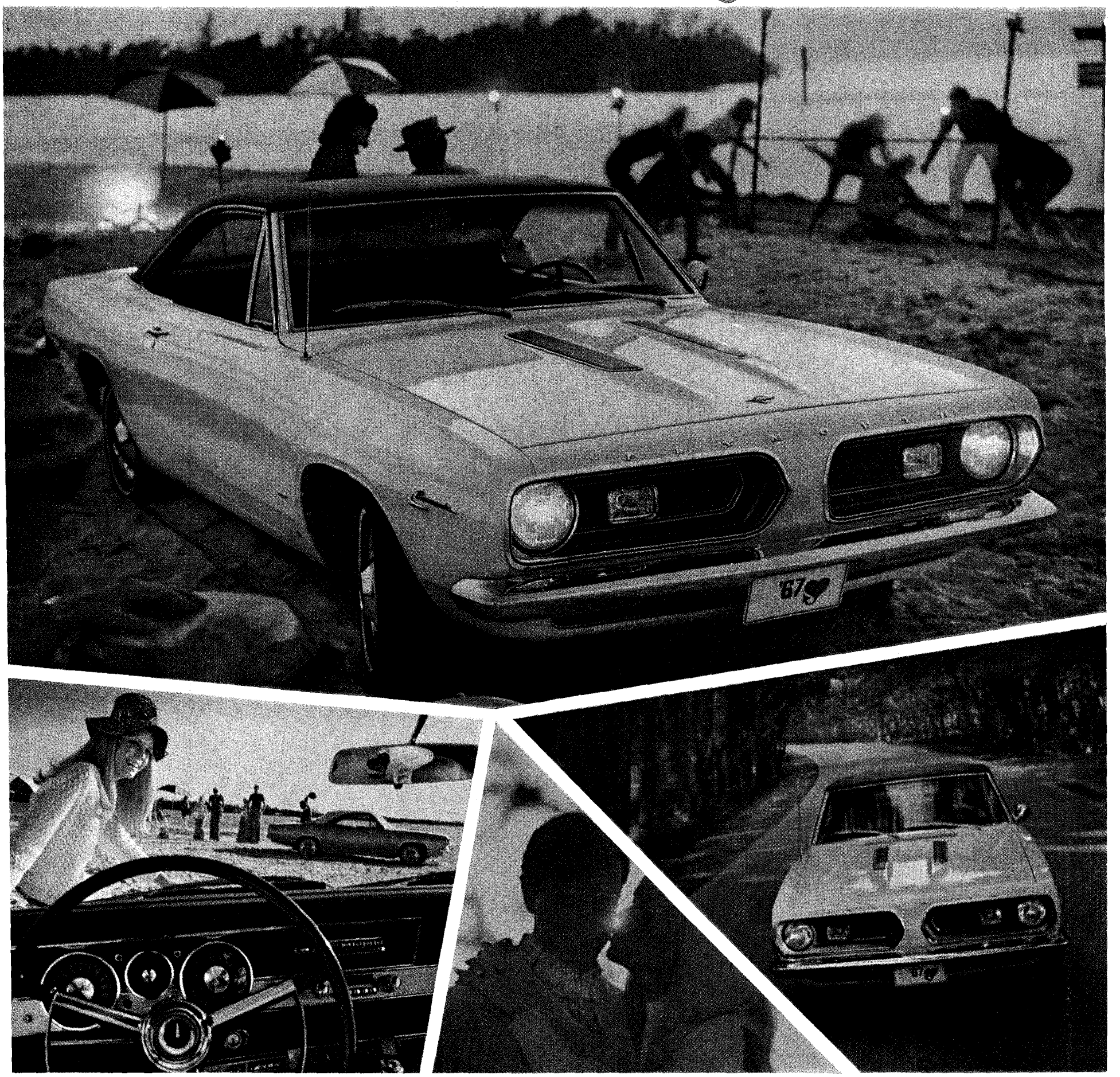
Barracuda: wild to win you over.



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Dullsville: Population 0.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for standard six-cylinder Barracuda Hardtop. Destination charges, state and local taxes, if any, and optional equipment (including whitewall tires, radio and wheel covers) extra.

Plymouth

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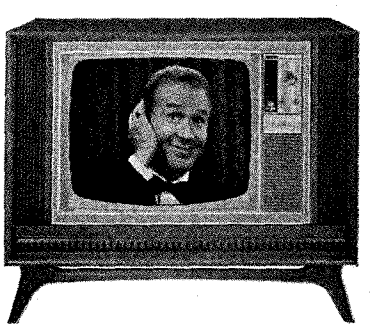

PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

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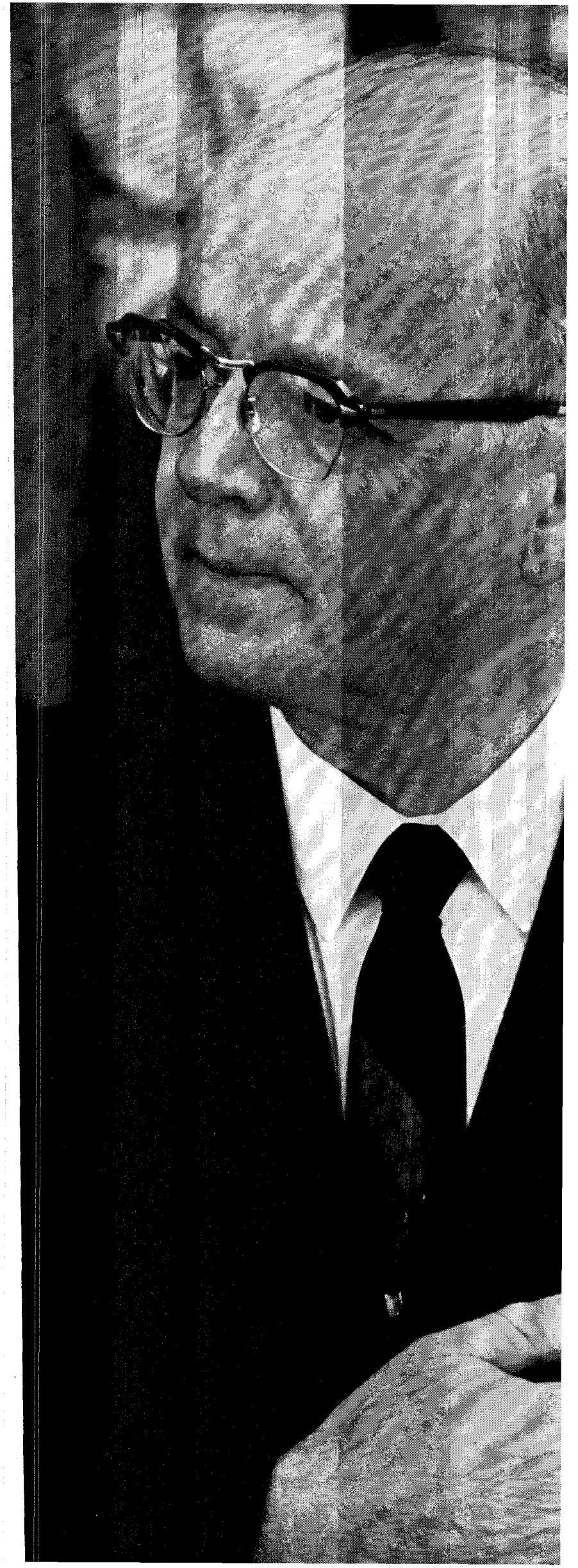
The Saturday Evening POST

'YOU RECKON THEY THOUGHT I WAS A NUT?'

He was a lonely zealot, an object of curiosity. Then he opposed integration with a gun, and a series of weird events made Lester Maddox the governor of Georgia.

By MARSHALL FRADY



They began trying to integrate his restaurant only hours after the 1964 civil-rights bill was signed. Three Negro students arrived at this fried-chicken emporium, The Pickrick, and were promptly chased away by customers armed with ax handles, and by Lester himself, brandishing a pistol and shrilling, "You no-good dirty devils! You dirty Communists!"

Then, a month later, Lester came under siege again. One morning three teen-age Negroes appeared on a corner about 50 yards up the street from his restaurant, and they were immediately surrounded by a rabble of whites: college students in tattered sweat shirts and Bermudas and sockless tennis shoes, filling-station attendants, an assortment of females, businessmen in ties and shirtsleeves licking ice-cream cones—the kind of folk who have come to be known as "Lester's people." Among them were Lester's two stout sisters, one of whom demanded of the young Negroes, "Have you been regenerated?" The crowd was less theological: "C'mon down to Mississippi, niggers! Yeah, six feet under, that's all!"

On hand was a leader of the state's White Citizens Council, who suggested, "Why don't you newsmen take off and let nature take its course here? Nature just ain't gonna take its course with yawl around." Standing down the street in the door of his restaurant was Lester, watching the crowd persuade the three youths—who by now were just barely blinking back their tears—that a considerable case of indigestion would ensue from eating his fried chicken.

That afternoon Lester staged his last stand, and it was a memorable show. He and the crowd were expecting the final climactic confrontation, and Lester stalked up and down the street in front of his restaurant in the warm August evening, trailed by a cheering throng of some 500 people. Eventually they created an epic, horn-blaring traffic jam.

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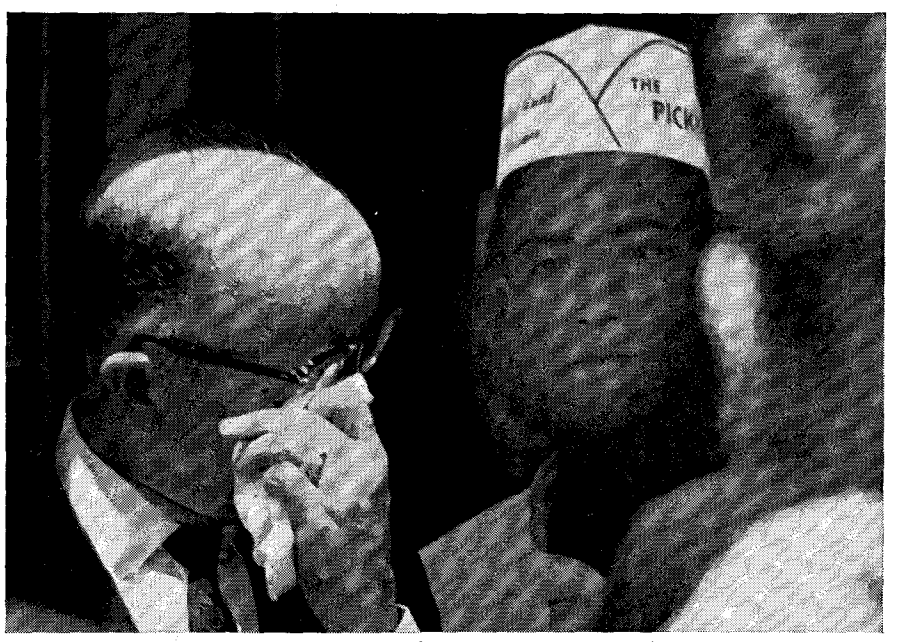

Gun in hand, Maddox turns away a carload of Negroes from his Atlanta restaurant, then weeps after closing the place to keep it from being integrated. *Maddox men watch, as Le*

MADDOX

When police began diverting cars down side streets at each end of the block, Lester suddenly became convinced that it was all a conspiratorial maneuver to shoo customers away from his restaurant. He tried to shove one patrolman out of the street. He was a man besieged, giddy with the great, windy, reckless freedom of outrage. At one point he squalled at a police captain, "Shut your big mouth!" and the captain answered gently, "Now, Mr. Maddox. . . ."

Lester finally screeched his glassy new black Pontiac out of his parking lot and barricaded one street through which police were channeling traffic, locked his car, pocketed the keys, and, with horns now bawling fearfully behind him, began marching back down to his place at the bottom of the hill, striding right down the center of the street, his head lifted high, his face flushed, his balding head shining with sweat, his arms swinging, his long legs resolutely scissoring, as the crowd cheered him from the sidewalks, "Attaway, Lester! Oh, man—whatta man!"

Eventually he recruited his family's entire fleet of three cars to blockade the side streets that the police had been using to divert traffic, a countermaneuver triumphant for most of the afternoon.

Once he hopped on a small bicycle and pedaled up to one corner to check on the situation there, then flagged a passing bus which police had let through and rode back down to the other corner, standing tall and majestic behind the front windshield with his arms stiffly spread before him, holding onto the railing, his pose somehow suggestive of Lord Nelson on the bridge of his warship as it heaved toward the final holocaust. (He did not notice that the seats behind him were filled with Negroes.)

At last the police called some wreckers to haul away his cars. One arrived with a grimy, tubby, cigar-chewing white man behind the wheel. The crowd blocked him from positioning his truck, and then Lester himself swung up on the heavy dangling coupler and clung there. Finally the driver, caught up in the occasion's spirit of merry anarchy, climbed to the top of his cab and sat there, legs folded under him Buddha-fashion, smoking his cigar and waving as the crowd cheered.

Toward dusk a police wrecker arrived, and Lester was persuaded to remove his cars. As it turned out, no Negroes had materialized, but that really didn't matter anymore. Walking back to his restaurant, his shirt limp and gray with sweat, the back of his coat smudged with rust and dirt from the coupler, Lester was met by his wife. He hugged her, shouting, "Don't worry, hon." The crowd pressed around them, cheering in the soft summer twilight. "Watch out," he said to his wife, "you'll get knocked down, sugar." He paused to pose with her under his flickering neon restaurant sign for photographers, then on an impulse hugged her to him and gave her a mighty smack on the cheek, his eyes suddenly twinkling with tears.

Nearly two and a half years later, on a mild January morning in 1967, the Georgia legislature gathered in the state capitol in Atlanta, a building of marbled, mausoleum-like halls where the Grand Memory is still preserved: massive, dour, dusky portraits of Georgia's Confederate generals, with ethereal, melancholy gazes on their bewhiskered faces, and faded, tattered Confederate battle flags, now encased in glass, but with the ancient grime, the yells, the smoke, the incredible headlong valor and glory still in them.

The politicians were meeting to name the man who would be the next governor of the state. Neither the Democratic nor Republican candidate had been able to win a majority in the general election in November, and the choice had fallen to the legislature.

In the House chamber the rural legislators, singularly humorless and attentive, watched the action closely. At each falter in the proceedings, each uncertainty, one of them would instantly bob to his feet, demanding to know exactly how the question could affect the outcome. They had the kind of grim earnestness that is born out of eight years of political exile. Now, so close to ascendancy again, they were taking no chances. (Standing quietly and unobtrusively in the hall outside was Calvin Craig, Grand Dragon of the Georgia Ku Klux Klan, wearing a natty bow tie, his hair neatly water-combed above his sun-scorched face. "Well," he told one reporter, "we finally did it. . . .")

Down on the ground floor of the capitol, Lester G. Maddox—the Democratic candidate—was barricaded in an office listening to the proceedings upstairs on a transistor radio as he began to pile up votes over the Republican, Howard (Bo) Callaway. State troopers and swarthy aides with sideburns, their hearts set thumping and eyes narrowed by rumors of assassination plots and last-minute court injunctions, peered darkly at each new face that gathered outside the closed door. One man with a briefcase strolled up to the edge of the crowd, and was immediately surrounded: "Hey, fella, what you got in that briefcase there?" He sputtered, "Wait a minute, now, I'm *for* him. I'm one of his supporters, he knows me, just ask him ——" They hustled him on outdoors anyway, with the explanation, "This here's a restricted area, fella."

The vote ended upstairs. Suddenly Maddox and his party charged out into the corridor, whoops and Dixie yodels breaking out around them. He was surrounded by a flying wedge of troopers and plainclothesmen, and they bulled their way through what was now a great floundering mass of reporters and spectators, muttering, "Git outta the goddamn way," repeatedly patting their hips to make sure their pistols were still there.

In the midst of it all, Lester had a curiously vague and befuddled look behind his spectacles, a half-smile faltered on his face as he was buoyed up by hands under his shoulders, the tips of his shoes occasionally just grazing the floor. The tumult proceeded on up the marble steps toward the governor's office. Overhead someone waggled a placard that had been hastily lettered, FOR PRESIDENT U.S.A. LESTER MADDOX. There was one last brief, fitful skirmish at the door to the governor's office, one newsman being whacked aside with a billy club, and then, once Lester and his party were inside, the doors were slammed and locked. A moment later, a cluster of harried men rapped away at the door, bleating plaintively. "Colonel, this is part of the escort committee out here, for the luvva ——" As they were admitted, there was a glimpse of the troopers inside, hats tilted back from their damp foreheads, breathing heavily, their load delivered, lighting up cigarettes and glowering at the crowd outside. A second later another man wedged his way to the door and knocked, and was admitted with apologies—he had the oath of office in his coat pocket.

The first indication that it had been done, had been accomplished, was the abrupt emergence of former governor Carl Sanders, who, buttoning up his overcoat, clapping his hat on his head, bolted on out of the building and into the night. Then Lester himself appeared, his smile a bit broader now. He was surrounded by a company of rural and small-town legislators—a dour party of men with plain sun-cured faces the color of earth, the flesh white at a line midway up on their hatless foreheads, their eyes pale and metallic and quick—obscure men who, for the past eight years, during

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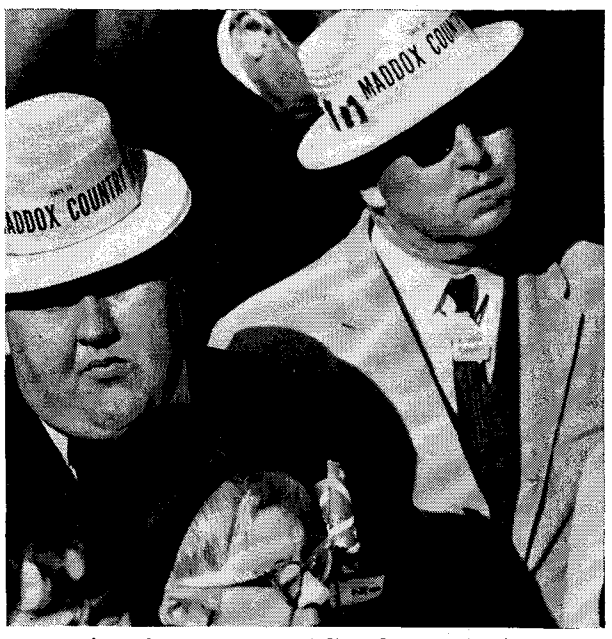
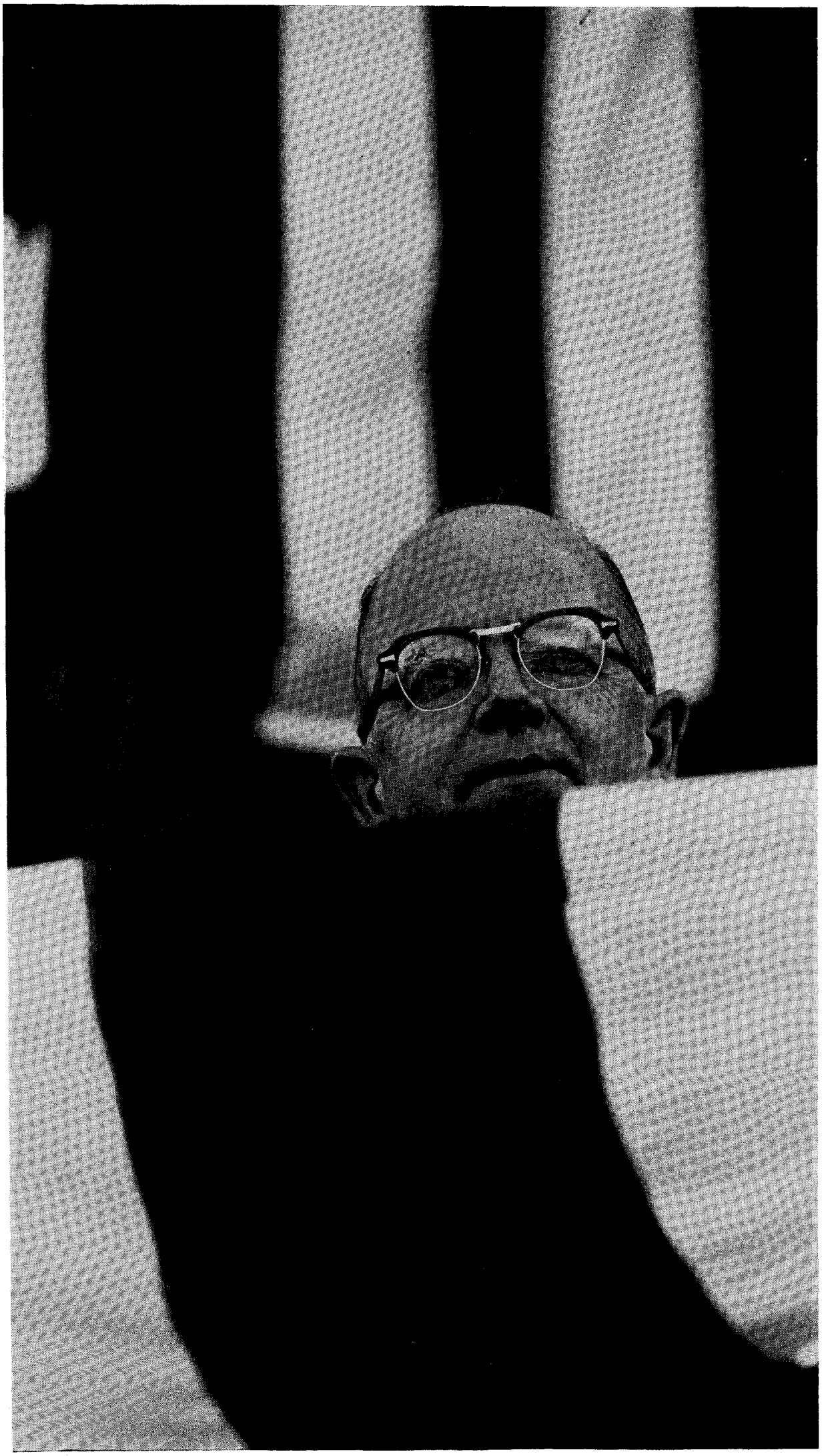
'I beat the Democrats, the Republicans, the city halls, all the politicians—I beat everybody!'



's sworn in and appears to be swallowed up by his office (right).



the urbane administrations of Ernest Vandiver and Sanders, had been on the margin of things, political outcasts. Now, at their moment of triumph, there was no mirth among them, their mouths were clamped shut with muscles flickering along their jawlines. With their heavy, blunt, thorny hands grasping his arms, they led Lester on upstairs toward the House chamber, where the legislature was awaiting his acceptance message—it had been done, Lester was their man, and through him now they had reclaimed the state. Lounging in the corridors were other Maddox folk, filling-station workers and khakied farmers with their ginghamed, slippered women, and as Lester swept past them, they whooped to each other, "Do we have to worry about the nigguhs anymore?" and the answer came cackling back, "Naw, Lordy!"

Inexorably, through a slow dreamlike sequence of miscalculations and blunders, the unthinkable had become the possible, and then the inevitable.

It really had its beginning with Goldwater's thumping victory in Georgia in 1964, a political event in the state roughly equivalent to Copernicus's discovery that the universe did not revolve around the earth: After it, nothing could ever be the same again. Not even in the dim primeval history of Reconstruction had a Republican presidential candidate managed to carry Georgia, though Republicans had begun infiltrating into a number of other state offices, including congressional seats. Now, suddenly, the prospects seemed excellent that a Republican would replace Gov. Carl Sanders, constitutionally barred from succeeding himself, and steer the state through the next four long years.

The Republican was Congressman Bo Callaway, a West Point graduate who carries himself with poise and erectness, a doctrinaire conservative, a popular young man with the fresh, well-scrubbed face of an acolyte, a tight mouth, a high forehead, and plainly barbered hair that he combed straight back.

To oppose Callaway, the Democrats had three major candidates, all of dubious strength—Jimmy Carter, a moderate, likable, but late-declared state senator with a vague resemblance to John Kennedy; an Albany newspaper publisher and businessman named James Gray, who had the desperate backing of the state party establishment; and former governor Ellis Arnall, a maverick, an aging, balding but *(Continued on page 80)*

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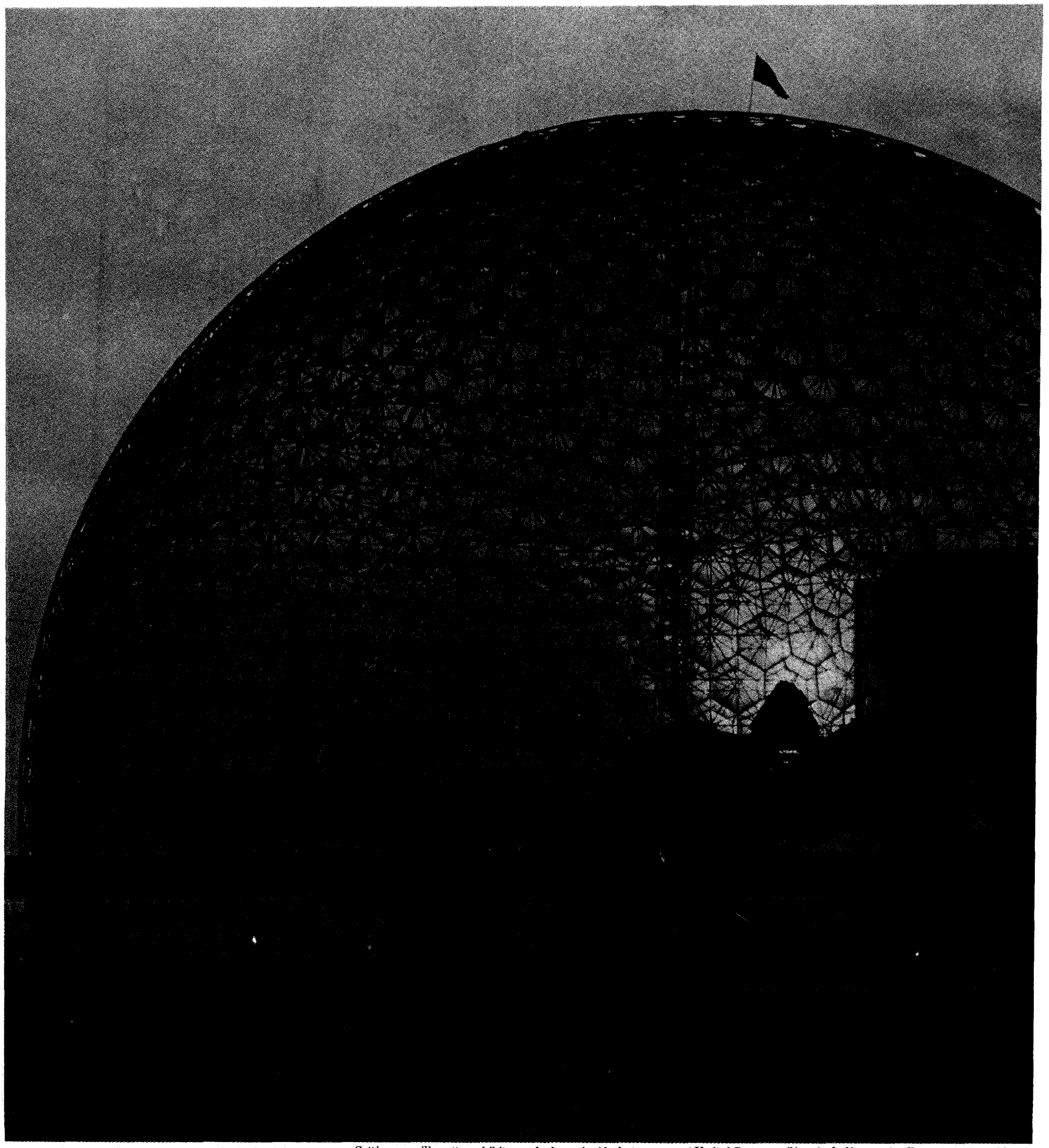

Setting sun silhouettes exhibits on platforms inside the transparent United States pavilion, including an Apollo spacecraft used in an unmanned test flight last year (pointed object in center). The 20-story geodesic dome is made of plastic sheets and steel piping, much of it put together by Indians of Canada's Caughnawaga tribe, who don't mind heights. Air vents and motorized sun shades activated by the sun will provide "dynamic modulation of the interior climate," says dome designer R. Buckminster Fuller.

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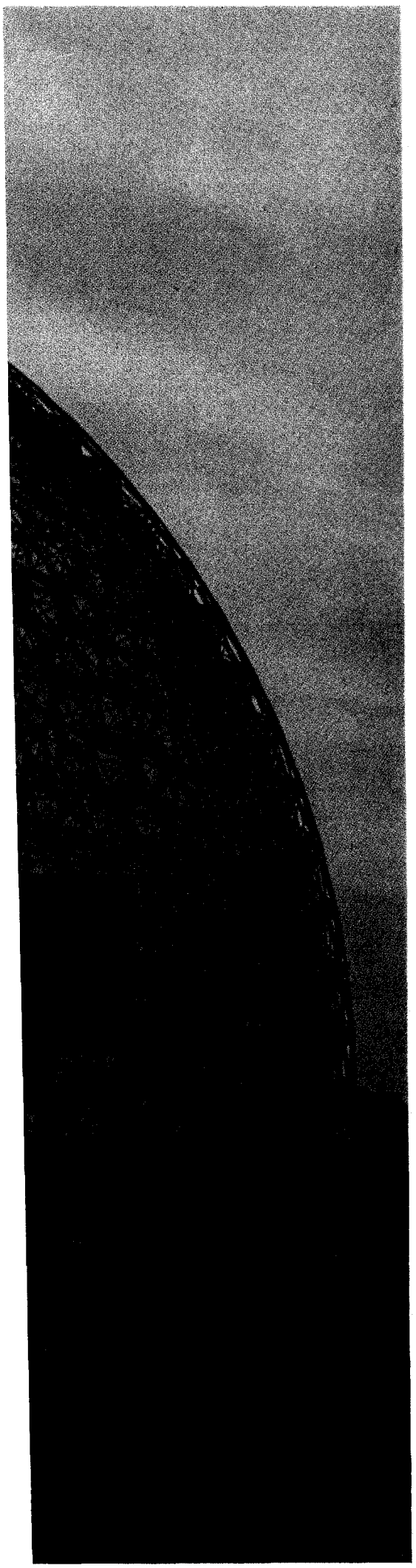


EXPO 67

THE BIG BLAST UP NORTH

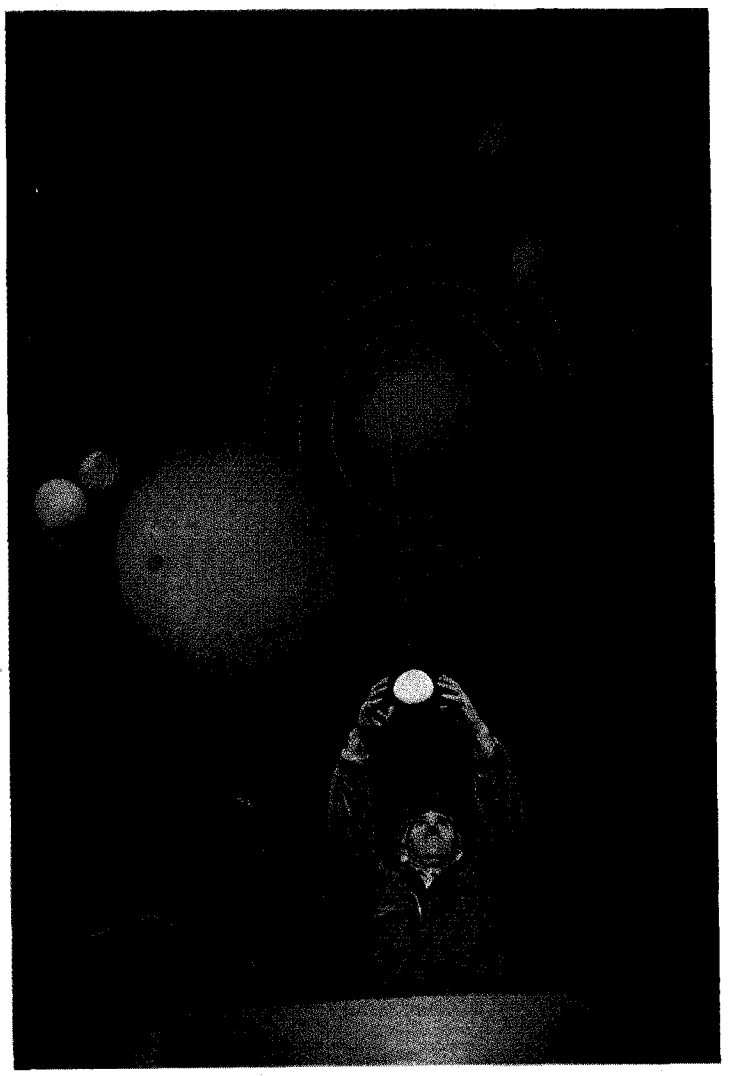
It scares seagulls and will lose millions, but Montreal's mid-river extravaganza should be more than just another world's fair.

By Anne Chamberlin

We've always been a quiet people," the Canadian official was telling his American visitors. It was a little hard to hear him over the cement mixers, trucks, bulldozers, blowtorches, generators and earth-moving equipment that make up the background music in Montreal these days. "We're so quiet," he persisted, raising his voice a bit, "that some people don't even know we're here. So we figured we could either start a whopping civil war, and you could come up here and stop it—or we could put on a world exhibition."

I can only say, now that I've been north of the border and had a look at the upheaval, that maybe the civil war would have been simpler after all.

It was due to be a complicated year for Canada anyway. It is the 100th anniversary of the Canadian Confederation, when Canada got its start as a nation. Beginning last New Year's Eve with bonfires, torchlight parades, fireworks and dancing in the streets, the quiet people of Canada have been taken with one centennial seizure after another. One town is putting in a Japanese garden and expects to stock its pool with carp from Emperor Hirohito's palace moat. Two priests are building a pub to teach nearby Laurentian University students how to drink sensibly. The Stony Indian tribe is building a Stony Hall of Fame on its reservation. The Imperial Tobacco Company invited the "thinking brains" of Canada to draft 500-word abstracts charting Canada's course for the next century, and collected more than 1,000 entries—"most of them optimistic." The government is planting 70,000 flowering crab-apple trees and has published an illustrated brochure telling others how to do the same. A Confederation Train,



Mercury is adjusted in a model of the solar system bathed with ultraviolet light in the "Man the Explorer" pavilion, one of several "theme" buildings at Expo.

Photographs by John Launois

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'We've studied everyone else's mistakes, so we can make some brand-new Canadian ones.'

aiming east from Vancouver, is making whistle-stops in 700 communities, towing a 15-unit exhibit of Canada's history, beginning with the Ice Age (which comes back every winter).

On the military front, they are mobilizing a 1,700-man military Tattoo, with massed pipes and drums, 100 gymnasts, 150 sailors dancing the hornpipe, 96 more doing a cutlass dance and the whole team preparing a full-scale mock battle requiring four military experts at the microphones to explain to the public what's going on. The rest of the population is invited to sign up for balloon races, bathtub races (any kind of bathtub, but no more than a six-horsepower outboard motor), snowshoe races, pigeon races, mass gymnastics and weight lifting. One sporting group from the West plans to paddle a dozen canoes 3,500 miles across Canada, wearing vintage costumes to show how the early fur traders did it. And in the East, a placard-waving band of French-speaking Canadians is against the whole Confederation idea and wants the Province of Quebec to secede. It all shakes into perspective for an American when you realize that, noisy as we are, about the biggest event of *our* Centennial Year was having General George Armstrong Custer wiped out by Sitting Bull.

The big bang that tops it all off is Expo 67—the shorthand name for the 1967 Universal and International Exhibition which is scheduled to open on April 28 in Montreal. Right here it should be explained that a first-category world exhibition is not to be confused with a second-category exhibition (Seattle, 1962), and even less with a World's Fair (New York, 1939–40 and 1964–65). No matter how much money it loses, or how many old paper cups, surly exhibitors, outraged politicians and shaken bankers it leaves in its wake, a world's fair is a commercial venture. A first-category world exhibition is more like playing host to the U.N. General Assembly and the Olympic Games, while at the same time operating a zoo, amusement park, shopping bazaar and a dash of Playboy Club. The private exhibits and concessions can sell things, but the main show is supposed to have an uplifting central theme, and the countries taking part have to put up their own national pavilions in line with the theme—using the taxpayers' money. It is such a drastic undertaking that the International Exhibitions Bureau—established in Paris in 1928 to protect the world against world exhibitions—has decreed that it can only happen once in two years anywhere on the planet, once every 15 in the same country and—whether hit or flop—it has to close down at the end of six months. Since then only Belgium has decided to risk it—once in 1935 and again in 1958—and has hardly been heard from since, except once or twice in the Congo.

Canada is the first to take a flier at it on our side of the Atlantic, and as they cheerfully tell everyone: "We've studied everyone else's mistakes, so we can make some brand-new Canadian ones." The Brussels exhibition took 10 years to set up; Canada got permission only four years ago to hold this one, and some Canadians are already wondering if the 15-year recovery time is enough. Where Brussels ended up making money, Expo is budgeted to lose $85 million—and the auditor-general of Canada claims that another $60.5 million should be added to the anticipated losses. (Expo officials argue that the latter sum is really an asset, since it represents the cost of permanent buildings they hope to sell after the exposition.)

In any case, it seemed only natural to hold Expo in Montreal, where they're used to excitement. In one random week while I was there lately, a Catholic teachers' strike had closed most of the schools; all the white-collar city workers had gone on strike, followed by the blue-collar workers, and 800 service employees of the Quebec Natural Gas Corporation; the hospital interns had walked off the job; the firemen were demanding higher pay; four

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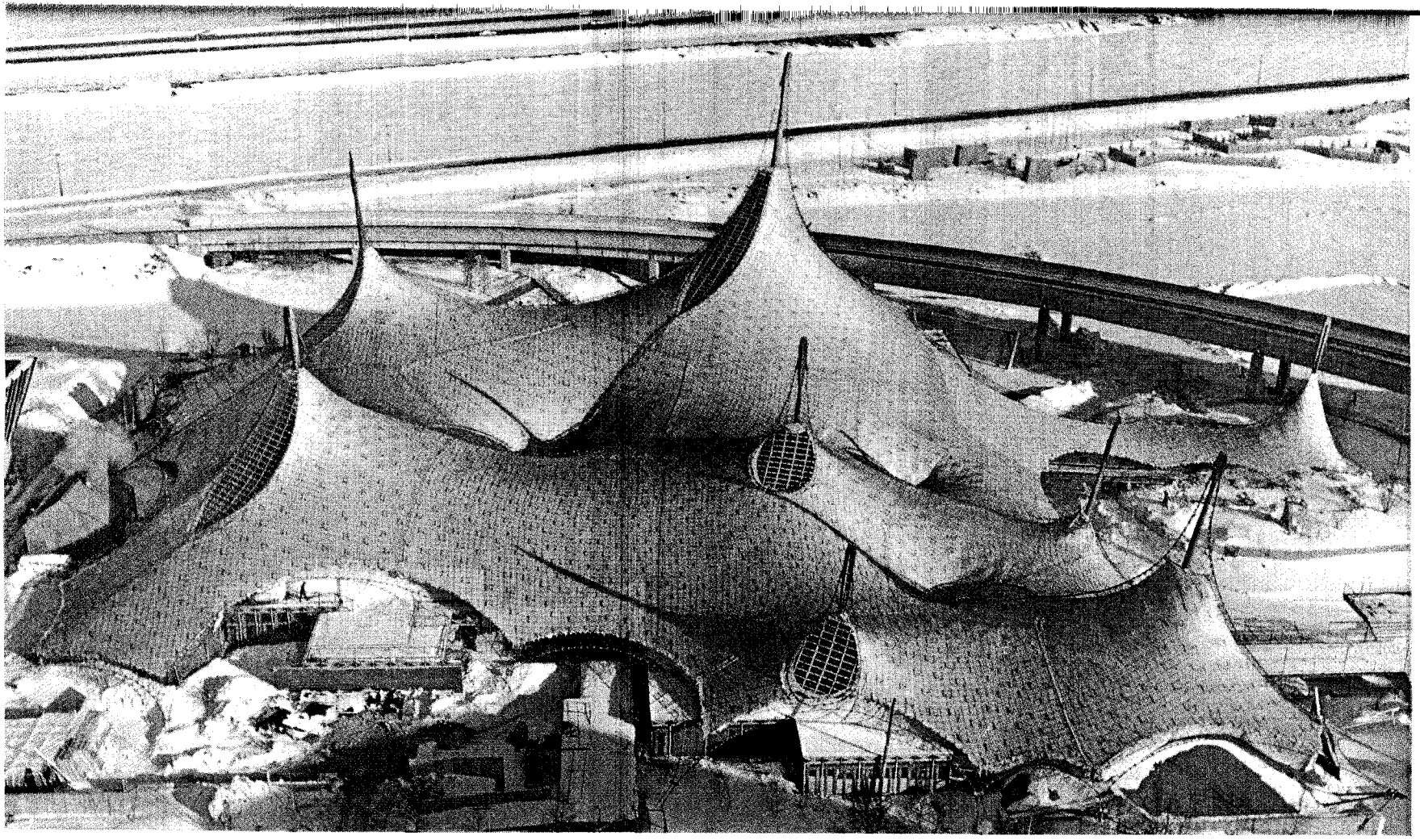
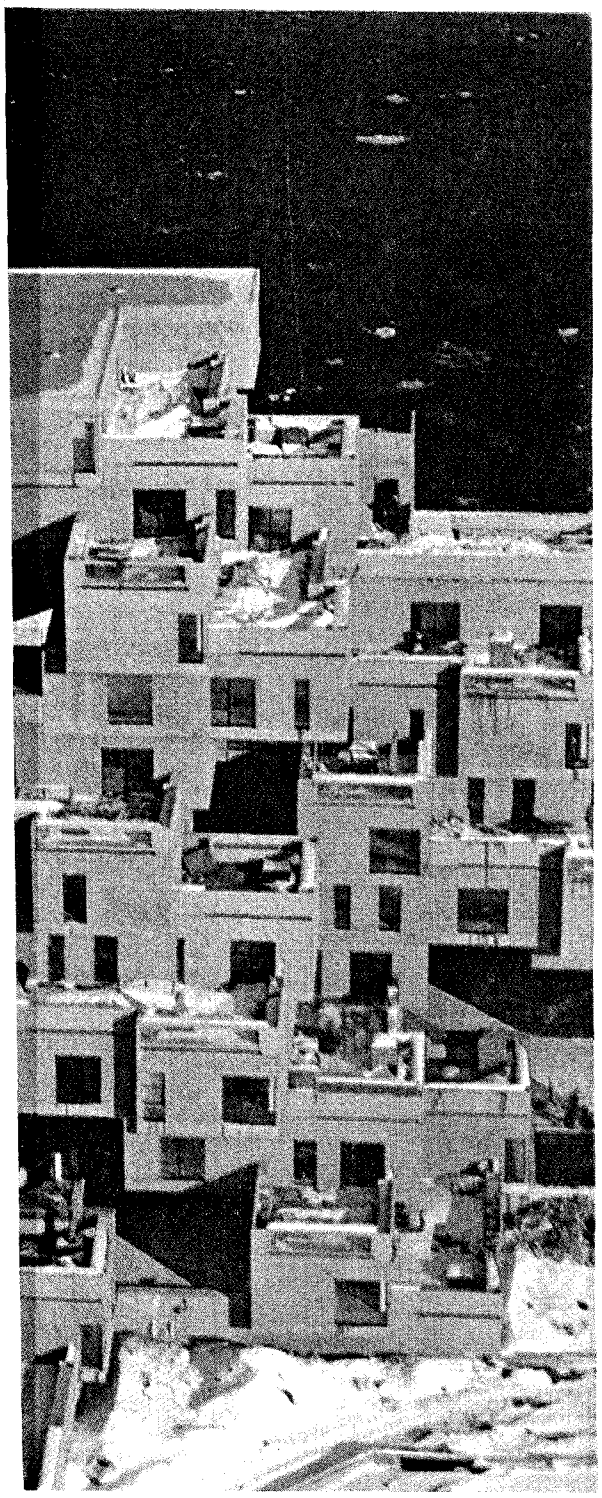


A tent of steel mesh and translucent plastic skin suspended from eight masts, West Germany's pavilion has the look of a vast gun emplacement. But inside the "Technostructure," which grew out of its designer's experiments with soap bubbles, suffused light makes for magical effects. The pavilion was shipped from Germany rolled up like a carpet, in packing cases as long as boxcars.



Expo's Eiffel Tower and Crystal Palace combined is a rough-and-tumble pyramid of apartments called "Habitat." It is the world's first "prestressed space structure," and includes 158 dwellings made from 354 concrete boxes precast in a factory next to the site and stacked up on a dozen levels by a crane lift. While all the 90-ton boxes look alike, there are 19 possible house layouts ranging from one to four bedrooms. Israeli-Canadian architect Moshe Safdie designed Habitat as a kind of ready-made Italian hill town providing a feeling of openness and privacy in the middle of the city. Gardens of the upper houses are on the rooftops of the lower ones, with elevators connecting all levels. Twenty furnished apartments will be on display; others have real people already living in them.

masked gunmen hijacked a commuter train; Greek immigrants who heard (on a Greek-language newscast) that the government in Ottawa was fending off an invasion by the First National City Bank of New York mobbed a Montreal savings bank with a similar name and withdrew three million dollars before the panic subsided. And the latest snowfall was being called a "mini-storm" because all it did was bury the cars, close down the airport and leave three icebreakers frozen solid in the river.

In addition to this vigorous domestic life, Montreal is the second biggest French-speaking city in the world ("the Paris of the New World"), with the second greatest wax museum ("The hair is real, but the eyes are glass"), plus the world's tallest reinforced-concrete office building—and absolutely no place to put a world exhibition. At least that's what people thought until they tangled with Montreal's fearless Mayor Jean Drapeau. "The mayor," as one official has described him, "is prepared to hold almost *anything* in Montreal."

For starters, he ran for reelection in 1962 on a platform of putting in a subway—"métro," you're supposed to say in Montreal. Then when he won, he *did* put in a subway, and the City of Paris sent over some genuine *art nouveau* railings and light fixtures from one of its own *métro* stations to help decorate it. But Mayor Drapeau didn't stop there. The whole downtown section of Montreal is sitting on top of a full-scale Happening. Not only do people go riding around in the new métro just to admire the décor of the stations, but small boys slide down its shining, wide, chrome banisters, and university students steal the artwork off the walls. In other parts of town they've tunneled underground shopping arcades, restaurants, movies and even an Instant Theater, where you can catch a 40-minute playlet during lunch hour. When it's all done, it will be possible to spend the day downtown without surfacing at all, which is the forward-looking way to survive in a big city.

But the mayor had in mind something even more adventurous: putting Expo on Ile Sainte-Hélène, in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, the island which Samuel de Champlain named for his wife in 1611 and which Montrealers have since appropriated as a favorite park and summer playground. The mayor couldn't have been in more trouble if he'd threatened to cut down the national maple trees. Traffic experts, conjuring up a vision of 10 million Expo visitors arriving in eight million automobiles, said there weren't enough bridges across the river to get people to the island and no place to park their cars if they got there. Park lovers said it would wreck the park. Seagull fanciers—of which there turned out to be a great many—said all those strange people and loud noises would scare the gulls away, to say nothing of the terns, ducks and sandpipers. In Toronto they said Expo shouldn't be in Montreal anyway.

None of this slowed down Mayor Drapeau. The next thing anyone knew, relays of huge dump trucks were running 24 hours a day carrying dirt dug up from the métro, and dredges were pumping sludge off the river bottom. In little over a year, they piled about 700 new acres of real estate in the middle of the river. They expanded Ile Sainte-Hélène at both ends, built an entirely new island—Ile Nôtre-Dame—on some nearby mud flats and set up a peninsula called Cité du Havre on what had been a breakwater called Mackay Pier. It turned out that these readjustments would raise the level of the river by some eight feet, so

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Mexican pavilion, built of aluminum with plywood sheathing, represents "the symbol Ehecatl, God of the winds in pre-Hispanic culture." It also carries out Expo's water motif, with an indoor pool and floating restaurant where visitors can munch tamales aboard drifting boats. Rubber-tired, electric-driven "mini-rail" cars at left will carry visitors around Expo grounds on a raised track, take them right through the U.S. and Ontario pavilions. Basic (and free) transportation will be provided by the mass-transit Expo Express system in background.

A helicopter engine failed with the German commissioner aboard. Result: 'the first of our thrill rides.'

they added a huge breakwater upstream to keep the whole works from being demolished by floods and ice. They built a new highway bridge across the river, with a 12,000-car parking lot at one end and a tangle of underpasses and overpasses to connect it with the rest of the highway system. They built another big bridge between the two islands and 26 lesser bridges across various canals and lagoons. For good measure they dug a new spur of the métro, which dives under the river and surfaces near Expo's post office, liquor store, baby-sitting facilities and the U.S. pavilion, then dives under again to rise in another monster parking lot. Some people are hopeful that when the dust settles, the seagulls will like things *better* this way.

The newly invented 1,000-acre tract was turned over to Expo in a dramatic midnight ceremony. Soldiers ran from Ottawa carrying torches to light an eternal flame; government officials followed by plane, carrying briefcases, and Mayor Drapeau arrived with 7,000 raincoats in case his usual power over Montreal weather deserted him. (There was, in fact, a very high wind; the Archbishop of Montreal said this was probably just as well, as it saved Mayor Drapeau from the sin of Pride.)

The ceremony made Expo the official problem of the Canadian Corporation for the 1967 World Exhibition, a crown corporation set up by the government to build Expo, run it and knock it down when it ends. It is led by a group of men with terrifying energy and vast optimism, who offer inspiring proof that the best plans are made when you don't know what you're planning for, except to lose $85 million. The eternal flame was transferred to a candle in the office of Robert Shaw, Expo's deputy commissioner, who keeps it near a walrus bone the size of a baseball bat, which he acquired while working on the DEW Line. "We were just handed these islands—no sewers, no water lines, just the land," says Mr. Shaw, an engineer and construction executive, who somehow found life a lot simpler when he was building mills, mines, bridges, railroads, barracks, radar lines, antisubmarine nets and airfields. "We just made a master plan and it still holds. Luckily, it hadn't been done before, so no background or experience inhibits you."

In addition to having no sewers or water lines, there were also no exhibitors. Collecting them was put in the hands of Pierre Dupuy, Expo's commissioner-general and the senior man in Canada's diplomatic corps. He has since been glimpsed, fleetingly, getting on and off airplanes, entering or leaving foreign ministries and speaking at banquets. When Mr. Dupuy said he thought he might persuade 45 countries to come over and put up pavilions (Brussels had 41, counting the Vatican; Seattle, 17), everyone thought he was out of his head. The most recent total was 70 (not counting the independent sheikdoms of Maine, Vermont and New York). If it weren't for what is referred to around Expo as "a soft area in the Latin Quarter," there would be more—but at least six countries south of the border have had to drop out because of earthquakes, political troubles or soft currencies. Some other countries, like Spain, are said not to have recovered from New York.

In the course of this global sales work, Commissioner Dupuy and his staff have weathered six-hour

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banquets, been chased by lions in Niger and had their expense accounts questioned in Ottawa. (No one was *entirely* sure of the names of the party of Russian officials wined and dined during a trip to Rome, so it was decided to borrow a few from Russian fiction. Bad news by return mail from the government's book-reading bookkeeper: "Note Dostoevski present. Next time invite Tolstoi.")

On home territory, Dupuy's men have passed out plastic safety helmets and steered a parade of highly placed personages among the bulldozers on the site without losing one. The Shah of Iran came to stand personally on his lot (Number 3155) as did Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman of Malaysia (which afterward decided not to come). The German commissioner-general was taken up in a helicopter to view his country's pavilion, and the engine failed, requiring a forced landing in the amusement area. "First of our thrill rides," an Expo staffer says. (Another one includes a ride through space, followed by a plunge into a boiling volcano, and being swallowed by a monster.)

Expo's designers had the advantage of deciding where to put things and how they should look without knowing what countries would come and what kind of pavilions they would build. "We tried to locate the large pavilions at the ends of the site, not the middle, so they are big volumes framing the exhibit," says Edouard Fiset, the chief architect. "They act as attractions. You have to pass in front of others to get to them." As for how they ought to look, "We wanted a diversity of expression. It was desirable that it should excite the visitor all the time, so we must encourage it, even if it meant a clashing of forms, shapes and color elements." And everyone ran true to the territorial imperative. As each country came to look over its assigned plot, it wanted to know what countries it would be next to and why the plot wasn't bigger.

Since the Montreal winter would barely end in time for Expo to begin, landscapers were out planting trees, shrubs and gardens while the bulldozers were excavating foundations. And the foundations were often dug before the plans had arrived for what would be built on top. They wrapped burlap and plastic around the plants, and when spring finally moves north they'll unwrap everything, replace the ones that froze.

No cars will be allowed on the grounds, so besides building lots to leave cars in, they built a subway-style automated rubber-tired transit system that can haul 30,000 people an hour, free, from one end of the site to another. It's cooled on a hot day to 70 degrees, and on a cold day—"too bad," as the Canadians say. They inaugurated it by inviting 5,000 Montreal taxi drivers for a ride, and since then it has been ghosting on its rounds with sandbags for passengers, practicing. They put up three mini-rail systems that wind around the pavilions—and even *through* the U.S. pavilion. Ferryboats supplement the bridges across the river, and sampans, dhows, junks, Hovercraft and an Indian war canoe navigate the various lakes, inlets and lagoons. Overhead, it's helicopters and a sky-ride in Easter-egg-shaped gondolas across the amusement area. For just pleasure jaunts, there is the 75-cent ride (ostrich) or the 50-cent ride (zebra, camel, elephant or llama).

They had to install telephone service for a city of 20,000—5,300 telephone sets, exchanges, equipment for billing, information operators and 55,000 miles of wire and cable. The listings take up several columns in this year's Montreal telephone book, just after EXOTIC PETS AND SUPPLIES and EXPLOSIVES SALES LTD, DYNAMITE (if busy call 381-1982). Expo's emergency reporting system, with a map that lights up to show where the problem is, turned out to be so impressive that they've put it behind plate glass and made an exhibit of it.

Not the least of the emergencies was figuring out where those 10 million visitors were going to sleep. LOGEXPO, as the room-finding department is called (telephone 514-397-7050—if a computer answers, don't hang up), has uncovered 20,000 campsites, 5,000 bachelor apartments, 15,000 beds in educational institutions and 20,000 certified hospitable Montrealers ready to rent rooms in their houses. If there are any homeless tourists left over, the staff guarantees to "sit up all night and drink with them."

Col. Edward Churchill, director of installations, the man responsible for persuading all these wonders to rise out of the mud, was loaned to Expo by the Canadian Department of National Defense. An otherwise sensible and well-organized man who spent the Second World War building airfields and control towers, Col. Churchill signed up with Expo without even remembering to ask what he would be paid. He just remembers that he "had every reason *not* to join—except you'd kick yourself if you turned it down."

Col. Churchill's secret weapon has been something called the Critical Path Method—organized around a computer. Instead of ordinary reports and estimates, contractors bidding for Expo work have had to turn in a Critical Path Network—a sort of chart which tells when the contractor plans to do which parts of the job to have the whole thing done on time. It looks like the wiring diagram of a space capsule, but Col. Churchill says it is a "flexible, subtle, sophisticated planning tool," and the Expo manual says it has "the added advantage of removing as far as possible the human element of opinion"—a help to any project. The computer chews happily on a mass of activities all going on at the same time, each with different problems, and can predict ahead of time which job is going to be late and delay some other job—so the contractor can catch up with delays before they happen. Each Friday everyone turns in his Critical Path status for the computer to munch on over the weekend. So far it has been fed 250,000 cards at one end and issued 192 miles of paper reports and complaints at the other. ("It only looks for trouble.") Getting ahead on the Critical Path is called "floating"; falling behind is called "slipping." The point where one delay can cause a lot of other delays is called an "event." Anyone who commits the blunder of not being ready for Day 878, as the computer calls Opening Day, faces having his whole pavilion bulldozed into one of those Montreal-style craters.

The theme of Expo, chosen at an intellectual summit meeting at Montebello, is "Man and His World," drawn from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's book, *Terre des Hommes* (called *Wind, Sand and Stars* in English). The philosophical core is the passage: "To be a man . . . is to feel that through one's own contribution one helps to build the world." Put 70 countries to work expressing an upbeat idea like that architecturally, and you're in for a dizzy day of it along the skyline. The islands have sprouted a lunatic landscape of such unlikely shapes that the de Kuyper distillery and Five Roses flour plant across the river are being freshly painted so as not to look too totally humdrum by comparison.

At the Expo entrance is a building with upended translucent ice-cream cones for a roof, which, as it was explained to me, "was given several names until they decided to call it the Main Entrance." Among the so-called Theme Buildings are such wonders as the Man the Explorer and Man the Producer pavilions, made of 600,000 steel parts joined together with 2,500,000 bolts into truncated tetrahedron cells that look a bit like upended cookie tins. The Ontario pavilion has a roof so full of upheavals that some people say it looks like a bat struggling under a sheet.

Man in the Community is a cone-shaped structure, and one of *its* revolutionary features is that the top of the roof is open, so that it rains in. Water is a very important Expo trademark—in fact, its leitmotiv, as the chief architect says. Most of the pavilions are built next to lakes and lagoons.

Steel-and-glass Russian pavilion, with sloping roof held up by V-shaped pylons, was assembled in Milan and put up on site by an Italian firm. After Expo, it will be taken apart and reassembled in Moscow. Sphere inside is skeleton of a "weightless chamber" in which films and moving chairs will give visitors effect of space travel.

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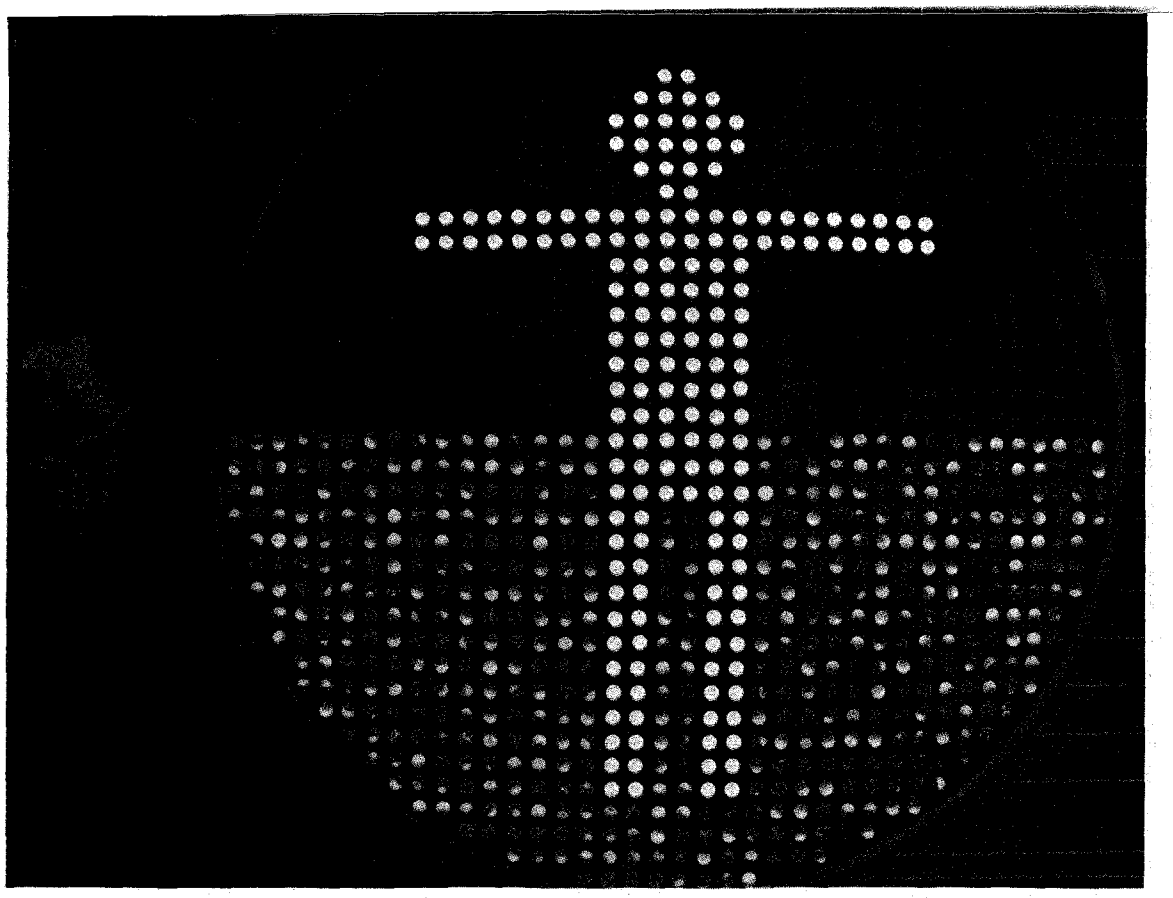


Light display to be synchronized with a film in "Man the Explorer" pavilion shows climate variations in the world's seven principal environments for each month of year. "Man" is shown here in tropical desert, in August.

championship ski jump, and will be filled with "Everything in the Name of Man"—including an armchair space trip, a walk on the moon and a 1,100-seat restaurant in which 20 chefs plan to dispense eight tons of caviar and 56,000 liters of vodka, along with regional dishes. The U.S. pavilion, dominating the landscape like a cosmic beachball, is R. Buckminster Fuller's biggest geodesic dome ever. Platforms inside will be used to exhibit American achievements in space technology and the arts, including Elvis Presley's guitar.

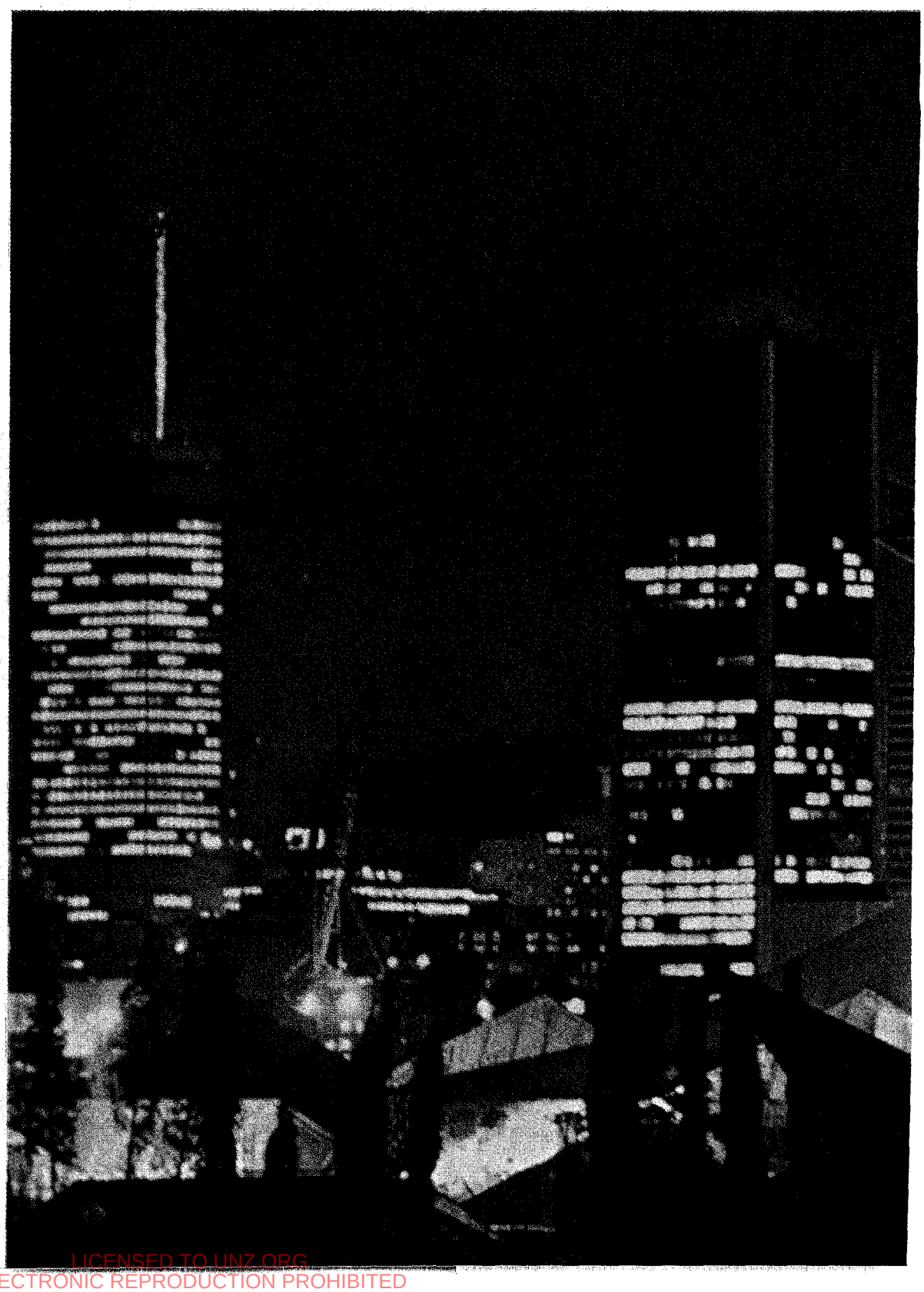
Expo's management persuaded ("an Ecumenical first," as they put it) eight churches—Roman Catholic, United Church of Canada, Anglican, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist, Ukrainian and Greek Orthodox—to put up a $1,300,000 Christian

The Yugoslavian pavilion has a glass-paneled roof with a 110-foot waterfall running down it, and the Ethiopian pavilion, a crimson canvas tent, has 12 golden lion heads which function as rainspouts.

Themes of water and world-building leave room for just about any symbolic message someone might want to get across. So the Cuban pavilion's series of interlocking squares shows "a nation developing with equal intensity in every field . . . the revolutionary movement is presented as an open-ended phenomenon. . . ." The Canadian Indians' wood-and-steel tepee will house an exhibit telling of their struggle with the white man, including "a symbolic fire directly beneath the peak of the tepee which will suggest the mixed feelings Indians have about the future." Britain's truncated conical tower, with its three-dimensional metallic Union Jack on top, is described by its architect as "craggy, tough and uncompromising," although a reporter from London's *Daily Mail* thought it looked like "Nelson's monument in Dublin after the I.R.A. had been to work on it." In any case, it is supposed to show "a mature people whose response to the challenges of history has welded them into a stable community . . ."

The French have put up Expo's biggest pavilion, a curving concrete form, arching in and out of water, which a public-relations man assures people is reminiscent at the same time of the châteaux of the Loire, the fountains of Versailles, and Languedoc without mosquitoes (to some of us there seem to be a little Orly Airport and Early Refrigerator thrown in). Floor after floor is stocked with various aspects of the French *force de frappe*—from weather balloons to mathematical music, French color TV, and recordings of famous French voices. After seven heady levels of French triumphs, the visitor emerges dizzily onto a roof terrace from which he can behold the very spot where, in 1760, France's Chevalier de Lévis ordered his men to burn their regimental flags rather than let them fall into the hands of the victorious English.

Symbolically enough, the world's two superpowers confront each other directly across a strip of water. The Russian pavilion has a roof like a



A nine-story inverted steel pyramid called a "katimavik" (Eskimo for "gathering place") crowns the Canadian pavilion and offers Expo's best view of the Montreal skyline from its promenade. Expo itself will be a city within the city, with its own utilities, a shopping center called the International Carrefour where exhibitors can sell things, and an assortment of restaurants, bandshells, boutiques and hair-dressing salons amid the pavilions.

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A kangaroo bit a TV cameraman, but almost everybody is ready for the excitement of Day 878.

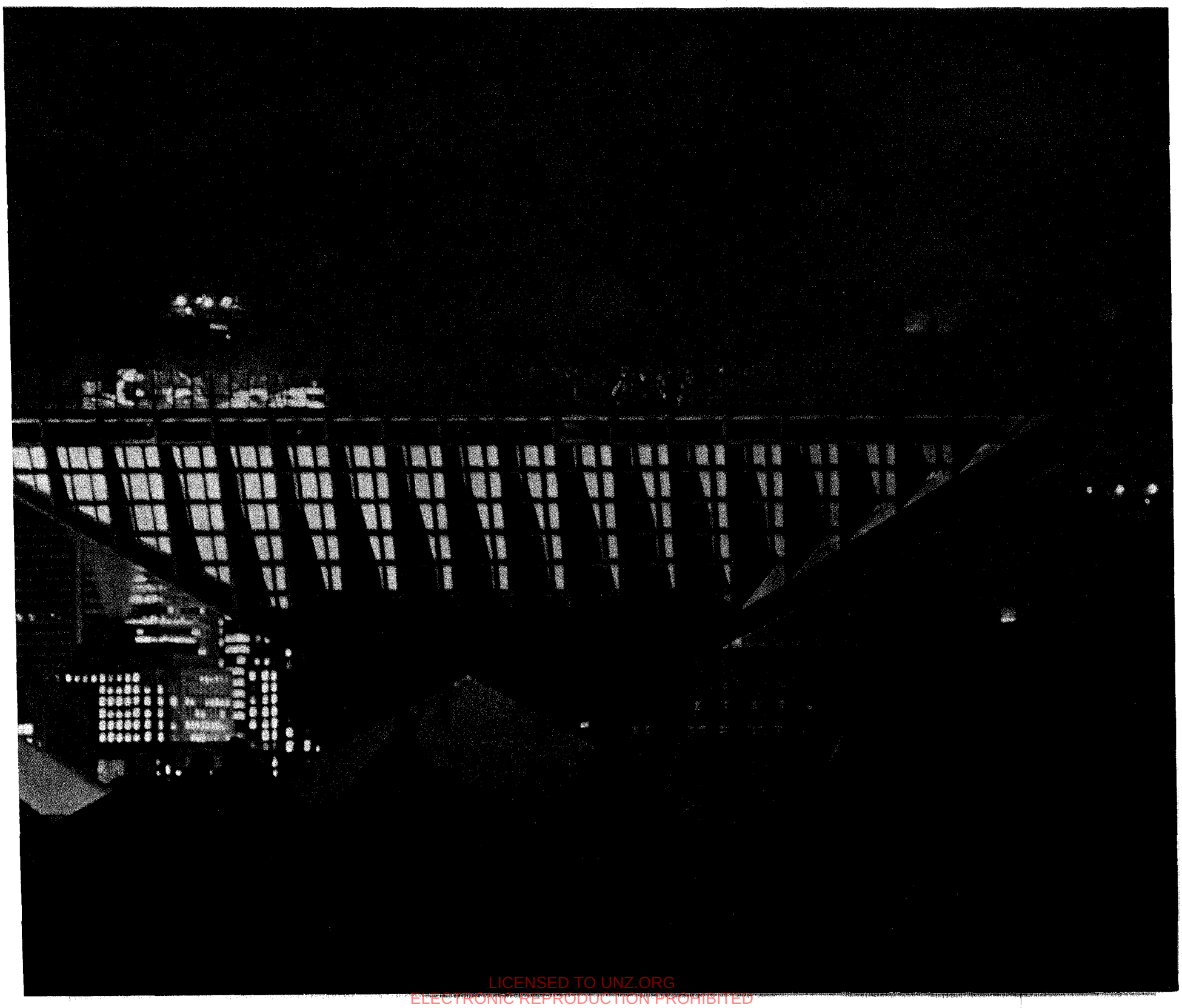
pavilion. The advance notice says the pavilion "will come to grips with gladness and contentment, with sadness and suffering, with problems large and small. . . . Adventures in sound will hit the ears. Space and lighting . . . add to the emotional impact, and the whole will be blended into a total experience designed to challenge visitors, to disturb them, to make them think more deeply of the meaning of their lives." In that building, a not quite bilingual Expo hostess excitedly told a busload of English-speaking visitors, "eight major religions will be exposing themselves."

Twenty countries have loaned more than 200 paintings and sculptures to furnish Expo's art sector. They range from an Egyptian Fifth Dynasty figure from Cairo and a 2150 B.C. Prince of Lagash loaned by the Louvre, through Rubens, Rembrandt, Rodin and Chagall. A Titian from Vienna will come over in Mona Lisa style—in a first-class steamer cabin, escorted by the museum director.

Expo gave up trying to figure what the collection was worth, took out $50 million in insurance and put up a permanent museum that satisfied the requirements of the International Congress of Museums. Its air conditioning and heating systems even allow for the temperature of the human bodies looking at the art. The paintings will be hung in four big rooms, grouped around nine themes—two and a quarter themes to a room. In between are places to get psychologically conditioned for the next theme—"a compromise between pause and shuffle," Col. Churchill called it.

Other conditioning programs are underway as the Critical Paths converge on Day 878. Tropical birds scheduled to flit around the Barbados and Guyana pavilion have spent the winter in a zoo near Montreal, getting used to the climate. The Australians subjected 36 kangaroos to recorded pop music and crowd noises for three months so they won't have nervous breakdowns when they find themselves quartered in a pavilion next to Expo's loudest bandstand. (Thirty-five have taken it well, though one bit a TV cameraman on the ear.) And the otters, deer and geese, which are to provide a Canadian wildlife flavor to the park, have been drilled on how to run loose respectably by Mr. Grant Evans of Animal Behavior Enterprises of Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. Evans won the Canadians over to his side by turning up with a piano-playing rabbit and a dancing hen.

The Expo management even hoped to alter the life cycle of the shad fly—an insect which rises from the St. Lawrence River in May for a day or two of life, and "whose piled-up corpses," as a British writer puts it, "must not be allowed to become an embarrassment to visitors." A team of biologists studied the shad flies for two years, before reluctantly concluding that the only solution is to move in rapidly, applying insecticides. Where it will all end, between pause and shuffle and slipping and floating, only Col. Churchill's computer knows for sure. □



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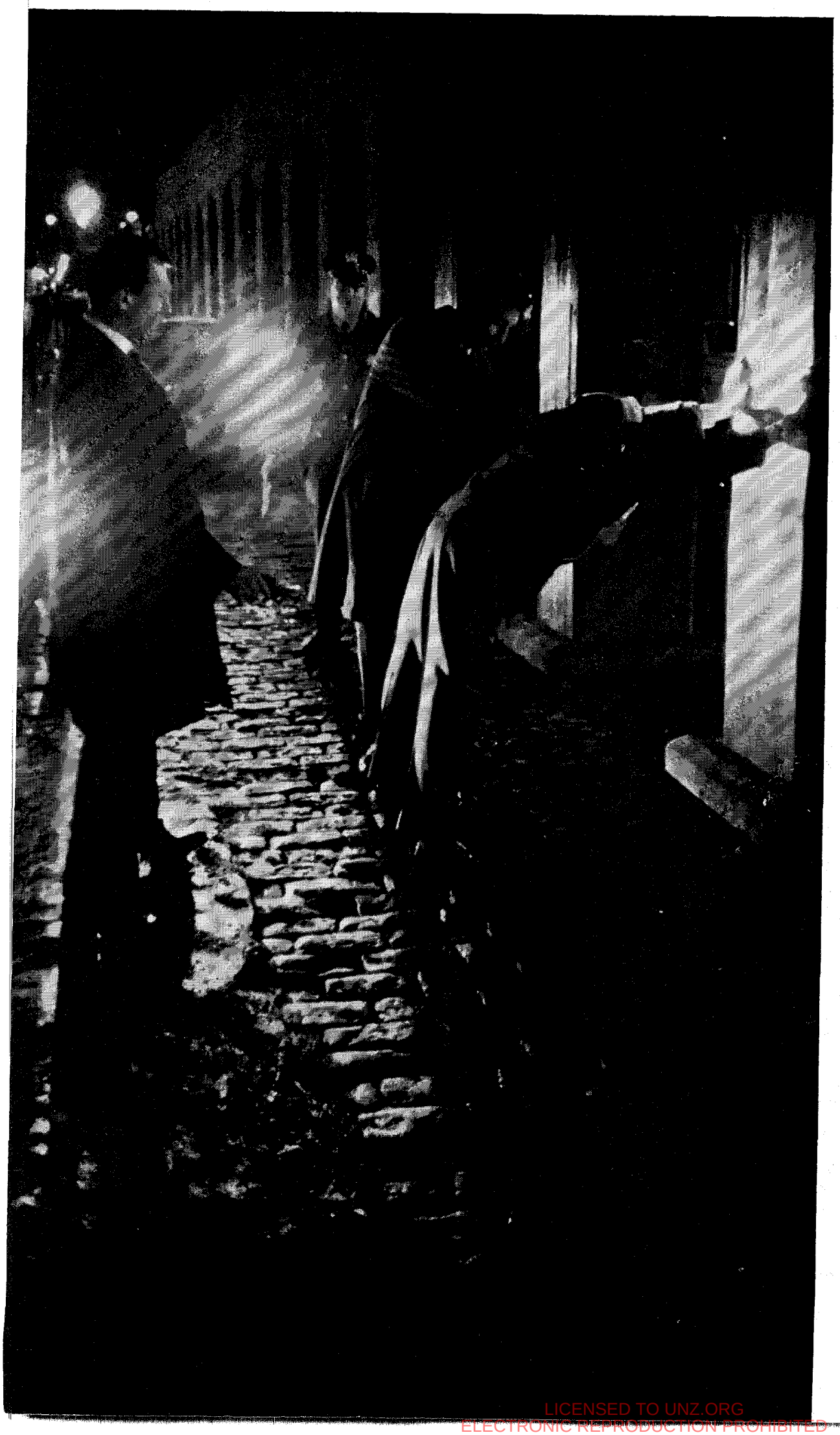
Arrested by detectives Valesares and Sullivan.



A TV cop can wrap up a case in an hour, with time out for commercials. But real crime has a smell of violence that no screen can ever capture.

By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

Photographs by Declan Haun

He probably had the wrong-shaped head for a life of crime. It was a juglike affair and would have been identifiable from a helicopter above Chicago's Palmer House hotel on a foggy day. He wore shades, was in his late 20's, and around the South Side he was known as "Terrible Teeth." A self-proclaimed hero with the ladies, his admitted specialty was the precarious one of hustling the young wives of servicemen who had been shipped off to Vietnam. At the moment he was a very good suspect in a murder case.

He sat in a small, spare, monastic interrogation room in a Chicago police headquarters. For the benefit of two detectives, he sketched in some details of his early life and a reasonably good alibi of his whereabouts on the day of the murder. The man who eased him along through his little talk, gently, almost fatherly in style, was 29-year-old Detective John L. Sullivan, a homicide man from the Second Detective Area of Chicago's South Side. His partner, Detective Pete Valesares, did no talking and sat, for some reason, with his legs wrapped around one leg of the small metal table in the interrogation room. Teeth took about 15 minutes with his story, finished it up grandly, and then sat back, satisfied, as though he had completed an unexpectedly delightful meal.

"That all?" asked Sullivan.

"That be it," said Teeth.

"You wouldn't kid me, would you?"

"Not on your life."

"All right then," said Sullivan, his voice taking on a slightly different tone. "Ever been picked up on an aggravated-battery charge?"

"Oh, well . . ."

"Ever do any cop-fighting?"

"Once I might have . . ."

"Ever done any time in the workhouse?"

"Well, if you want to count . . ."

"All right," said Sullivan, leaning forward like an offensive tackle. "I've got an eyeball witness who'll swear that he saw you across the street the night of the crime. Now, let's try it again. You

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Charge: MURDER

Chicago homicide detectives John L. Sullivan, left, and Pete Valesares prowl tough South Side section.

Working on a gang shooting, Sullivan and Valesares gingerly prepare to pay a surprise call on suspect.

bull me this time, and you're really in big trouble."

Teeth took off his shades for the first time. He wiped his head, which had become soaked in 15 seconds flat. "OK, then, police, let's start again. You got nothing on me. Except that maybe I did leave out a little something here and there. . . . It's just my nature. . . ."

I spent part of last January with the detective division in Chicago, and it took me a week to realize the things I saw weren't being taped as a dark-horse entry in NBC's new fall lineup. So profoundly have television and movies saturated the lives of men like Valesares and Sullivan that as they "hit the street" and investigate "fresh ones," you expect their work to be interrupted by an aspirin commercial or the latest Burt Bacharach musical theme.

Notified of a homicide, a relative falls back in the great tradition of television shock. "My God! Who in the world would've wanted to hurt that nice man?" . . . "Me kill him?" says a Rod Serling-wise suspect in another case, "why, that man was like a daddy to me." . . . "I don't talk to coppers," snarls a young South Side punk and obvious late-movie addict. . . . "Go ahead and frame us," barks his friend, an Edward G. Robinson buff. . . . "All right," the detective teases back, handing them a subtle concoction of Coburn-Marvin-Duff and middle-period Dane Clark, "I'll slap a frame on you so good you'll hang on the wall for forty years."

Yet finally, there are some big differences. There is no way to wrap up a real murder and make it go away in 30 minutes with three short breaks for a word from our sponsor. Crime and real violence have a smell to them that simply doesn't come through on prime time. There is no way to pan in on the hate-stitched mouth of a woman whose father has just been stabbed to death. No flick has ever picked up the smell of dead blood, the things people use to mop it up, the volcanic calm that comes over frightened people involved in a homicide. A bullet enters a man's head with neatness and modesty, but no video catsup capsule will ever show the insulting thing it does to flesh as it exits. Real violence doesn't require effects, montages, camera angles, establishing shots. Mostly it is the particular smell of violence that does not survive the trip from life to actors to camera across TV tubes and into the living room—the smell of rooms in which terrible things have happened, the smell of guilty sweat, the smell of serious gunpowder. Perhaps that preposterous Mike Todd Jr. "Smell-O-Vision" film was not so far off target as it seemed. Whatever the case, in the Chicago detective division, I learned that there are still some chambers of life that can be lived, still some life that hasn't been packaged by people named Mort and Robby out on the Coast.

Captain Otto Kreuzer is the chief of Chicago's 1,200 detectives, and it was his idea that before zeroing in on one or two of his men for this story, I ought to see a comfortable sampling of them—detectives who specialize in armed robbery, homicide, auto theft, sex and aggravated assault.

In my talk with him, Kreuzer put a lot of emphasis on the social underpinnings of crime; he used the word "compassion" quite often, saying it each time with enormous ceremony and conviction. I did not think that unusual until I had spent some time working in the detective division. There is much talk—all of it somehow expected—about police-shackling, about the limiting powers of the Supreme Court's Miranda and Escobedo decisions. "The Fifth Amendment says a man doesn't have to convict himself," a detective sergeant said to me, "but it sure as hell used to help."

If the detectives are not exactly cheerful about the new rulings, they struck me as being more or less resigned to them and determined to go about their business in the face of them. One does not have to be a bleeding heart to see quickly that they retain awesome power. They have the guns, the intelligence, the techniques, and there is that manner they have of "dropping in" on people. I honestly don't think they realize the kind of havoc one of those little unexpected visits can produce. The hoods, of course, are used to seeing them—but anyone concerned about so-called police-shackling needs only to observe the terrifying "calm" that comes over a banker or an internist when two representatives of the law decide to drop by on some little matter that happened four months ago.

To an outsider, at least, the power would seem to be enticing, almost irresistible. On several occasions, when someone did not answer a question quickly, when a suspect did not eagerly confess, suddenly there were no civil rights, and I was a completely transformed person, wanting only to be "left alone with the s.o.b. so I could work him over a little." After all, I was with the good guys, wasn't I? With all of that power in the air, I am amazed that compassion comes into the picture at all—which is why I come back to Chief Kreuzer and the special conviction he brings to the word. He is one of those absolutely fair and single-mindedly devoted men who run large organizations in this country, who wouldn't know psychedelic art from a good cigar, and whom I find when I leave the Warhol-Eugenia Sheppard-Paraphernalia circuit and travel to the Midwest. "I don't even know what a crime is anymore," he says. "When an organized gang cleans out a warehouse and knocks in a few heads along the way, that's a crime; but when a kid from a family of fourteen steals a pie from a bakery and gets caught—am I supposed to consider that a crime too?" Compassion, restraint, fairness—they are very much on this man's mind; perhaps he is one of the few who realize just how unshackled the police really are.

While my detectives were being rounded up, I took a tour of Chicago's dazzling police headquarters and communications center. It is the envy of the world, and police officials all the way from Hamburg come over to look at it. Its best feature is that Chicago police can answer a call for help faster than any police in history. Crime is now

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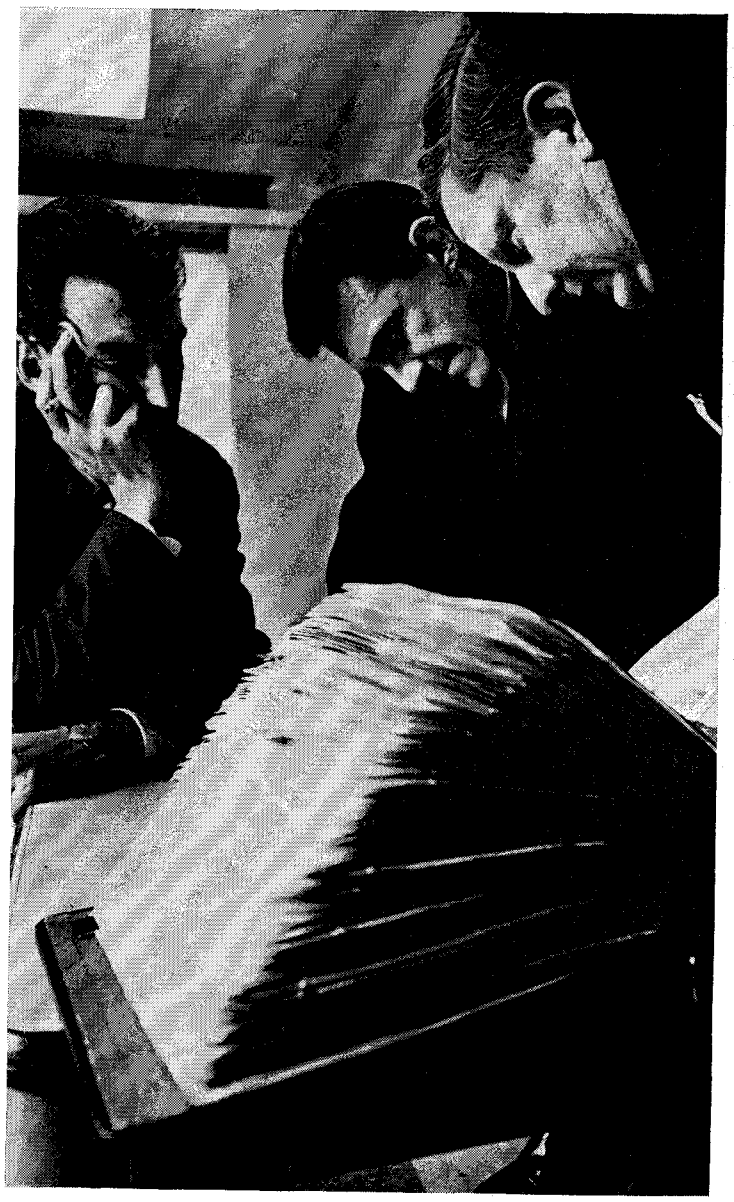
'If a guy has been run over by a train,' Pete said with a grin, 'the first place that I look is in his mouth—for a bullet hole.'



Valesares, Sullivan and youth officer consult mug file at local precinct, hoping to find a suspect's address.

CHARGE: MURDER

"data-systemed," "despatched," "regulated," "administered." You feel that a criminal might feel terribly elevated by it all, might enjoy a sense of status, as though he, too, in his own small way, were doing his bit for the IBM team. In the detective division there are scaled maps of the city in which different types of crimes are charted with multicolored pins. Voyeurs get one color pin on the sex-crime chart, indecent-exposure people another—so that detectives can tell at a glance whether a small wave is building up in a particular neighborhood. I noticed one clump of similarly colored pins that seemed to be piling up on the armed-robbery chart. The armed brigand in this case turned out to be a man who had been calling restaurants, asking that pizza be sent to a certain address, then lying in wait for the delivery man, hitting him over the head and stealing his money (also, presumably, the pizza). He had pulled half a dozen jobs, but now he was being "data-systemed" and "processed," and before long would be snatched from the ranks of underworld specialists.

Physically, the detectives I saw were a mixed bag. Some looked like detectives, others did not, and none was from Central Casting. One soft, terribly calm man blushed a great deal, wore what the youngsters call "fat slacks" and reminded me of my old junior-high-school friend Stan Pelter, who knew entire Fred Allen radio shows by heart and went into accounting. The man's specialty was armed robbery, and I learned that his reputation was that of working alone and of being able to walk calmly into the middle of armed robberies where he would "lay out" groups of stickup men.

A brilliant Negro detective looked like a celebrated jazz musician, and indeed threw back his head on one occasion and nostalgically tossed off names of great police officers he had known as a youth—as though they were greats of the jazz world. One detective was a school-principal type, and another could have been a stand-in for Vittorio Gassman. They ran a lot to broken noses, although I never found out why. Their teeth weren't so hot either. Some could meet your eyes, some could not; others would occasionally, and then you would wish they hadn't.

Most had used their guns on occasion—the Smith & Wesson .38 being the most popular—and several had "stopped a few" with their bodies. The general view was that big trouble invariably cropped up just as a man was about to go off duty, or to start out on a vacation. One fellow had been shot almost to pieces just after he had won a new pistol for starring in a department softball game. "We hope you never have to use it," they had said.

It generally gets known around the department exactly how many men each detective has killed—and it is no secret when a man "moves into the teens." The group tended to agree that fear rarely entered the picture *during* a shooting situation. If it came up at all, it would be during the buildup, the stakeout, and, of course, once it was over. I noticed that detectives, around the division, had a way of stealing up on one another, poking out a finger and saying, "Stick 'em up."

Each man made a strong case for his particular specialty. The armed-robbery people liked it because they were professionals pitted against other professionals, their adversaries often seasoned groups of known criminals, each of whom presented a separate challenge. They liked the relationship they had with criminals, the "marriage." The auto-theft detectives enjoyed their work because it had a mid-'60's tang to it and, after all, autos figured one way or another in almost every contemporary crime. The homicide people (sex and aggravated assault are thrown into this category) were almost snobbish about their section. They were the Marines, the Green Berets to the rest of the department's infantry. Homicide was where the action was. Each case involving the taking of a human life. Can you name a greater crime? In one brutal moment a man goes from no record at all—a clean sheet—to become the darkest of all criminals. Most felt that if they could not work homicide, there would be little point in even continuing in the police department.

The department sex specialist was terribly wan and unsensational in style, almost whipped in manner. His partner, I learned a bit later, is a man who is known to be a great needler. The sex specialist smiled only once, when he mentioned the annual Second Area social in which the invitations would come in saying "Homicide and Sex Party." His wife would tease him about that. Each of the detectives I interviewed seemed anxious to be chosen as a subject for this story, to represent the department. Some fell into dramatic styles—"This then is the situation that confronted me and the other police officers." . . . "I reach around and casually slip out my gun." I had just finished auditioning people for a stage play of mine, and the experiences were remarkably similar.

Finally, I picked Pete Valesares and John L. Sullivan, two young homicide detectives who work Chicago's South Side and whose call letters are 7206, the "7" for detective car, the "2" for second area and the "06" for their particular number. I was cautioned not to refer to them as a "team," since a detective, finally, is to consider himself a single unit and never rely on another man as a crutch. Nevertheless, they had more or less found each other some four or five months back and had begun riding around together ever since.

Pete is of Greek descent and is teased mercilessly about it by John and the rest of the department. His father runs a delicatessen, and there are no other police in his family. His father did not take kindly to his becoming a detective, but Pete says his chest now swells noticeably each time Pete is listed in the newspaper as being in on a homicide arrest.

John is of Irish and Lithuanian stock; his father was a police officer in the days of "bull dicks" and fedoras and pinky rings and Capone. The thought of John going into another line of work would have been considered heretical. You might say quickly that John and Pete are perfect opposites, that they complement each other perfectly, each filling in the other's lack. But it doesn't work quite that way. John appears to be the worrier, the plodder, the one who loses sleep and takes each homicide as a personal insult. Yet Pete, who is at first glance more happy-go-lucky and capricious, is more likely to be pessimistic about the chances of cracking a case, to show up first thing in the morning in a bad mood.

They have their separate strengths. Pete is a slightly better shot and is more successful at expressing himself on paper. He is a smoother car driver. John is a stronger man, more likely to get "physical" if the job requires it. He works out regularly on a bag and, according to Pete, can hit like a mule. He is also better at charming information out of juveniles. Both are college-educated, but play this down and are much prouder of being streetwise, having grown up close to the district they patrol. There is much kidding about how they see each other more than they see their wives. In appearance, Pete is dark, tall, gracefully hooked over in the style of the great stickball players from my old neighborhood. John is brown-haired, thick through the shoulders and has some trouble with his feet. They are both furiously proud of being "homicide dicks." Each has the ambition of spending 25 years in the department, of getting to be known as "a good copper," and of eventually sitting around with the other on a back porch, kicking around their favorite cases.

After detectives' roll call at their headquarters, they picked me up at my hotel one morning at 0900 (military time is used in the Chicago Police Department). A newsstand clerk had advised me to remain in the hotel for my entire stay, that I was crazy to go out into the Chicago streets. "Big as you are, they'll leap on your back, snatch your glasses and grab your wallet. They work in teams."

While waiting in the lobby, I stood with my newspaper up over my face, Alfred Hitchcock-movie style, just to get into the swing of things. Their car, or "squad," on this day was a Plymouth '66, equipped with radio gear but not particularly souped up. Neither felt any particular craving for

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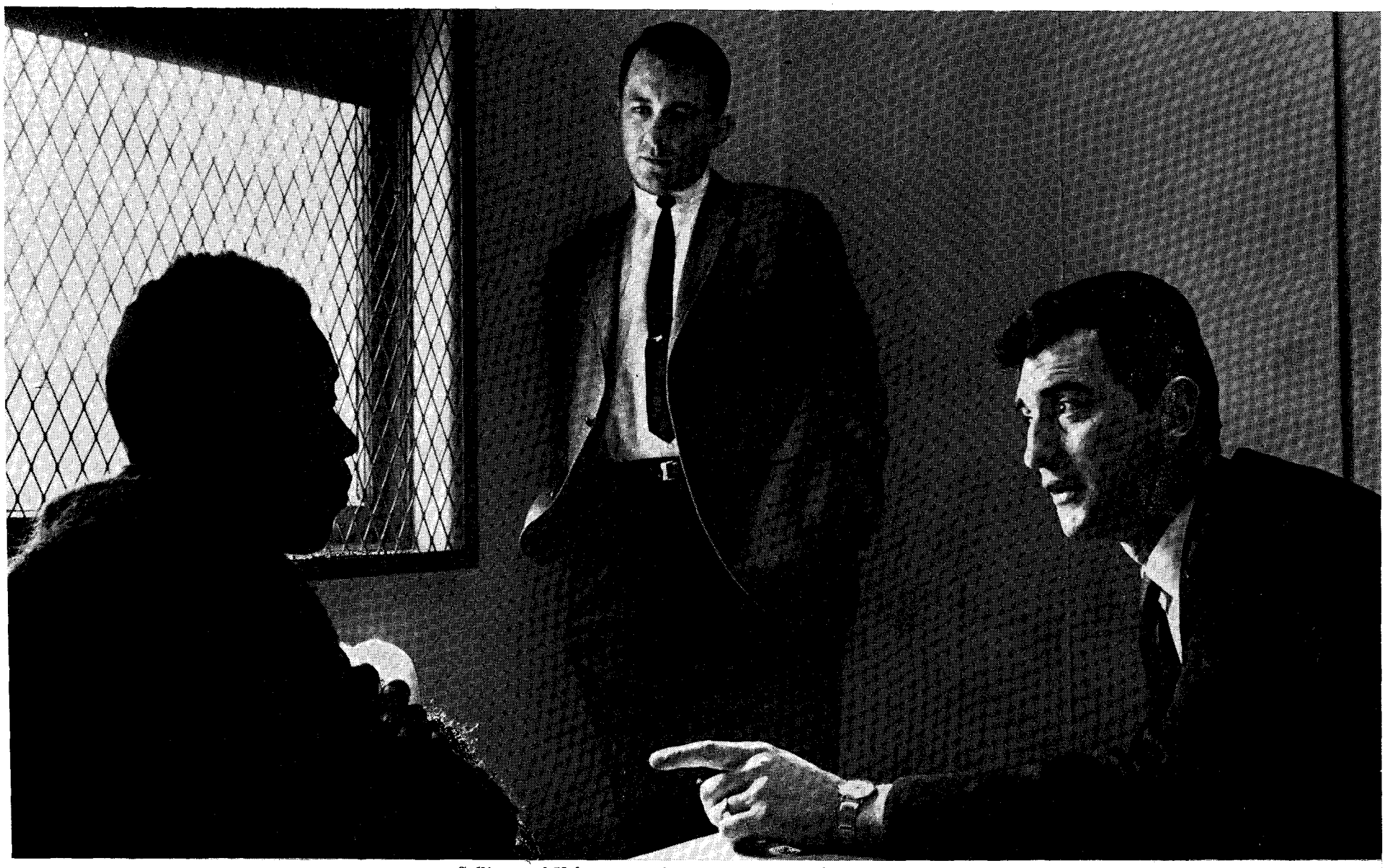

Sullivan and Valesares question teen-age gang member. John is expert at charming information out of juveniles.

a James Bond tire-slasher of a vehicle. I sat in the back next to John's attaché case which is marked "John L. Sullivan—Crime Detection." He calls it his "Clue Box." At the roll call both men had checked to see whether any new homicides or "fresh ones" had come in the night before and, having found the well dry, were now going out to work on their unsolved murders of the near past. John's favorite was a four-month-old gang shooting of a youth whom the killers had mistaken for someone else. A new lead had tumbled in from a "friend," as a spin-off from another case, and we were off to track it down. "You hate to forget a juvenile murder," said John, "since there are at least two hundred kids out on the street who know your man." Sooner or later, someone would start to brag about it, to say "Guess who I shot?" at some pool hall—since that was really the only reason to do it in the first place.

I had always felt the sets for Harold Pinter plays were the ultimate in grayness until I saw the South Side of Chicago in January. It is a grim, thickly populated area, made up of working-class Negroes, Italians, Lithuanians, Poles, who live in beat-up single-family homes and three-story apartment houses. Pete and John took me on a cruise of their district, and our excursion had much the same flavor as a Marine reconnaissance mission into Cong country. The area is gang-inhabited, each of the warring factions staking out its boundaries on the sides of stores and buildings with giant scrawls that said, "Blackstone Rangers," "Devil's Disciples," "Apache Rangers." Pete said it was virtually impossible to survive in this part of Chicago if you did not belong to one of the gangs, but that gang activity slowed down in cold weather. Both men said they liked working the 0830 to 1700 daytime shift. Although most of the fresh cases came in at night, Saturday night in particular, real investigative work could only be done in the daylight hours. Weekends, particularly, were good for corralling witnesses and making pinches since—quite simply—everyone was home then. John and Pete agreed that the night shift was hell on a man's stomach, since you wound up drinking cold beer and eating spaghetti and meatballs for breakfast.

"It was a dark and dreary day as I swung my unmarked car down State Street," said Pete, who enjoys mimicking TV detective shows. "This looks like a dangerous one, I told my partner John."

Pete then went on to say that his first homicide turned up when he was a patrolman. It was a "domestic altercation" ending in a fatal shooting. He was a little disappointed at the bullet wound. "I'd expected much more," he said.

John had worked as a lifeguard on the Chicago beaches and had seen plenty of dead bodies. His first homicide involved a man whose head had been split with an ax over a two-dollar poker-game bet. When John arrived, the man was still alive, split head and all, but there was no way to stop the bleeding.

Both men remembered two detectives-to-be fainting dead away during their first autopsy, and they are fond of quoting a Polish detective friend who says that to be a homicide detective "you got to wade through them bodies." Pete said he is now the most careful body-inspector in the department, since he goofed badly once, failing to find a bullet hole in a victim's mouth and reporting the case as a suicide. "If a guy's been run over by a train now," he said with a grin, "first place I look is his mouth—for a bullet hole."

We ran through the area—Emma's Eat Shop, Bob's Recreation, Upper Room Healing Center, First Pentecostal Church of Christ Inc., Bush's Soul Bar-B-Que, Al's Action Lounge—until Pete suggested a coffee break, and John reluctantly said

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Sullivan examines body of man found strangled near University of Chicago campus. Despite his age, the 70-year-old victim had put up a furious struggle for his life.

'He knows who did it,' John said, 'but he has to figure out a way of telling us roundabout.'

CHARGE: MURDER

all right. He had figured you wasted 300 hours a year on those "breaks" and imagine how much digging you could do in that time. We took seats in the rear of a restaurant, John drinking ice-cold Diet Pepsi, which he orders regularly through the day, often along with banana-cream pie. Pete said that detectives would generally sit in the rear of public places or at least with their backs to the wall. He felt that he could generally spot a detective by the way he walked into a room, looked around, took his time being seated, by the way he carried himself. He felt that a detective was somewhat more poised than the average man.

Both men said they were more or less unaware of their weapons, that guns became simply "tools," much like a carpenter's hammer. You missed it, of course, when you didn't have it. Both men said they carried their guns at all times, even when walking outside with the garbage. This was "company policy." Both men were especially gun-conscious each night on driving into their garages. If a vengeful hood were to seek out a detective, he would generally try to ambush him in this spot. Pete said he took out his gun and placed it on the seat whenever he slipped into the driveway.

We left the restaurant and drove over to see the young man who might have some new information on the four-month-old gang slaying. "How do you read the clouds, Nanook?" said John to Pete. "Any snow?"

"I took John to see Santa Claus at Marshall Field," said Pete, "and he loved it."

It struck me that with just a little more polishing, Pete and John would have been able to do a first-rate breakfast-talk show.

We went inadvertently to the wrong address, and Pete said, "It's a wonder I find my way to the office every morning." I got my first inkling that 90 percent of their job is knocking on the wrong doors, or knocking on the right ones and finding nobody home. We found our man at a place on South Vernon; a low-echelon gambler and ladies' man in his early 20's with a kind of boneless, easy-going calypso style. He wore a bandanna and did not take his eyes off the television set once during the interrogation. We sat there easily, comfortably, four fellows having a little midday chat, Pete tossing in an occasional jive expression ("So you got anything cool for us, babe?"), but for the most part allowing John to work out of his strength with juveniles. ("I spend two hours with a kid and wind up invoking the Blessed Virgin Mary," Pete had said. "Then John does his older-brother routine and cracks the case in five minutes.") This one seemed a fruitless interview, but Pete and John had put in a good word for the fellow after a recent street rumble and had a feeling there might be a little return dividend rolling in.

As we prepared to leave, our man, eyes still fixed on daytime TV, mentioned a certain "mean, ugly dude who was shooting his mouth off down at the pool hall, about a month back." John didn't respond particularly, but in the car he said he felt a four-month-old slaying was about to be solved. "He knows who did it," John said, "but he has to figure out a way of telling us roundabout." The man would feed them a few pieces at a time, and when he had given them everything but the name, John and Pete would "guess" the man's identity. That way, no one would ever be able to say the informant was a stool pigeon.

Pete was pessimistic, however, and like the Hollywood writer who doesn't believe he has been paid until he has not only cashed the check but spent the money, he felt that no case was anywhere until the report said, "Arrested by Detectives Valesares and Sullivan. Charge: Murder." That, of course, is what it was all about, and when you had brought a case like that home you saw how trivial it was to make a burglary arrest—or any other arrest, for that matter.

Around 1300 we dropped over to lunch at Tony's Snack Shop where a halo of small-time hoods gathered around Pete and John, testing, needling, as though to see how close they could come to the fire without being burned. "Here come the Greek Police," said one. One of them tried to place me and said, finally, "You look like a fellow who keeps trying to sell furniture to my wife."

"He's new," said John. "He's working Sex."

During lunch Pete and John told me about the test they had to pass in order to become detectives. In the psychological part they had tied themselves up in knots trying to figure out the questions, particularly those aimed at weeding out homosexuals. Which President do you prefer, Washington or Lincoln? Would you rather be a ballplayer or a florist? "Well, hell," said Pete, "maybe I *would* rather be a florist, but how in the hell am I supposed to tell them that?" "It's a pattern they're looking for," said John. "If you put down florist, ballet and that you love Chanel No. 5, they're going to start wondering. . . ." John said that come to think of it he didn't want to be walking down an alley and have his partner turn suddenly and say, "John, I've known you a long time. Kiss me."

All of which led us to Pete's favorite case, a particularly vicious homosexual slaying that had gone into the "unsolved mystery" department several months before. A middle-aged homosexual with an unusually gray and mysterious background had been found in his apartment, practically hacked to ribbons. The theory at the time had been that he had been slain by a "fruit hustler." What gave the case its challenge for Pete was the "silence" of it, the almost total absence of clues.

After lunch we spent some time tracking down fresh leads on Pete's four-month-old "fruit murder." Pete explained that, as a rule, homosexual knifings were much more vicious than ordinary ones. The one who finally lost the fight would literally be cut to pieces. John said the strongest man he had ever run into in his life was an iron-chested transvestite, fully decked out in women's clothing, from bonnet to silk underwear. John had tussled briefly with him on a fire escape, high above the ground, and was certain he was going to be dashed to the street and killed. But the transvestite had finally come along quietly, full of shame, in the manner of most sex offenders.

The two leads in Pete's "fruit murder" were a doctor and his estranged wife. The doctor had been listed in the victim's sparsely noted address book as "Doc"; and only several months later did a random tip bring his name to light. The estranged wife was a hospital worker, who supposedly knew the victim quite well, but detectives at the initial investigation had been unable to trace her. Now, months later, Pete and John were to return to the hospital and find her quite easily. The doctor was surprised to see the detectives drop in—everyone is—and was a little dry-throated, but soon recovered his cool and then became more or less imperturbable. Pete and John asked him about his relationship to the victim. The doctor said he had seen the man on one social occasion, but knew little about him. I got a little impatient and was disappointed when he didn't break down and confess right there on the spot. I asked John later if anyone ever behaved that calmly and later turned out to be guilty. John said all you had to do is hit them with a few "bombs" and you would see their confidence crumble. He said there was no substitute

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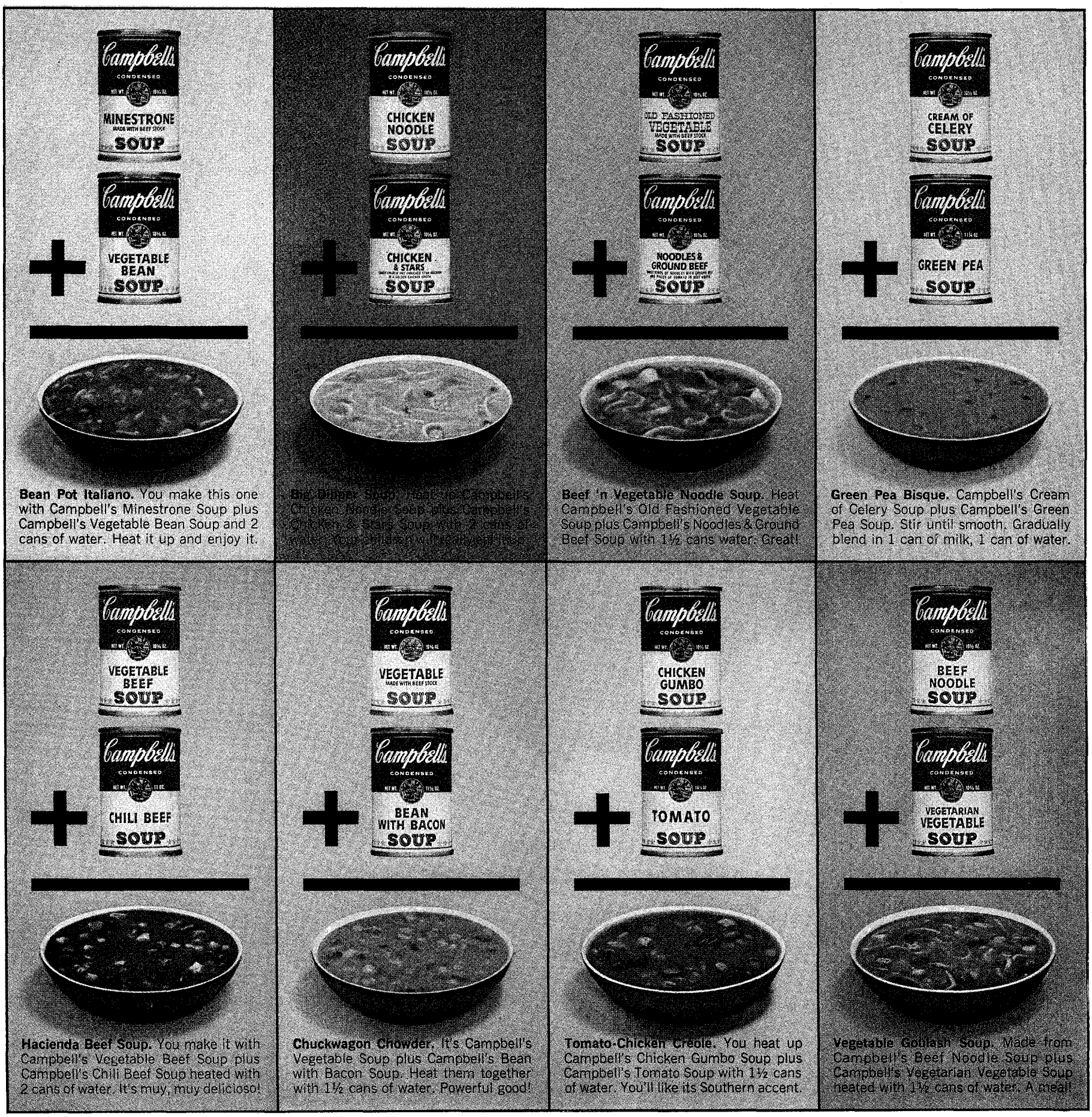
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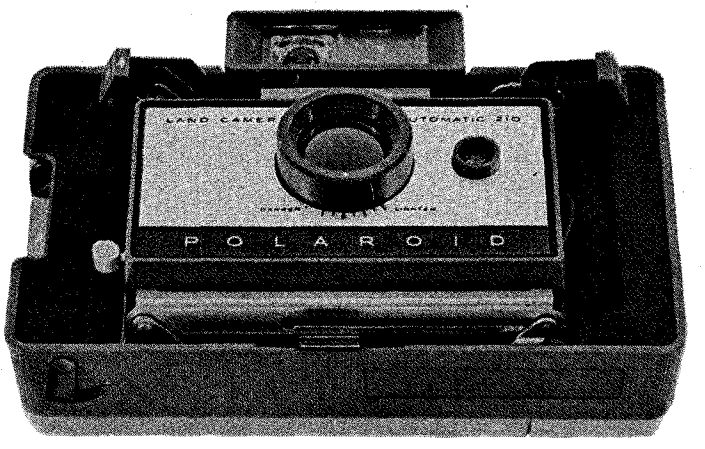

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for hard information in homicide cases—none of that "Nobody leaves this room at midnight, and I am about to name the murderer" stuff. Pete said he dreamed of owning the final answer, "an automatic bad-guy detector."

I asked them what dreams they really did have. They had a remarkably similar recurring one. John—or Pete—would be holding a gun on three criminals who would start to approach them, and then the gun would fail to go off. Even when the gun finally fired, the criminals laughed and kept moving forward. Pete's wife said he spent a lot of time each night grinding his teeth.

We went to see our second lead, the doctor's ex-wife. It turned out she had once known the victim very well, hadn't even heard of his death; and out tumbled a massive trove of family information, names of other friends, along with gossip, small angers, jealousies. A homicide investigation is never a neat surgical incision, affecting only a local area. It starts to tear great areas of adjoining tissue, often shredding the fabric of not only the victim's past but that of all those who were close to him. Pete was delighted that we had found this woman and felt there was a good chance of bringing this case home before long.

The following morning the two detectives seemed almost relieved to have come up with a "nice little murder" for me. The night shift had answered the call and reported the details to Pete and John. The victim was a somewhat elderly gentleman who had been stabbed to death in the kitchen of his South Side apartment. The wounds in this case had been neat, almost "polite." John said it was amazing how many homicides were the result of a single stab wound that went straight through the aorta. Later, however, the coroner would say that the lungs had been punctured, but that the actual cause of death was strangulation.

On the way to the slum area, John fortified himself with another Diet Pepsi and said, "There's no point in even going over there, because the butler did it."

As with most homicides, this one had a single unusual feature. When the body was found, it was covered from head to toe with a blanket—almost as though the murderer was too squeamish to look at a dead face. The trick—and here any Agatha Christie buff would feel right at home—was to fix the victim's last moments and to establish a motive.

The victim, a West Indian painting contractor, had occasion to employ many itinerant painters. A key part of the investigation would be the interrogation of these workers to see if one of them had a grudge against the victim. It had been his practice to pay his employees in his home. A possibility was that one of them had come to get paid, began to argue with the contractor, and wound up killing him.

Relatives and friends had gathered at the scene, bowed over and respectful in their grief, but also a little keyed up about being in on a homicide. Some used stray television lines—"It had to be someone who knew him *very, very* well." Later, Pete and John were to tell the next shift of detectives they had walked into a "hostile" environment; but all I could see was a numbness, a suffocation, a stopping of time and an inchoate wailing of shock and grief.

The body had been identified by the victim's daughter and swept off to the morgue by the night-shift team of detectives for an inquest. For a "polite little murder" there seemed to be an awful lot of blood in evidence. Rags, kitchen towels, old clothing had been enlisted to mop it down, to soak up the last traces of a man's life.

John spent a great deal of time on locks, means of entry, doors, windows—the kind of thing that would bore me if I were a detective. I would have spent all my time looking for guilt in people's faces. The victim's room had been ransacked, and Pete spent some time going through the physical trappings of his life. A basement door had been heavily padlocked; John caressed it lightly with a penknife, and it sprang open wondrously, to the complete delight of three onlooking mourners. A little later, John found a knife in the cutlery drawer and asked me to look it over. I studied it until my head ached. Nothing.

"It's the murder weapon," he said.

Pete took a quick look at it, too, and shrugged it off; John put it in a handkerchief and popped it into his pocket. John was working on a hunch, but later the microanalysis department would confirm that indeed there was human blood on the knife.

We spent the rest of the day running down suspects, all of them painters whose names had been supplied by the first detective team on the scene. None of them panned out. Pete said he was sorry he didn't work the Gold Coast—the wealthy area of Chicago—where gorgeous upper-crust girls would be lying around all day, ready to say, "C'mon in, Howard Duff, make yourself cozy." At a restaurant one of John's fans, a small-time burglar, spotted the kitchen-knife-possible-murder-weapon in John's pocket and said, "Hey, New Breed, what are you doing now, stealing silverware?" John tucked the knife deeper into his pocket, slightly embarrassed. I noticed that jacket linings of detectives are torn in the place where their shoulder holsters rub against the linings, and, indeed, that might very well be a good way to spot a detective.

Later, returning to the station, both men got heated up about the new Supreme Court restrictions. John told of a Negro detective, who always identified himself as "Slim" when trying to break into closed-door crap games. "Everybody knows a Slim, and the door would usually open," said John. If that didn't work, explained John, this detective would pour water on the door, to give the impression that he was urinating on it. Were these tricks to fail, he would light up a newspaper and blow smoke under the door, to make the gamblers think there was a fire.

"But we're 'sophisticated' now," said John. "If someone doesn't open the door, we say, 'Gosh, sorry, we'll return another day.'"

Pete and John worked overtime that night, and at the station I noticed that the typewriters were labeled SEX AND HOMICIDE. A sign asked, DOES YOUR APPEARANCE COMMAND RESPECT? Pete sat down to type his report on the painter murder and looked very much like a newspaper reporter until the radiator gave off a spurt of steam and he pretended to yank out his gun to take a shot at it. A detective friend named Frank came by, and Pete asked him if he had shot anyone lately.

"Yes," he said, "and I'm sorry it wasn't a Greek."

Much of the kidding around the detective bureau has violent overtones. A favorite remark is: "If you don't do (something or other) I will hunt you down and shoot you like a dog." Occasionally John asks Pete how he would like to have his rib cage pulled out.

In the time I'd spent with them, one murder case in particular seemed to be hanging over the detectives like a pall. It would come up, then quickly be dropped, and it was the only piece of business that made them behave in an odd way. It seemed to arouse a commingling of anger, sorrow, fear, disbelief. I knew they wanted to talk about it and would, sooner or later. A night-shift man came by to say he had cracked up a "squad," and "now they won't even let me drive a typewriter." Pete chuckled, and out of the clear blue tossed the complete report of the "sensitive" case in my lap, telling me that if I lost it he would "hunt me down and shoot me like a dog." It was marvelously flat, relentless reading and, of course, halfway along, when the name of a certain patrolman came into the picture, I saw what made the case so "touchy." John and Pete had worked on it for 30 straight days, and when the net had started to close in on their fellow police officer, both had gotten sick and begun to go without sleep for nights at a time. They had finally had to make the arrest, but they had not yet gotten the case out of their systems. The accused was alternately "ignorant," a "poor slob," an "s.o.b." They couldn't say it, of course, and perhaps they didn't know it, but they must have seen in this man a small part of themselves gone uncontrollably bad.

I went out to dinner one night with John and Pete and their wives. You would think that detectives' wives would feel doubly safe and protected, but that didn't seem to be the case at all. Both women seemed acutely aware of all the terrible things that could happen in the streets, and often slept with the sheets over their heads. After an evening on the town, neither Pete nor John would dream of allowing his wife to be first through the door. Nor would they permit their wives to walk more than 15 yards unescorted at night.

Generally speaking, other women, at parties, tended to find their husbands fascinating, because of their work, and this seemed pleasing, by and large. Both couples played *Monopoly* a lot and also a game called *Life*, in which the idea was to fall in love, grow up, buy houses and get mortgages. John said his wife never failed to beat him at any game. It is an oversimplification, of course, but one key to a marriage is the unguarded look on a woman's face when her husband is telling a story. In this situation, both wives had a fine way of looking at their detective husbands.

John, who had never eaten clams in his life, tried them that night. It was the first time he had ever looked frightened, but he got them down and seemed to enjoy them.

I saw the team the following day, and they had come up with a likely suspect in the "nice little stabbing," someone who had called the painting contractor's house twice on the night of the murder and spoken to the first team of detectives without knowing it. A

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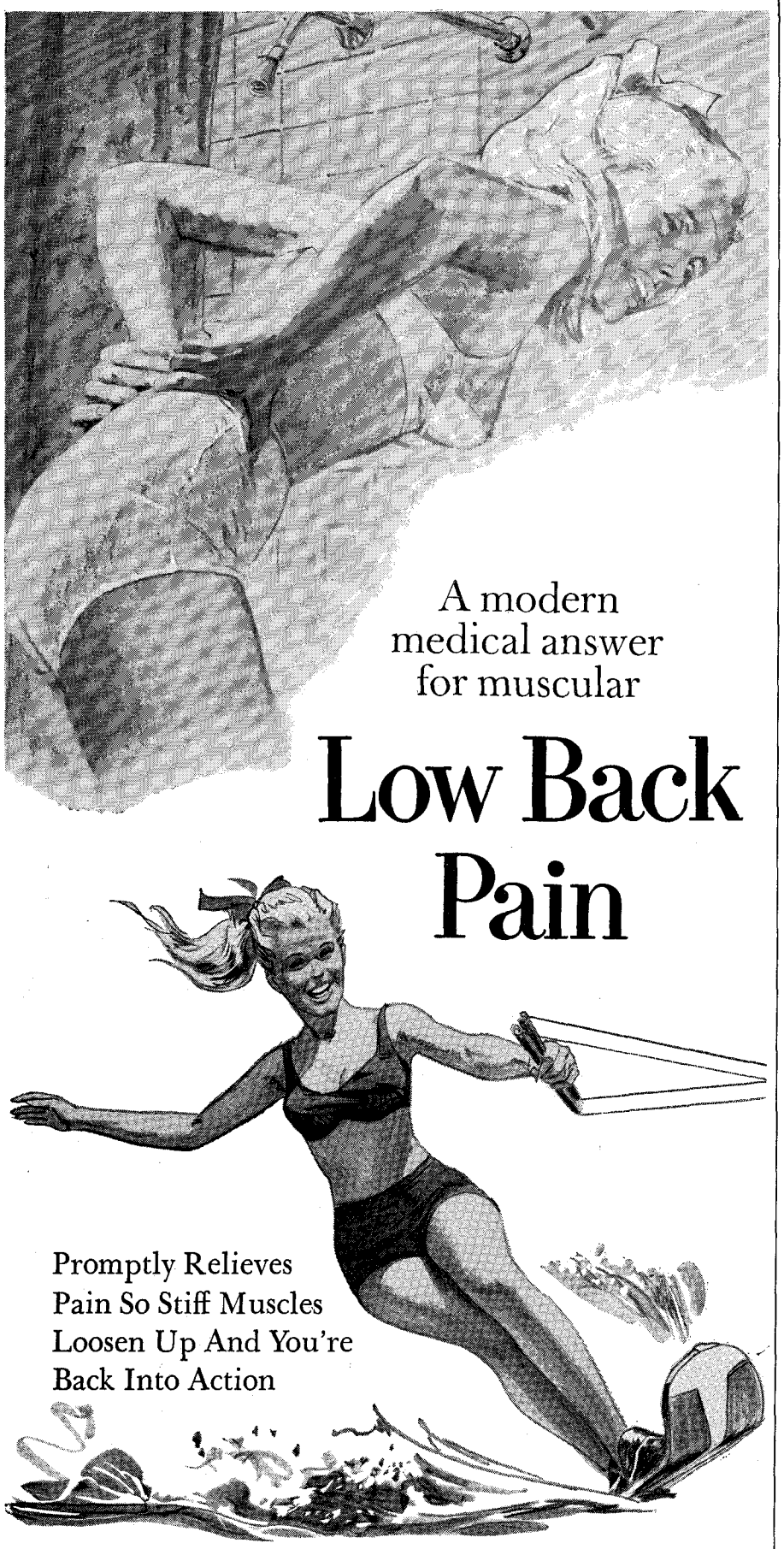

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painter, occasionally employed by the victim, had an "interesting record," including some aggravated batteries.

The night-shift detectives had reported he had no permanent home, but cited one address at which he stayed occasionally. Pete and John said there would be a sort of stakeout, but that they were short one gun, and that I might have to use my pen, which, of course, was mightier than the sword. An old-timer of a detective joined us, saying he had been all over the "United Snakes," had been a character in Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer's *Chicago Confidential*, and if I wrote that he was a dirty old man he would go all over the world and smoke me out. He said the bureau would let Pete and John, the two young kids, work on the case for about a week. "Then they'll call me in to wrap it up." He said he had worked everything from patrol to stationhouse dick to paddy wagons. "I've been shot at, I have shot, I have killed," he said. "When I wanted to go through a door, I would just stick my big thirteen through it, and that door went.

"But let's face it," he said. "These young fellows are wiry, and they think faster. I've got three years to go, and I want to go out alive." He seemed to make Pete and John uncomfortable; I found him quite touching.

We had breakfast, and fortified by eggs and sausages, we zipped off, passing the University of Chicago's great Billings Hospital. John said that if he were ever shot he hoped they would take him there, even if it meant passing 16 other hospitals on the way. "They take bullets out of brains . . . and they don't put Band-Aids on gunshot wounds. . . ." Out of nowhere Pete said he thought there were about 100,000 Greeks in Chicago; John said he had no idea there were that many, and that it was frightening.

We all realized that the suspect we were looking for had plenty of time to prepare for us. He was capable of flying off the handle and mutilating people—the record said he had stomped the face of a storeowner and beaten another man to a pulp over the theft of a radio.

We missed him at the first address and at several others, too; it seemed obvious he had been tipped and was staying a few jumps ahead of us. Several small-time criminals who knew him misled us on his whereabouts or "blew smoke up our tails," as John liked to put it. Some of the petty criminals showed a great deal of interest in the upcoming police exams, wanting to know whether a few burglaries, a stray knife fight here and there and a year or so in the can might hurt them in their applications for the police force. John told me that you could be taking a man in on a murder charge, and he would turn to you in the squad car and ask what his chances were to make the police department.

Finally, a man who had been with the suspect the previous night gave us an address where he would "definitely" be found. When we got there, John parked the "squad" around the corner, safely out of view. The house, the neighborhood, and the whole world seemed very still as we rang the doorbell. There were no jokes this time, and John and Pete had their hands in their pockets. Later they told me that in this situation they would often have their guns concealed, but unholstered. During "nervous" interviews John would often shift his holster to his mid-belt for easy access.

A grim landlady invited us in and said we were in the wrong house and she had never heard of our man. We started to go off, somewhat frustrated, but then a fellow in painting clothes, who had been in the house, waved us back to the front porch and said, yes, he knew our man quite well and would tell him to get in touch with the police department.

John and Pete invited the painter to sit in the "squad." On both sides of the criminal scene there is a lot of emphasis on getting a man on your own turf. Pete said the fight would go out of the world's toughest hood "when we get him in *our* playground."

Inside the detective car the painter demonstrated that sense of "territorial imperative." He said his nickname was Terrible Teeth, that he was a holy terror with women, and that he always made sure to take them to motels. That way, if an irate husband were to break in, Teeth would be able to "beat his tail, call the police, keep his woman, and get her to testify against her own husband." John casually asked Teeth about his own whereabouts on the day of the crime—on the alert for a story that sounded too good. An honest man simply doesn't know what he was doing last Thursday at five P.M. Teeth seemed to have his movements pretty well covered—a little gambling, a bout with the ladies, plenty of witnesses.

We let Teeth go. Some seven hours and 12 false leads later, a fellow in a bar gave us a new address, absolutely the right one. We moved in on it, and there we found Teeth again, calmly watching television with a friend; without once taking his eyes from the set, he admitted this time that he was the "aggravated battery" man we had been looking for all the while. He couldn't admit it earlier in the day, because he had to find out exactly what the detectives were after, to make sure it wasn't an old alimony rap. Once he found out he was being sought on a murder charge, he felt it was OK to come out in the open, since he knew he was clean. John and Pete admitted to being "faked out of our jocks." I thought it had been a brilliant piece of stage acting, too, and Pete said it was just a matter of Teeth having been a little more streetwise than the detectives. "That's the kind of guy who's going to lay me out some day," said Pete. He told me about a celebrated detective who had dropped his guard once, been lured around a corner by a streetwise punk, and "took three shells in the head."

At detective headquarters John conducted the interrogation of Teeth, concealing his knowledge of Teeth's past scrapes with the law, working him gently as though he were a fisherman luring a Minnesota muskie. When Teeth was finished, John jumped on his neck, confronted him with "discrepancies" in his story and told him he'd better get the story straight the second time. Teeth seemed flustered for the first time, but when he retold the story, he stuck pretty close to his original version, at least insofar as his connection with the murder went. At one point he said he'd even be willing to take the lie detector. "You'll bust the damned fuse," said John.

John asked Teeth for a look at his wallet, checking through for a recent dry-cleaning ticket that might mean

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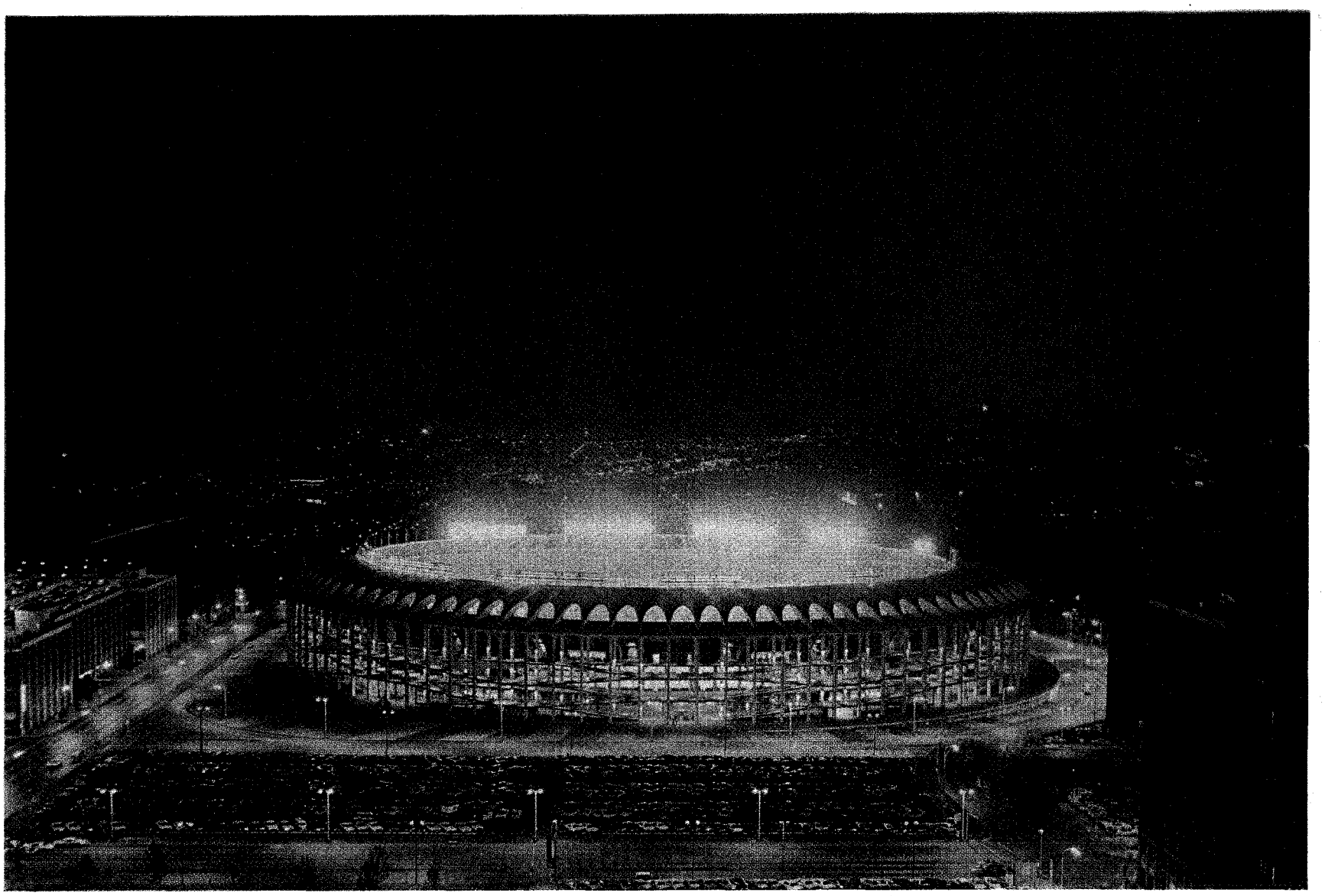

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blood-stained clothing, but all that popped out were dozens of pictures of girls, all pledging undying devotion to the wallet's owner. John told Teeth that a murder rap meant only 25 years, but the suspect said no thanks and besides, what would all the girls do in his absence? John and Pete took a short break, leaving Teeth in the interrogation room. John said quietly that Teeth seemed to be clean on the murder charge. There were a few warrants out on him on other charges, but the statute of limitations had run out on them. "When you get the right man in there," John said, "you *know* it, even if you can't prove it." I had a fantasy in which I went back in and broke Teeth's fingers one by one until he confessed.

Then, outside the questioning room, an argument broke out between two detectives over the use of a certain squad car. One of them wore revolvers in twin shoulder holsters and seemed angry enough to whip at least one of them out, but the hassle was broken up. The night-shift detectives then lined up for roll call, and the auto-theft section brought in two young car thieves for an introduction. The word was they were real "comers" in the field, and it would be good for all the detectives to get used to seeing their faces. They stood before the lineup like shy high-school actors and then were carted off to the lockup. A new detective came over and said he thought I might have a yen to see some of the pictures in the Sex Crime file. It took him awhile, but he finally fished out the worst he had in stock, one involving a Mexican migrant and his adulterous bride. I thanked him, saying it certainly was a winner; as a matter of fact, I never *will* forget the damned thing.

Eventually, Pete and John went back in the interrogation room, and Teeth agreed to take the lie box as soon as it was available later that week. John dismissed him, but not before teasing him about his reputation as a lover.

"I talked to one of your broadies," said John. "She said you're not enough of a man for her."

Teeth took this very hard for a moment, but then caught on and ripped off his first big smile of the day. "You know what she'll say if you ask her about Teeth? She'll say, 'That old Teeth's a fine, fine man.'"

Criminal investigations have a way of spilling over into one another. Making his rounds on one stubborn case, a detective will stumble across evidence that will help him clear up half a dozen others. Teeth, for example, turned out to be a dud as a suspect in the one stabbing, but during his subsequent lie-box test, he threw some light on a truck hijacking. Weeks later, Pete told me that Teeth hung around with a crowd that had known the victim in his "fruit murder." Pete said he was certain Teeth knew the name of the murderer and eventually would come across with it. The doctor and his estranged wife evidently were not involved.

In the weeks that followed, Pete and John were to clear up a handful of homicides one-two-three, but the case of the old gentleman with the blanket over his head turned out to be much more tangled than they had thought. John remained optimistic, but Pete admitted that if their suspects didn't pan out, there was a chance they might eventually have to forget it. Sort of a contradiction, really, since unsolved homicides technically are never closed.

I felt young and adventurous as an unofficial third member of the team, as though I were back at college or at least in the Air Force again, cruising around with a couple of buddies. One day, I joined Pete and John at the police pistol range. Three times each year Chicago detectives must qualify as instinctive shooters. This involves quick firing at targets without the use of sights. There is no time to line up your target carefully in an actual shoot-out.

Pete's style turned out to be more natural, more spontaneous, and he had a born athlete's approach to guns. As a hunter, he had been nicknamed "Boom Boom" because of the speed with which he got off shots. He is a slightly better shot than John, who took his time, shot more deliberately. But I decided that if I were at the other end, I'd worry more about John and that deliberate style. I watched them shoot closeup (most gun battles take place within seven yards), both standing and squatting, and then longer range. I think it was later, as we examined their targets, that I first became a little numb and depressed and realized that we weren't back in college or the Air Force anymore than we were out on location for Warner Bros.

I think it was the targets that did it. Each one had an outline of a man with a bowling-pin-shaped area in his middle—the heart, head, lungs representing kill areas, and peripheral places such as shoulders, wrists, genitals, counting as disabling shots. The disabling wounds, on that faceless black-and-white target, were every bit as terrifying as the kill. With just a slight shift in the wind of fate, the target might have been someone like Teeth himself; if I was not exactly crazy about him, I certainly didn't want to see him filled with great clusters of disabling wounds. Seventy is a qualifying score. John rang up 95 and Pete nosed him out by one point, winning a dollar.

They said I could keep the target as a souvenir, and later I gave it to my eldest son, but then I changed my mind and took it back. I had been working with John and Pete in an atmosphere of death and tragedy and had somehow never really made contact with the reality of what I had been observing. But on the target range, watching John's deliberate style of shooting at the bull's-eye that might have been Teeth, I decided I'd had enough. For all of their very real and easygoing charm, for all of the breakfast-show comedy and the New Breed account-executive styles, they were basically tough men in a bleak world the color of gun metal where grief and human misery make up the day's workload.

We kept in touch. When I last talked to Pete and John, they were in the middle of Chicago's worst blizzard in many years. I asked them how they were fighting crime, and they said they were doing it by phone. The jokes again. They had always dreamed of getting a real neat extradition assignment, one that would take them to the Caribbean, Tokyo, Paris. On a vacation perhaps they would like to visit New York. I wondered if they would take their guns along. They would of course. There was really no other way. Even if they left their guns behind, they would more or less have them along. □

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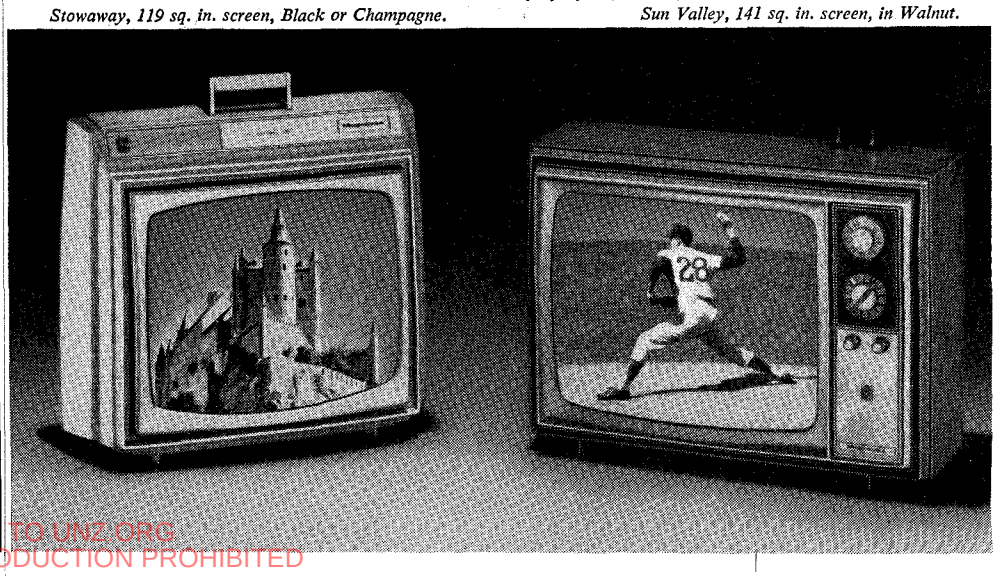

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Babe in the Wilderness

She had an infant
on her arm,
the devil in her eye—
and her mind
set on joining a
bunch of cowboys
who had troubles
enough already.

By ROBERT FLYNN

Illustrated by Sandy Kossin

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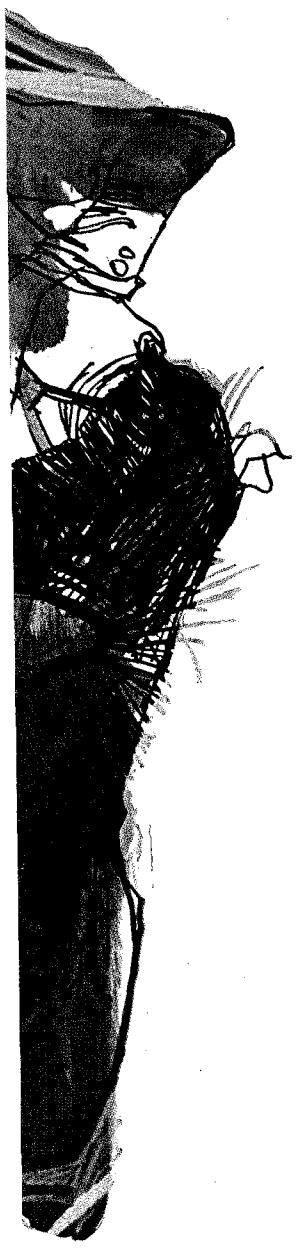

If it ain't one thing, it's another," Lampassas grumbled as he and his cattle drovers waited out the night beside the swollen river. They were without horses and had no way to get their herd of longhorn cattle across the river.

When Lampassas had first announced his plan to gather a herd and drive it to Trails End, plenty of men had wanted to go—most of them old men like himself who remembered the trail as a way to manhood and fortune. But most of them were driven away by the jeers and threats of ex-cattlemen who told Lampassas he was behind the times—it had been fifteen years since trail driving had given way to the overland haul of cattle by rail. The ex-cattlemen laughed at Lampassas and warned him that the trail was closed, and that his cattle were worthless. But Lampassas was stubborn and he kept on, even after his horses were stolen. Nearly helpless without horses, Lampassas and the men who remained had managed to hold onto the herd, and to drive them afoot to this flooding river where they had been forced to stop.

Lampassas moved closer to the campfire, and looked at the few men left. Well, they've stuck it out anyhow, he said to himself. There was the night herder singing to the bedded cattle. There was the Preacher, as old as Lampassas, who stuck because he believed it was the Lord's will that he build a church in Trails End, and who saw cooking for a trail drive as the Lord's means of getting him there. There was Gattis, a Georgia farm boy who had run away from a plow to become a cowboy. There was June, a stablehand, who had a girl's name and a scarred face, but carried the only six-shooter in camp, to be sure no one made light of his face or his name. And there was Lampassas's son, Jamie, who hadn't wanted to come, who thought the trail drive was as crazy as everybody said, but who——

"Pa, Pa," Jamie's quivering voice rose above the sound of the river.

"Jamie must of fell in the river," Lampassas said, jumping up, cramming his hat on his head, and stomping into his boots. "Hold on, Jamie. Don't yell or you'll stompede the herd." He ran with the rest of the men to the edge of the bluff over the river. "Where are you, Jamie? Can you hear me?" he called hoarsely.

"I'm down here, Pa."

"Hold on. I'll be right down to get you out."

"I'm all right, Pa."

"Then what the hell are you yelling for?" Lampassas asked, relieved that the boy was safe, and angry at having been needlessly frightened.

"There's a girl down here."

"Is she drowned?"

"No. She's got a baby with her."

"Well," Lampassas said, leaning over the bluff, trying to make something out of the darkness below. "Don't bother her none."

"She's kinda wet."

"What's she doing down there?"

"She was singing," Jamie replied.

"What the hell do you make of that?" Lampassas asked, turning to the men who had crowded around him and were looking over his shoulder.

"Well, tell him to bring her up to the fire, and we'll see what this is all about," the Preacher suggested.

"Bring her up to the fire," Lampassas called.

"We're coming," Jamie said.

"Better bring the baby, too."

The men huddled on the edge of the bluff, trying to make out the figures. As they watched, the girl reached the top of the bluff and walked toward the wagon. Jamie followed behind her, gallantly trying to guide her to the campfire without touching her.

Lampassas walked ahead to the fire, and the men followed warily, stepping behind their chuck wagon where they could see without being seen. When the girl stood between the fire and the lantern, they saw that she was young, wet, and set on traveling. Her hat, which had once been stiff and flat, sat limply on her head, and the damp and bedraggled flowers hung down over her forehead. She was wearing a dark jacket and skirt. The skirt was muddy from the knees down, and there was a swatch of mud across the seat. Under one arm, she carried the baby, dressed in a pink cap and gown, and wrapped in a wet flannel blanket. In the other hand, she held a carpetbag.

"What do you think?" Lampassas asked the Preacher.

"There are three situations which oblige a cowhand to offer his help against his better judgment," the Preacher said. "A horse in a fence, a cow in a bog, and a woman in trouble. Let's go see what we can do."

The girl watched the men as they sauntered out of the protection of the darkness. She did not move, but tightened her grip on the carpetbag and the sleeping child.

Lampassas took off his hat and addressed her. "Evening, ma'am, I hope my boy didn't bother you none. I raised him myself, after his mother died, and he don't know how to act with . . ."

The girl watched Lampassas angrily and defiantly. When he looked up and met her eyes, he forgot what he was going to say, and his voice trailed off. Nervously, he looked about, soliciting help from the other men.

Gattis, who had been taught by his mother how to treat a lady, swept off his hat, stepped forward, and made a little bow. "I'll take your bag, ma'am."

The girl glared at him and jerked the bag behind her.

Gattis looked at the other men uncertainly, but Lampassas gave him an encouraging nod. "Ma'am, was that you singing?" Gattis asked.

"What if it was?"

"Nothing. I just—I just thought it was pretty," he said, stepping back into the comforting company of the other men.

"Why, that's a little baby," June said, staring at the small, dirty bundle.

"What did you expect—a calf?" she asked, curling her short upper lip and flashing her black eyes at him.

"He was crying. That's why she was singing. To stop him from crying," Jamie said, looking unaccountably guilty.

"Well, sit down, everbody," Lampassas said, so gruffly that the men all jumped and then quickly sat down. The girl only looked at him. "Sit down, sit down, gal," he said, more kindly. "You must be tired."

Gattis and Jamie jumped up to offer her their bedrolls, but the girl set down the muddy carpetbag and sat down on it cross-legged, placing the baby in her lap and primly tugging the dress down over her knees.

"Now, let's see," Lampassas began. "What's your name?"

"Covina."

"What's the last of it?"

"There ain't no last."

"He means what's your husband's name," the Preacher explained.

"I ain't got a husband."

"Bless your heart, just a child, and a widder already," the Preacher said. "Did you lose him in the river?"

"I ain't got a husband," the girl said, looking the Preacher in the eye.

Several of the hands had coughing fits. The Preacher studied the girl as she sat holding the baby in her lap.

"Have you had supper?" the Preacher asked, when the men had finally swallowed down their throat irritation. The girl did not answer. "Jamie, get the lady something to eat.

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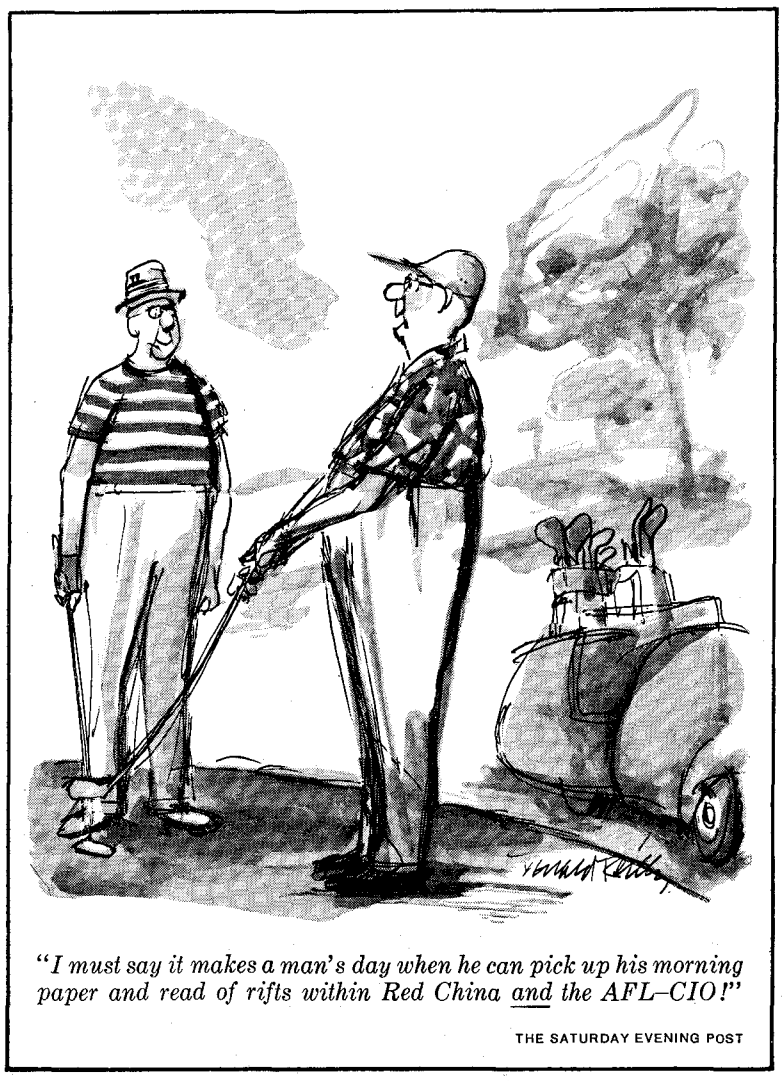

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BABE IN THE WILDERNESS_____

And a cup of coffee. She looks a mite lank to me."

The group about the campfire exploded into activity as everyone but Lampassas and the Preacher jumped about with a great show of efficient energy. The steak had all been eaten, but there were some biscuits left. Jamie put them on a plate. Gattis ladled beans over them. Taking the knife June handed her, the girl began to eat, holding the plate clear of the sleeping baby.

"Gattis, see if we don't have a fork," the Preacher said, deploring the manners of his fellows. He turned to the girl, who was watching them while she ate. "If you like, I'll hold the baby while you're eating," he said, and gently took the child from her.

The men gathered around to smile and make faces at the baby, who slept with a clenched fist pressed against his mouth.

When Covina finished eating, she set down her plate, drank the rest of her coffee, and leaned back, stretching.

"Now that we got you fed, I reckon we'd better decide what to do with you," the Preacher said.

"It ain't that we're not concerned," Lampassas said. "It's just that we're mighty busy men, and you sure caught us in a bind. We're planning on crossing that damn—excuse me—river tomorrow with a herd of cows, and we don't have no horses, and we don't know how in the hell—pardon me—we're going to do it. But I reckon we're bound to help you all we can. How long you reckon you been lost?"

"I ain't lost," Covina said. "I'm on my way to Trails End."

"How'd you get here?" the Preacher asked.

"I rode with a feller part of the way, and the rest of the way I walked."

"How do you aim to get to Trails End?"

"The same way."

"Well, it's purely going to leave us shorthanded, but I don't reckon there's anything to do but let the Preacher take you back home in the wagon," Lampassas said.

"I ain't going back home."

"What about your folks? Where are they?" Lampassas asked.

"I ain't got no folks," the girl said. "My pa run me off and said he didn't never want to see my face again. My ma didn't say nothing different."

"What are you going to do?" Jamie asked.

"I'm going to Trails End and go to work so's I can take care of the baby."

"But how is a girl going to support a baby by her . . ." Jamie's voice failed him.

"I reckon I know what I have to do."

Jamie turned from the girl to look at the other men for confirmation, but they all happened to be carefully looking the other way. The only sounds that could be heard above the rustle of the fire and the rush of the river were June humming to himself, and faint snatches of the night herder's song

continued on page 54

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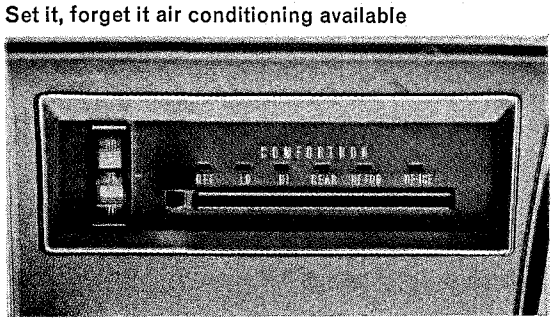

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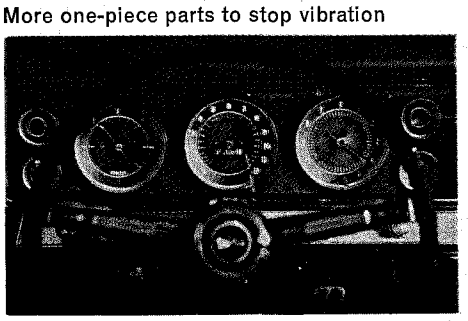

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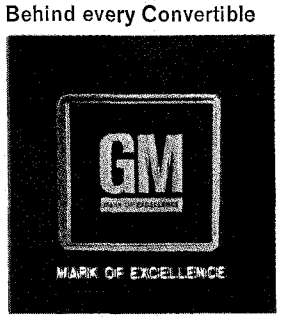

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about the girl back home who was plain as a door, fragrant as a stable, promised her love to everyone, and was as true as she was able. The rest of the men fidgeted.

"We're going to Trails End. Why can't we take her with us?" Jamie asked, and everyone turned to look at him.

"It ain't done," Lampassas said.

"A lady can't travel about the country in the company of men, nor would she want to," the Preacher explained to Jamie.

"I don't mind," Covina said.

"Nor could a girl endure the trials and rigors of the long drive, walking for days and weeks ——"

"I can stand it."

"—nor would a female wish to spend months getting to her appointed destination," the Preacher said.

"I'm in no hurry," Covina said.

"It ain't done!" Lampassas shouted, banging his fist on the ground and waking the baby, who gasped once and let out a bloodcurdling squall.

"Oh, hell, now you've done it," Covina said, lifting the screaming child out of the Preacher's arms. "You've waked the baby."

"I'm sorry," Lampassas mumbled.

"Maybe he's just wet," the Preacher said, pulling his damp trousers away from his leg.

"He's not wet—he's hungry," the girl said, angrily shaking the baby to pacify it. "That's why I was singing to him down at the river," she said, shouting over the baby's cries. "To get him to sleep without his supper."

"Then why don't you feed him?" June asked. "Ain't what we got good enough for him?"

"He's a baby," the girl screamed. "What he wants is milk."

"Oh," the Preacher said, with sudden insight. "Well, what's the matter with you boys? Get away from here. Get on the other side of the wagon."

The hands took one look at the thin, flat-chested girl and scattered into the darkness like sheep.

"We'll be right over here if you need anything," the Preacher said, following Lampassas behind the wagon.

Instead of replying, the girl began crying, too. The Preacher listened for a moment as the girl's sobs mingled with the wails of the child, and making sure that none of the other men was doing the same, he peeked around the wagon. The girl, still holding the baby in her lap, was sitting cross-legged on the carpetbag, crying. The Preacher took another look to be sure. The girl was decent.

The Preacher stepped around the wagon and walked over to her. "We're rough, ma'am," he said, "but we don't aim to be, and if we said anything to offend you ——"

"I can't nurse him," Covina said. "What have you been feeding him?"

"I stopped at a farmhouse yesterday and they gave me some milk, but I used the last of it this morning."

The Preacher stepped back to the wagon. "Jamie, do we have any more of that milk?"

"We used the last can yesterday," Jamie said, sneaking a look past the Preacher. The men peered from behind the wagon and, seeing that all was clear, began drifting back to the fire.

"What's the matter?" Jamie asked.

"Well," the Preacher said. "This girl here—the little mother—well, she don't —— See, she's just a young girl, and she ——"

"I don't have no milk," the girl said, looking at them so spitefully that they all quickly sat down.

"It's two or three days' walk back to the last town we passed," the Preacher said to the girl. "How far is it to the farmhouse?"

"It's a day away. Don't you have any cows?" she asked.

"That's what we got," Lampassas said. "A herd of cows."

"I mean milk cows. Aren't any of your cows fresh?" the girl asked.

Lampassas hung his head. "I'm right sorry, ma'am, but you see, we can't slow down the herd for calves to keep up, so when a cow throws a calf, June here goes out and shoots it, and after a while the cow goes dry."

The girl glared hatefully at baby-killer June, who stood before the fire, his hat in his hand. "You kill little baby calves?" she asked, hugging the screaming child to her breast.

"Well, nobody likes it," Lampassas said. "But it's got to be done. And June here volunteered to do it."

"I didn't exactly volunteer," June said. "See, I'm the one that carries the six-shooter, so ——"

"You volunteered to take the baby calves away from their mothers and shoot them? Just so you could carry a six-shooter?"

"No, ma'am. You see"— and he turned to Lampassas—"I been meaning to tell you," June said. "You know, after losing the horses, we been traveling kinda slow, and—well, them little fellers looked so helpless, and they was keeping up ——"

"You mean them newborn calves was keeping up with the herd?"

"Well, sure, except right at first when I had to carry them some."

"Well, I'll be damned. How many fresh cows do we have?"

"Three."

"We got three fresh cows if you can use them," Lampassas said to Covina. "But we ain't got nobody to milk them." The girl looked at him, while the screaming baby jerked his clenched fists and kicked his feet in frustration.

"Boys, I purely hate to ask it of you," Lampassas said. "I've asked you to take the herd through places where the trail was closed, to trail cows afoot, to drive them across a flooded river, and now I'm going to ask you—" he paused, looked at the men, and then looked quickly away "—I'm having to ask you —— Hell, I've done a lot of low things in my life. I've run a store. I've sold corsets. I've patted butter. But by God, I've never milked no cow and I ain't asking nobody else to do it."

"Well, you can see this girl is in no condition to milk a cow herself," the Preacher said. "So, I reckon we'll have to do it. It's hard to ask it of somebody who ain't never turned a hand to it before, but maybe there's one of you fellers that's already done it."

"I've cleaned stables, I've dug for water, I've picked cotton," June said, bent on humiliating himself. "But I ain't never pulled a cow's teat, and I ain't never going to."

Gattis lowered his head, and even in the flickering, uncertain light of the fire, the men could see the color rising to his face. "I—I saw Ma milk a cow once," he said. "But hell, that's the reason I left home."

In sympathetic embarrassment, they all looked away. All except Covina, who had none of their finer feelings. "Hell, is that all you're going to do? Sit and talk about it? Show me the damn cow, and I'll milk her myself!"

"Do you think you could do it?" the Preacher asked Gattis, while Lampassas looked away in shame.

"I ain't refused Lampassas yet," Gattis said. "But I ain't going to volunteer."

The Preacher looked at Lampassas, but Lampassas refused to meet his eyes. "If that baby keeps on crying," the Preacher said, "he's going to stampede the herd."

Lampassas looked up, full of resolution. "Gattis, you go down there and see if there's anything you can do about averting a stampede."

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Gattis picked up a lariat and started in the direction of the herd.

"You'll need somebody to help you throw her," Lampassas said. "Jamie, you get down there and give him a hand. June, you go along, too."

"And hurry. This little feller ain't had any chuck since this morning," the Preacher said.

Without a word, June got up, gave a menacing hitch to his gun belt, and followed the others.

"Be careful you don't frighten the herd," Lampassas said. "Cut her out and drive her away from the bed-ground first."

While Lampassas and the Preacher watched helplessly, Covina mechanically shook the red-faced child, who waved his fists and screamed to the sky.

"When Jamie was little, his mother used to give him sugar and water," Lampassas said. "I forget what it was for."

"We could try that," the girl said, wiping her eyes with the hem of her dress.

The Preacher scooped a cupful of water from their water barrel, strained it through a dirty towel, and mixed in some sugar. "I'll put just a drop of coffee in it to kill the taste of the mud."

The girl took the cup and dipped her finger in it. After tasting it, she poked her finger into the child's mouth.

"That's pretty good, ain't it, little feller?" the Preacher said, wiping a tear away from the baby's face. "What do you call him?"

"I been calling him 'Little John.' His Pa's name was John."

"It don't seem right," said the Preacher, "to name him after somebody that don't want him."

"I've been thinking about calling him 'Trouble,' " she said, looking at the Preacher for approval.

"No, that ain't right. He ought to have a real name."

"Since I been calling him John, I ought to keep it similar, I guess. So I don't forget it. I could call him Jack, or Jake, or George, or ——"

"Jake's *my* name. Well, the boys all call me Preacher, but my real name is Jake."

"Would you mind if he was named after you?"

"I wouldn't mind."

The girl looked down at the baby and held him close. "I wouldn't feel right about using your name if you didn't care about him or wouldn't look after him."

"Why, sure I'd look after him," the Preacher said. "Any man that wouldn't protect a baby ——"

The girl touched the Preacher's hand. "Then that's what I'm going to call him. Smile for us, Little Jake," she said. "I know you'll come to good for being named after a preacher."

"Now that we've decided on a name for the baby, maybe we can get around to deciding what to do with him," Lampassas said.

"He's not yours to do with," Covina said.

"Well, maybe we ain't got the right, but it does seem like we got the honor."

"I ain't going back home."

"You ain't going with us."

"We can't just turn her loose out here with the baby," the Preacher said.

"We ain't turning her loose," Lampassas said. "We are going to leave her just like we found her. She ain't no worse off now than then." He turned to the girl. "You ain't very smart thinking you can get to Trails End afoot."

"Maybe so, but I'm taking the only trail that's open to me. I ain't asking no favors," Covina said. "I was just offering to help."

Lampassas snorted.

"Until you get some horses, you're going to be shorthanded," Covina said. "And getting across that river is going to take all the help you can get."

"I reckon I owe it to the boys to get all the help I can," Lampassas said.

"Damn right," said Covina.

"But I'm only taking you on until we get across the river and get some horses."

"That's fair enough," Covina said.

"You can do the cooking and drive the wagon, and I'll help chase the cows," the Preacher said.

"I don't know nothing about cooking," Covina said, "but I can drive cows as well as anybody."

"We can't have a woman working alongside the men," Lampassas said.

"Why not?" the girl asked, dipping her finger in the sugar water and poking it in the baby's mouth.

"Because it ain't done, that's why," Lampassas said. "You shouldn't be asking to do a man's work. You wouldn't be saddled with that little stray right now if you hadn't tried to run with the stallions."

"You needn't feel sorry for me," she said.

"Who the hell is sorry for you? I'm just sorry for that poor child that doesn't even have a name."

"The hell he doesn't," Covina said. "I just give him a name, and it's the second one he's had, which is more than you can say."

"I been married myself," Lampassas said, "and I know that sometimes things can just come over a body. Even a woman. And I can understand how you got this way. But I ain't going to have no goddamn cussing woman at my campfire."

"Look who the hell is cussing," Covina said.

"I'm a man," explained Lampassas. "And a man that works with cows all day has a right to cuss now and then."

"I'm a woman, and I'm just as good as any goddamn man, and I've got the same goddamn rights."

"No goddamn woman has the right to cuss," Lampassas said.

"I can do anything any man can do," Covina said, and glared at him. "Well, do I go or not?" she asked. "I can drive cows as good as any man you got."

"Covina, there's something better for you than herding cows and running with men," the Preacher said. "And anyway, who's going to take care of the baby while you're gallivanting around with the steers?"

"God, you can't trust any man," Covina said, appealing to heaven. "You said you'd take care of him."

"How am I going to do that?" the Preacher asked. "At this moment I am taking care of four oxen, the wagon, the feeding and spiritual welfare of the men, and I don't aim to start wetnursing somebody else's child."

"Okay," Covina said. "I'm not asking you to. I know men don't feel any responsibility to children. I'll just carry Little Jake on my back."

"You can't carry him on your back and drive cows," Lampassas said.

"The hell I can't. I been carrying him one way or another for over a year now, and I ain't dropped him but once, and that was when he was born."

"I reckon he can ride in the wagon," the Preacher said.

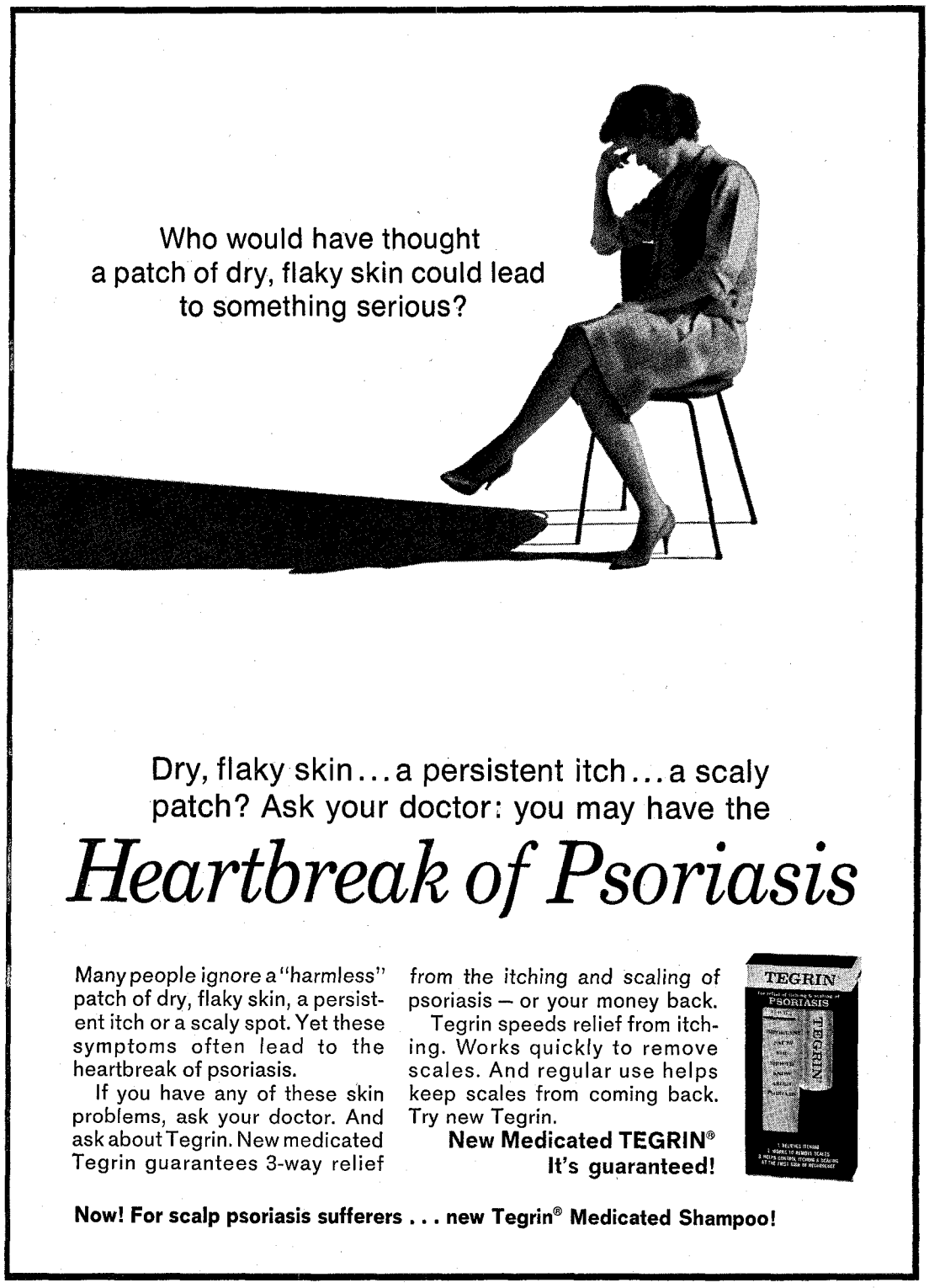
"Then you'll have to work near the wagon," Lampassas said to Covina. "That way whenever you get a chance, you can tend to the baby."

The Preacher glanced over toward the herd. "The boys will be coming back pretty soon," he said, "and before they do, I reckon there's something we ought to explain to Covina."

"You mean about the men?"

The Preacher nodded. "I think we ought to tell you, ma'am, that the boys—— Well, now, June carries a six-shooter, and he sometimes looks mean, but he wouldn't shoot anybody, so you needn't worry about that. But he's—he's healthy. So you need to worry about that."

"I see," said Covina. "What about the young one?"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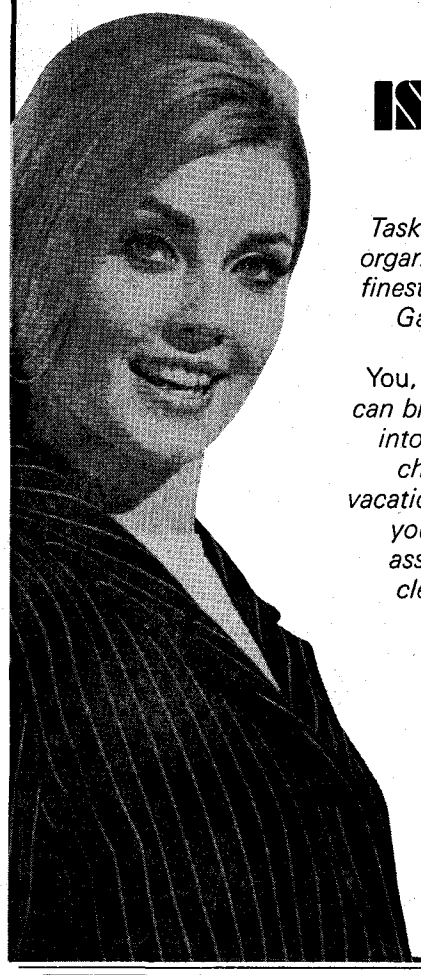

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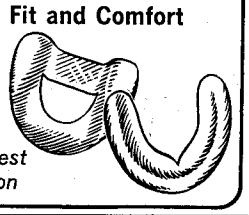

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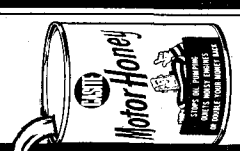

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"That's my son," Lampassas said. "I promise he won't bother you none."

"You mean he's too young to be a son of a bitch?"

"What I mean to say," Lampassas said, "is that we got some rough edges to us, but we ain't mean-minded. There ain't nothing we respect more than a good woman. But now, when these boys meet up with a woman that ain't exactly—nice——"

"I think what Lampassas is trying to say," the Preacher said, much to Lampassas's relief, "is that these men have been working with cows and all. They've been away from civilization, and they've kinda forgot that things ain't always the way they look. They take things the way they see them, and when they hear a girl cussing like a cowhand, and wagging around a fatherless child, they're liable to have hard thoughts about her."

"Bull," Covina said. "That's the only kinda thought men ever have."

The Preacher was about to answer when the baby grew tired of the sugared water and, rejecting Covina's wet fingers, began squalling again. For a moment, both men stared at the baby, and then they stretched out in their blankets hoping to sleep, but the baby's cries still rang in their ears when the men returned to the wagon.

"We got the milk," June said to the Preacher, pointing to Jamie, who was slowly emerging from the darkness, one foot at a time, carefully holding the bucket in both hands. "I hope to hell you didn't spill any of that precious stuff coming in," he said to Jamie. "We had a hard enough time getting it."

"I just hope the baby will take it," Covina said.

"Well, if he don't like that, we'll go out and get some bear milk," June said.

Covina took the bucket of milk and began pouring it into a cup to feed the baby. Anxious eyes followed every movement. "Careful you don't spill none of that," Gattis said.

Covina held the cup for the baby to drink. The thirsty baby fought for the cup, spilling the milk, while the men watched in outraged silence. "There's hardly enough here for one feeding," Covina said.

The men looked at her in disbelief. "You mean that kid drinks more milk than a calf?" June asked.

"Little Jake takes four feedings a day, and today he missed three of them," Covina said.

"That was all the critter had," June said. Angrily he turned on Gattis. "You said that was all the milk she had."

"Hell, when I got through milking her, her hide was already beginning to shrivel," Gattis said. "You musta picked out a steer."

"This'll do for now," Covina said, putting down the cup and putting the baby on her shoulder to burp it. "He'll be up before daylight wanting more, and there's not enough here."

The men fell into their blankets without a word and pretended to be asleep. "Boys, we ain't going to have no time in the morning for milking cows," the Preacher said. "So I reckon it had best be done tonight. June, do you think you can find another fresh cow in the dark?"

"By God," June said, "if I drag it out of the herd and throw it, we're going to get milk out of it, I don't care how."

The angry men got up and quickly walked away from the fire in order to give proper expression to their feelings without offending the ears of the girl. By the time they had reached the herd, having classified the baby as to moral stature, legal pedigree, mental capacity, and national origin, they had regained some of their good humor, and June quickly spotted one of the cows he remembered as being fresh. Luckily, the cow was on the edge of the herd, and they slipped a rope around its neck and had started to drag it away from the herd when Jamie discovered it was a steer. There was a short conference during which Gattis and June exchanged whispered confidences, accompanied by much waving of arms, shaking of fists, shoving, and pushing; climaxed by a brief exchange of punches; and ended by Jamie, who stepped between the two men and dispassionately spoke of the virtue of reasoning.

"You're going to stompede the herd," he said.

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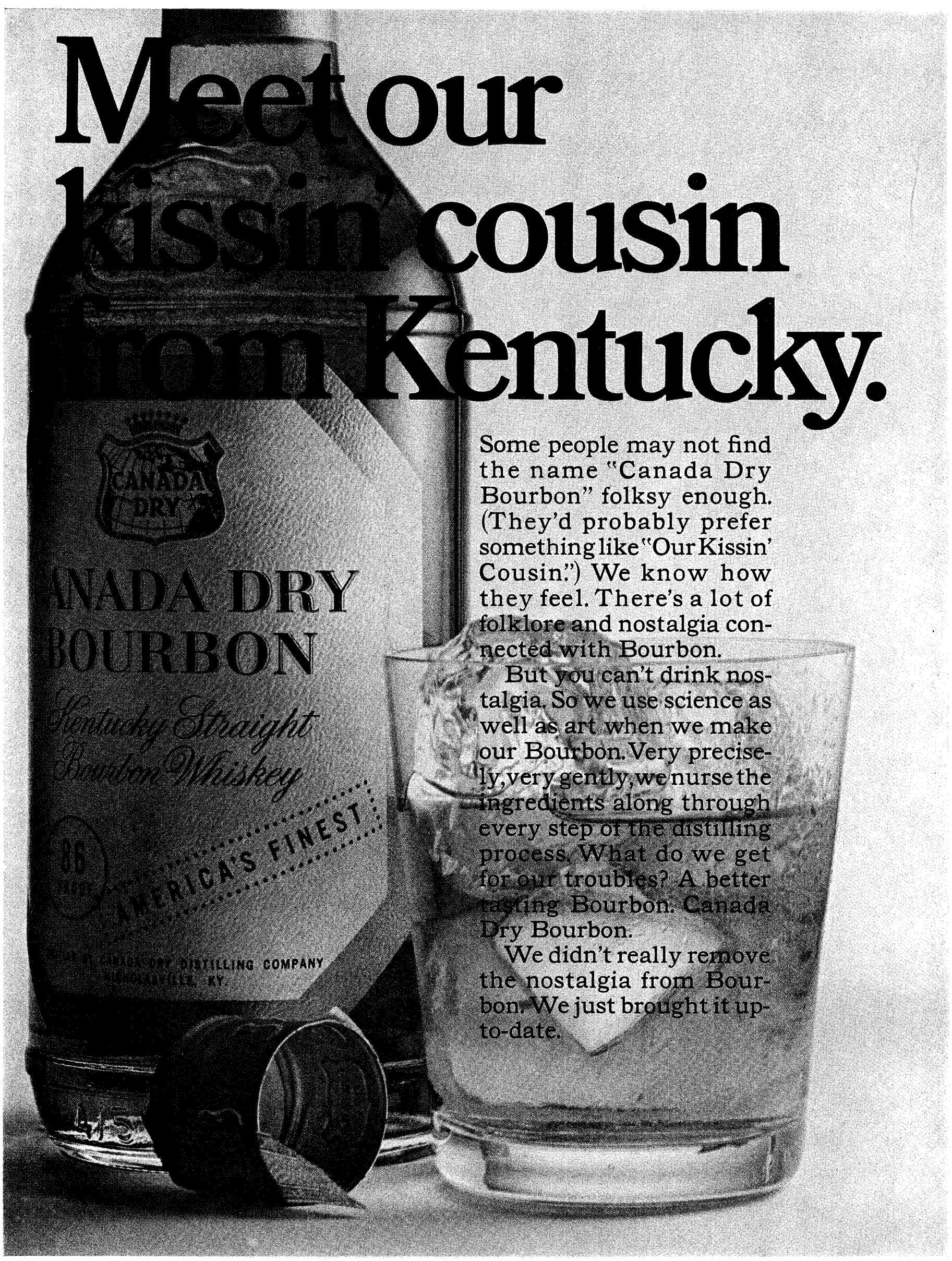

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The men then tiptoed back to the sleeping herd, and June's next selection was more accurate.

When the cow had been roped, pushed, prodded, tugged, and goaded a sufficient distance from the sleeping herd, Gattis and June twisted the cow's head until her nose pointed at the sky, and Jamie grabbed her tail and swung her posterior to one side with sufficient force to throw her down, had not her head been twisted in the opposite direction.

"The other way, damn it," June said.

Jamie swung the tail to the other side, and the cow gratefully fell down. Gattis took the bucket and, after cautioning Jamie not to let go under any circumstances, placed himself between the cow's legs and proceeded to milk. Despite Gattis's strenuous efforts, the nervous condition of the cow frustrated his designs so that the outcome of all their efforts was scarcely more rewarding than the previous attempt had been.

"Well, that's it," Gattis said to June, "unless you can squeeze a little more out of her at that end."

"Is the bucket full?"

"Hell, you couldn't fill the bucket with the whole damn herd."

"We got to do better than we did last time or we'll be back down here before daybreak," June said.

"Maybe this is the same one we milked before," Jamie said.

"No, it ain't," Gattis said. "That first one just had five teats." Cautiously, he backed out, holding the bucket away from the calf. "You can let her up now."

"Okay, Jamie, you let go of her legs real easy like, but hold on to her tail," June said. "If she goes running and bawling back to the herd, the whole shebang will jump into the river."

Jamie did as he was told, and June let go of the cow's horns and held to the rope, but the cow did not get up. After being dragged, choked, thrown, and milked, she appeared to have given up. "Get her up," Gattis said. "We got to get back to the wagon."

Jamie pulled her, and June tugged on the rope until they got her on her feet. "Hang on now," June warned, "or she'll run right through the herd."

But the abused cow made not a move. June tightened up on the rope, and grabbing a horn, pulled the cow toward the bed-ground while Jamie twisted her tail and shoved her from the rear, and Gattis followed, holding the bucket of milk.

The hands got the cow back to the bed-ground, threw her down to sleep, and returned triumphantly to the wagon with the precious milk, where they found everyone asleep and the fire dying out. Disappointed, they stood looking at the sleeping figures.

"Well, Covina was dead on her feet," June said. "But she'll be mighty happy when she sees this milk."

Jamie knelt beside the sleeping girl, and, not daring to touch her, softly spoke her name until she awakened.

"What the hell do you want?" she asked, shaking her head and blinking her eyes open.

"We got some more milk," June said, showing her the bucket.

"That so?" Covina said, and lay back down again and closed her eyes.

"Aren't you going to feed the baby?" June asked.

"You want me to wake him up to feed him?" she asked. "You can go to hell." She pulled the blanket over her head and went to sleep.

June raised the bucket and would have thrown it into the fire if Gattis had not restrained him. "We better go to bed," Jamie said, taking the bucket and placing it on the lid of the chuck box. He laid a towel across the top to keep the bugs from falling in the milk.

June took off his gun belt and lay down to rest. As angry as he was, he was almost asleep when he was startled by a strange new sound. Something was threatening the herd. June laid his hand on the butt of his gun and raised his head to listen. When he heard it again, he rolled up on his elbow and pulled back the hammer on the single-action six-shooter. Then he realized it was Little Jake sucking his thumb.

For a moment June watched the baby, covering him with the gun. He'll have us milking them damn old cows two or three times a day, he thought. And we'll have to walk him to sleep, and sing to him to keep him from stompeding the herd. We'll have crying at the campfire and wet diapers hanging from the wagon stanchions, and ——

Little Jake gurgled, sighed, and resumed sucking his thumb. June let him live. □

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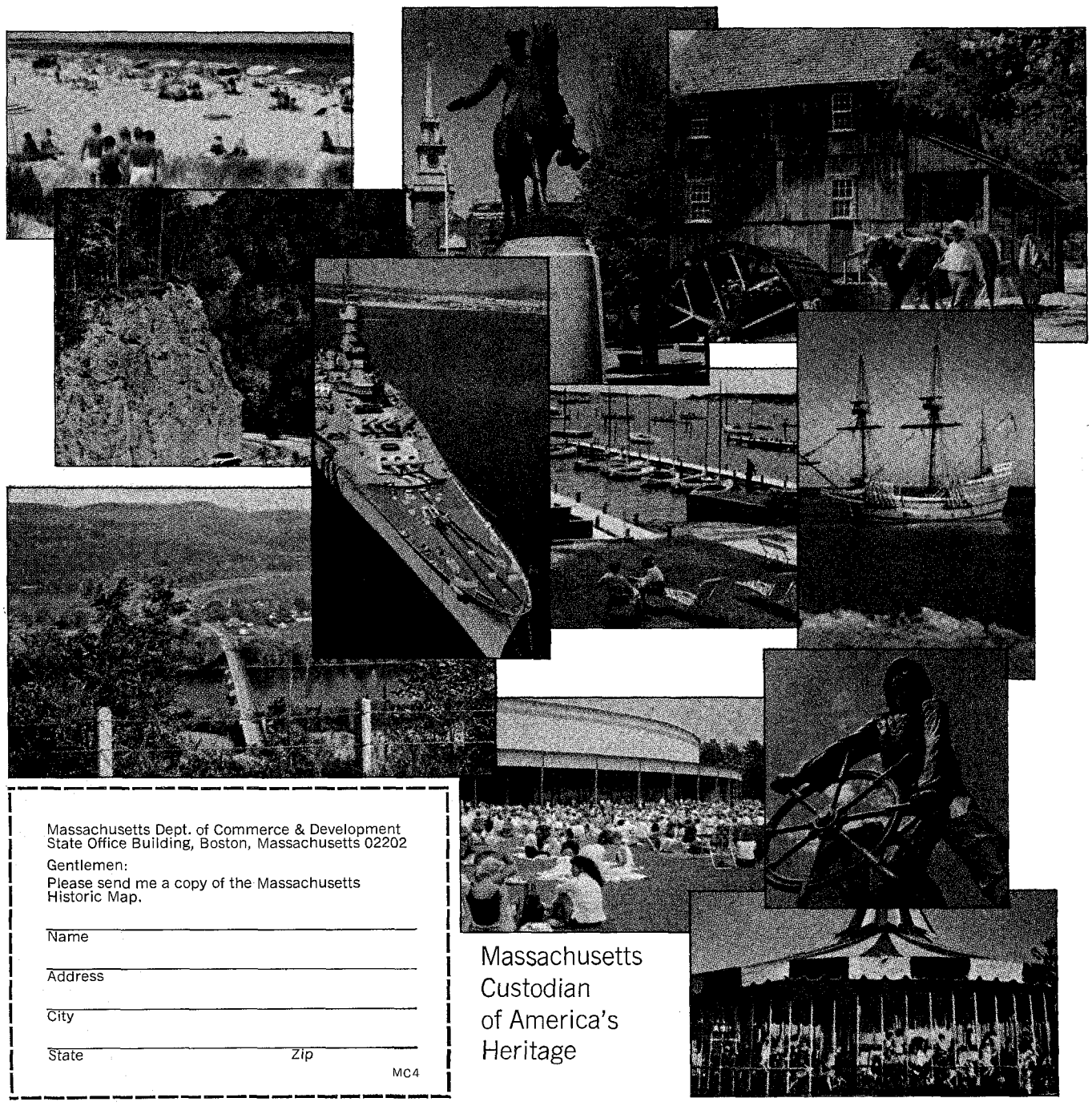

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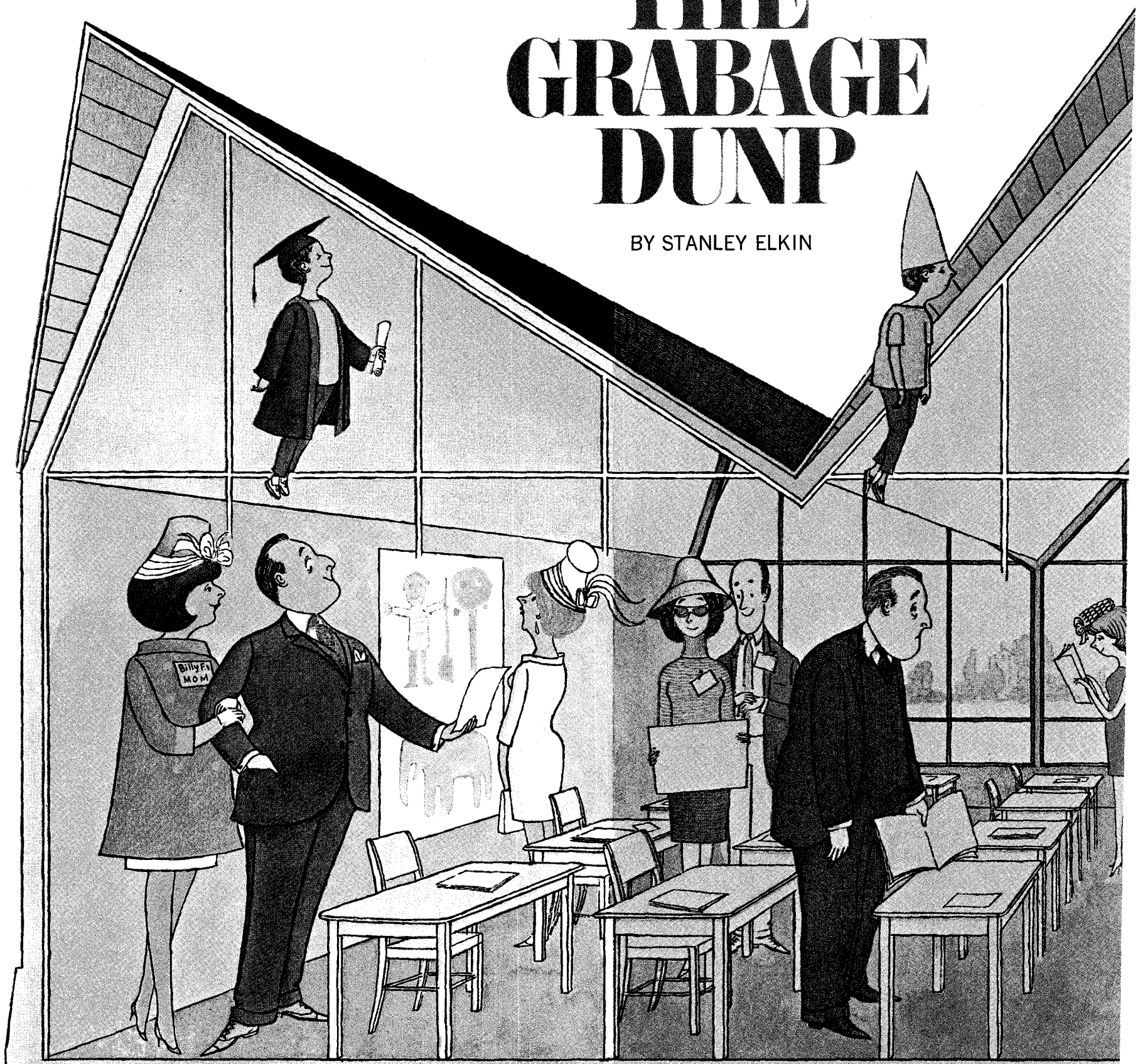
THE GRABAGE DUNP

BY STANLEY ELKIN



As Feldman progressed through the schoolroom, he was first pleased, then alarmed, then dismayed, and finally tempted into a desperate lie.

One night in early spring Feldman went with his wife to open house at their son's school.

Billy's second-grade teacher, Mrs. Blane, tried to give Feldman an orange card, cut from art paper, with the words "Billy F.'s Father" printed across it. He had no intention of pinning this thing to his suit. Billy F.'s mother already wore her card. Billy F.'s mother would pin or paste on anything anyone gave her. Feldman shoved the card into his pocket, pricking his finger on the pin.

"God damn it," he said.

Mrs. Blane, who liked that kind of talk, smiled broadly and stroked her trenchcoat, which was draped over the top of her desk. Forty-five ninety-five, thought Feldman, who owned a clothing store. A big item with the singers in piano bars.

His wife, Lilly, called him. She had found Billy's desk and was reading a note he had left for them on the top of his workbooks. "Leo," she said, "look." He took the sheet of paper and began to read it. "dear mothar nad fothar," the message said. "High. Lok arand my room hav a nice tiem. your Son billy F."

There were two words on the other side: "Lok taebl." Feldman didn't understand all of it, but he hadn't known that his son had started to learn to write and he was rather pleased by the note. He gave it back to Lilly and smiled. "Not bad," he said. Then he noticed that there were notes on all the children's desks. He picked one up and read it. "Welcome to our open house," it said. "The children have been working hard all week on the projects you see tonight. I hope you enjoy everything. Please look at my workbook before you leave, and be sure to see the 'city' the class has been building on the table at the back of the room. It should amuse you. Cer-

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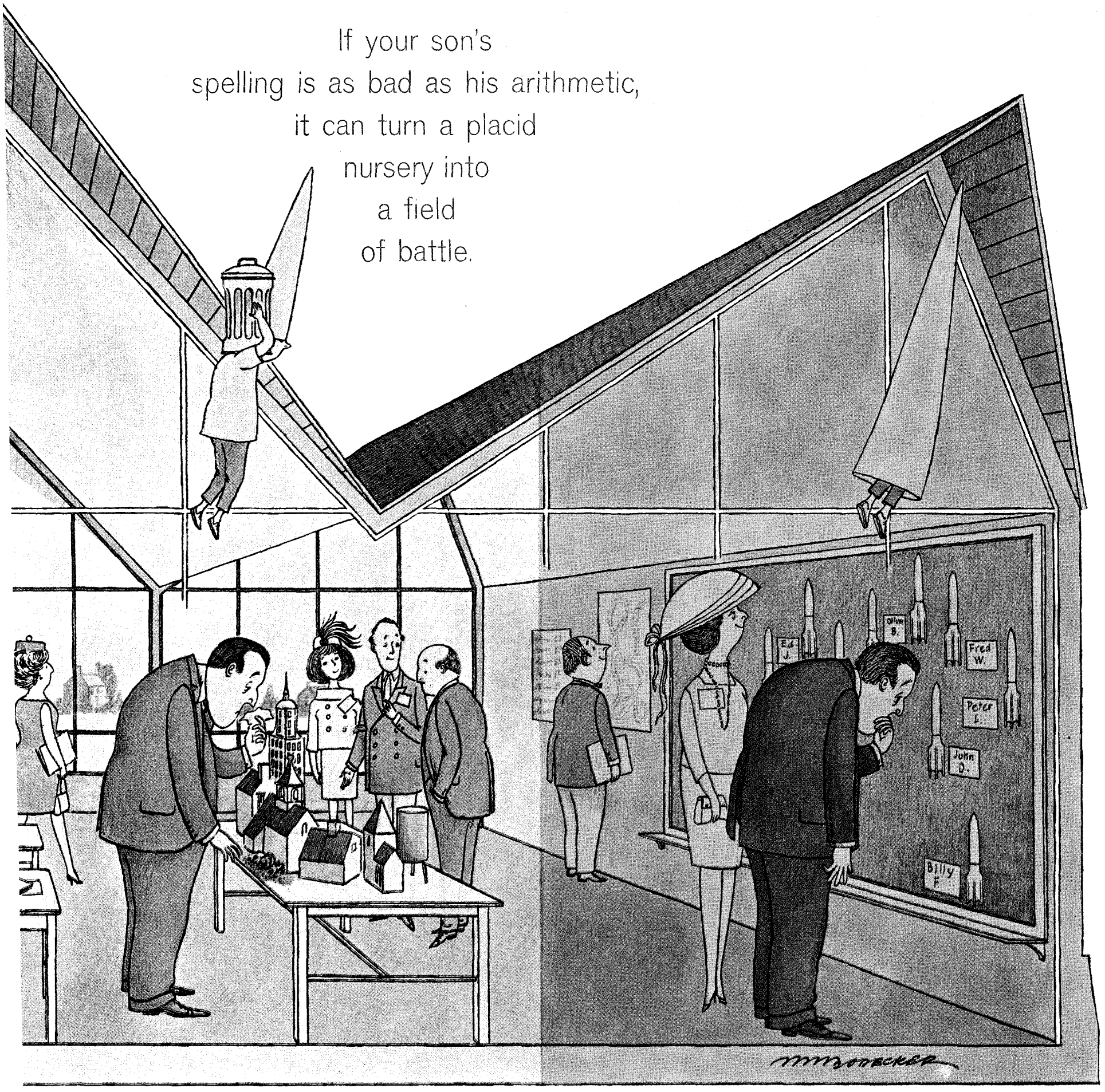

tainly it has been fun to make. I made the fire station. I love you both and will see you at breakfast tomorrow morning before Dad goes to work. Your son, Oliver."

Feldman looked around the room for Oliver's parents. Standing next to a striking woman in tweed was a tall, handsome, successful-looking man with a card pinned to his sportcoat that said "Oliver B.'s Father" on it. Feldman didn't like their looks.

"Leo," Lilly said, "look at this one. These are really charming."

Feldman bent down over the tiny desk and stared at the piece of paper in front of him.

Dear Mom, Dear Dad,
Your being here makes me glad.
Please look around and see our work.
I hope you like it.
Your son, Burke.

"Beautiful," Feldman said. He picked out Burke's mother and glowered at her. He read all the notes, moving into each child's seat only seconds after a parent had vacated it.

"You'll eat your heart out, Leo," Lilly said.

"Not at all, not at all," Feldman said, waving her off.

He went back to Billy's desk and opened one of his son's workbooks. "Why," asked the box beneath the story, "did Tim's grandfather make Tim promise to keep the calf a secret until Sue's birthday?" Below this was a sentence with the last word left blank: "Tim's grandfather wanted the calf to be a_____." Billy had printed the word "apple" in the blank space. Feldman closed the book.

He turned to his wife as he passed her in the aisle. "I've been meaning to ask you, sweetheart, was there much idiocy in your family?"

Standing by the table at the back of the room, he looked at the "city" the class had made. There was a water tower constructed

Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

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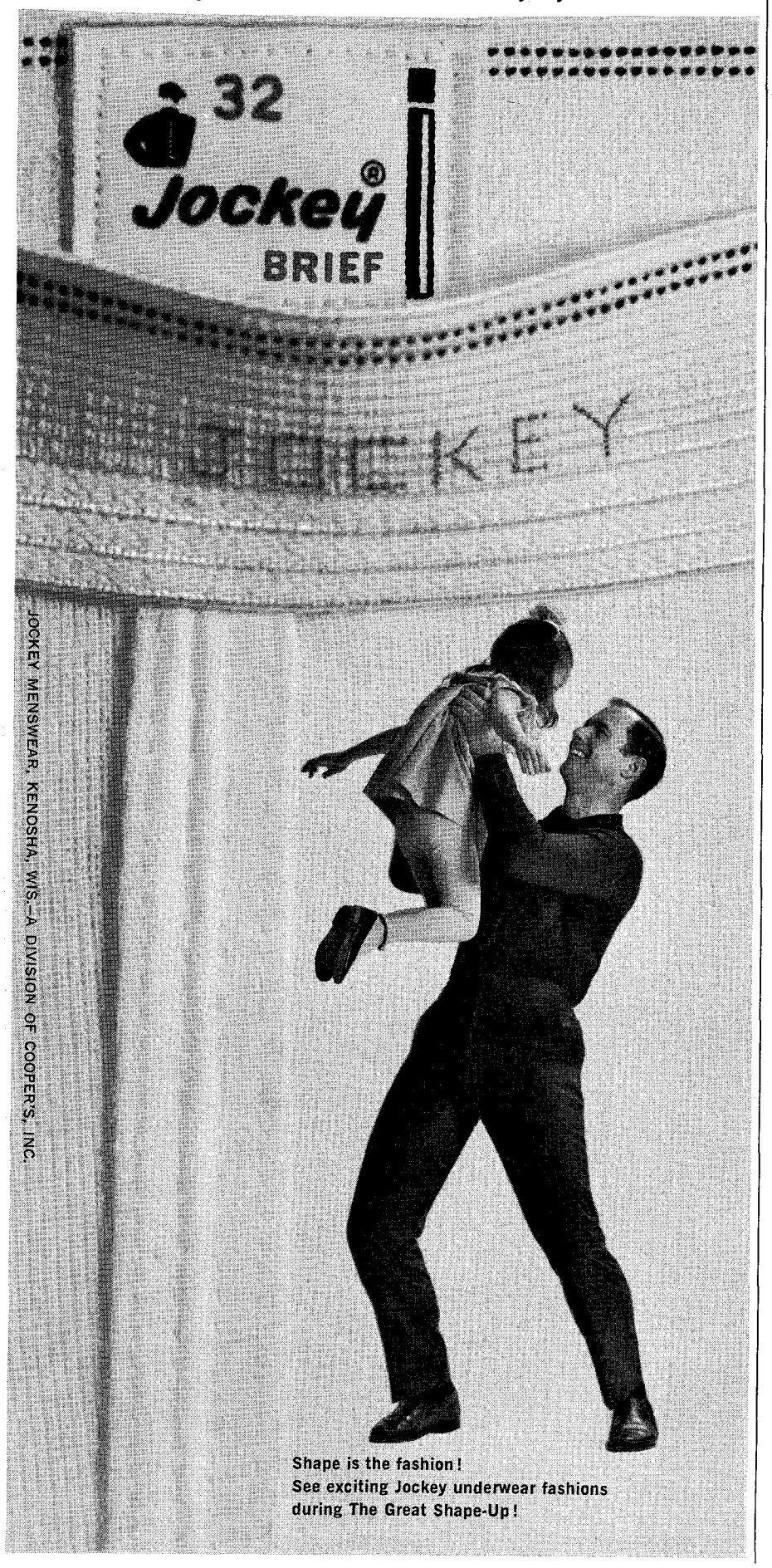

from half a Quaker Oats box, painted silver and supported by four black pencils stuck into the box around the bottom. There were cigar-box schools, and skyscrapers fashioned out of cereal packages. Tiny windows had been carefully cut into the cardboard and glazed with Scotch tape. There was an elaborate City Hall, a jail, a railroad station. The names of the builders had been cleverly worked into their buildings, and Feldman stared glumly at Oliver B.'s cunning little firehouse with its shiny, brass rifle shell for a fireman's pole. He tried to find his son's contribution to the project but couldn't see it anywhere. Then, behind the city, he noticed a small, vague area with two crumpled-up wads of paper and a few loose pieces of gravel and clumps of dirt. He smoothed out one of the pieces of paper. "Grabage dunp. Billy F.," it said.

Furious, he looked around the room for Lilly and saw her talking with Mrs. Blane. He saw the teacher nod and compress her lips sympathetically. He watched them bitterly. He was going to march up there and pull his wife away from the woman, but his eye was caught suddenly by a series of charts and graphs tacked to the bulletin boards along the walls. He moved up to examine them and saw that—thinly disguised as games and contests—they indicated a child's standing in a particular subject. There were charts for spelling, for reading, for arithmetic. By each child's name was a tiny paper automobile pinned to a mapped track that led toward towns on a kind of West Coast called things like "Scholarville" and "Goodstudentburg." On the spelling chart Billy's car had never even left its garage, and he had barely made it out of the suburbs in reading and penmanship. On the arithmetic chart Billy had no automobile at all.

Next to these charts were others on which the subjects became more high-powered. Arithmetic became mathematics, reading became literature, penmanship became art, and so on. Only those children who had made it to the West Coast were represented on these new charts. Here they boarded paper steamers and began a journey that led out through the "Gulf of Graduation" and took them across the "University Ocean" and past places like the "Curriculum Islands" and "Doctorate Reef" to a distant port in the "Bay of Savants." Many of the children were just getting seaborne, although several were fairly far out; some, like Oliver B., were already breasting the international date line. Feldman could find Billy's name only on the good-citizenship chart, but he couldn't locate the boat that went with it. Probably it had sunk.

He shook his head and stared sadly at a series of launching pads that bloomed along the width of a blackboard. Feldman guessed that the rockets, in various stages of flight, represented the grand total of each child's achievement in the class. Billy's rocket hovered weakly over its launching pad like a thin flame just above its wick.

"It looks like the goddamned Stock Exchange in here," he told Maurianna Q.'s mother, standing beside him. "It looks like the goddamned Big Board."

"Oh, are you one of the fathers?" the lady asked. "I don't see your card."

Feldman looked quickly about the room and turned back to the woman. "I'm little Oliver B.'s daddy," he told her softly. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good heavens! What have I married—the lowest common denominator?"

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Work or go hungry,
my father said—he was through with gambling.
But this was our big chance,
and we had to make him change his mind.

THE PINBALL MACHINES

By William Harrison

I remember the bottles that stood at rigid amber attention on the shelves of my father's barbershop in 1935, and the smells of bay rum, talcum, rose water, and boot polish, all mingled with the cabbage odor of the Depression which sometimes filtered in from the Dallas streets.

Because Red Baker, my father, supported three families—his own, his sister's, my mother's brother's—he kept long hours at the shop six days a week, hoping that someone might come in, climb into the chair, and order the works. Haircuts were twenty-five cents, fifteen cents for children. Shaves were fifteen cents.

The only customer who ever did order the works—haircut, shave, shampoo and massage—was Mr. Arnie Robin. He was a fastidious man, always dusting the seat of the barber chair with his handkerchief, always combing his hair two or three times after my father had finished with him. But he was rich. He owned the pinball machines that caused all the fuss.

At first he wanted my father to put one in the shop, back beside the radiator, but my father said no. Then one evening, as my father toweled off his freshly shampooed hair, Mr. Robin said, "Look here, Red, I'm serious. You need a good pinball in here to brighten things up."

"My customers never have a spare nickel, Arnie," my father said.

"Red, I'm counting on you to help me. That's the truth," Mr. Robin said, and finally, knowing that he couldn't afford to lose such a good customer, my father consented. That first pinball machine entered our lives, standing back there in the corner like an obtrusive circus wagon, red with gold trim, a chute in its belly where the nickels rolled out—if some lucky player ever hit JACKPOT and knocked over all the MAGIC SEVEN NUMBERS while scoring at least nine hundred points. There were no flippers, no extra balls, not many fancy lights like on today's gaudy machines. For five cents a man got five balls and a sensitive TILT, and those steel balls dived into oblivion in a hurry.

Very early, my father decided to answer my plea for a turn at the machine. "Okay, here's a nickel," he said. "In two minutes it'll be gone, and you'll have nothing. Go ahead! See if it makes you feel any better to throw it down that slot!" He stood behind his chair and puffed on a cigarette, content that life would soon teach me a lesson. But I was thirteen years old and without shame, so I took my stance, popped that nickel in, and played my shots.

Nickels poured out. They filled the chute of the machine, fell onto my shoes, rolled noisily across the tile floor. My Uncle Edwin, who always hung around the shop, and Jack the shine boy scampered around the spittoons with me, grabbing up the loot.

"Five dollars and twenty cents, Red!" my uncle finally called from the shine stand, where we had counted my winnings. Everyone in the place winked and snickered. My father took a last draw on the butt of his cigarette and gazed out the shop window at the gathering twilight.

It was not always so cheerful, life in 1935. The old man and woman who lived next door, Mr. and Mrs. Prine, stayed in bed all that winter because the gas company had shut off their heat. My mother went from door to door with a laundry basket, asking for groceries for a young couple on the block who had four children and no supper. Our landlords twice

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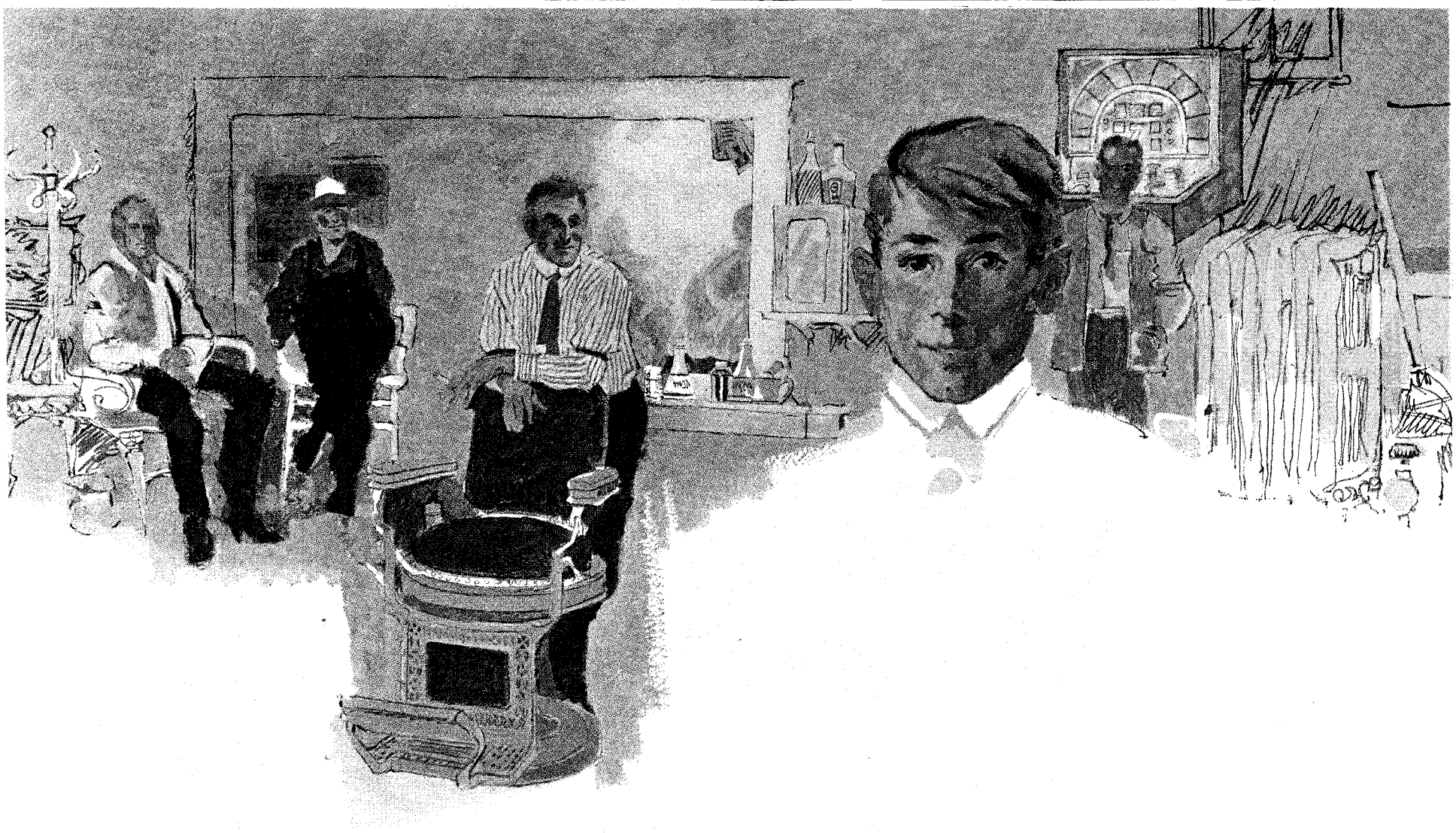

asked us to move because we had allowed too many aunts, uncles, and cousins to share our little houses.

For amusement we sat on the neighborhood porches and told stories. Sometimes we walked to the Dallas Zoo. On Sunday nights we went to the Astor Theater across from the barbershop: Adults fifteen cents, children ten cents, popcorn five cents. Cary Grant drank champagne. Greta Garbo and Irene Dunne drank champagne. Once, even Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy drank champagne.

Sitting on those porches or walking home from the Astor or gazing into the exhausted eyes of the giraffe at the Dallas Zoo, I became awfully self-conscious. Large philosophical questions began to lay hold of me even then—who am I? what is the meaning of this time and place? what, oh, what does life mean?

My father, on the other hand, suffered none of this. His way was clear: you work or you go hungry. He said little, and never anything remotely philosophical. He was a man with things to do.

The photographs, some in old rotogravure, that adorned the walls of our hallway had been taken in the 1920's, when my father had flair, when he wore striped shirts with garters on the sleeves, a jaunty bow tie, and sometimes carried a walking stick. He had left an East Texas farm when he was fourteen years old to work as a busboy in a small Dallas hotel. When his family urged him to come back after a year to help with the cotton crop, he reluctantly obeyed. When the crop failed he started off again: Chicago, a year doing odd jobs, a hitch in the Army, another year working cotton, then the years of playing poker. He was still a gambling man when he met my mother, fell under her Methodist spell, and married her. But then, except for the striped shirts with gartered sleeves, he converted completely. He took a pledge against gambling, which changed his life. It was a pledge my mother admired; we all did until we understood that strength of character is frequently an embarrassing thing to watch.

My father went to barber college, learned his trade, and bought the little shop, and even after the Depression descended on us, we were content with ourselves. Going off to the Astor on a rainy afternoon, I might have believed that every kid carried dry cardboard to slip into his shoes while he watched the movie.

My granny had always stayed with us. When the railroad yards in Paducah, Kentucky, laid off men, my Aunt Fay and my Uncle Ben and my cousins joined us, and our landlords began trying to evict us for overloading. In 1933, when the Red Cross wrote from Chicago to ask if we could accept my Uncle Edwin and his family, my folks said no. But Uncle Edwin showed up anyway, slept on a couch, and walked every street in the city looking for work while his family stayed back at a great-aunt's farm in North Texas. Uncle Ben knocked on door after door, asking for household or yard chores.

My father, then, became the sole provider. He had a winning manner behind the barber chair, and customers always came—talking endlessly about baseball, repeating the standard jokes, murdering his poor legs. He worked alone in the little shop, and even with many customers waiting, he wouldn't hurry. Because he took his time on each job, he kept his customers, and his reputation and business grew. He was a master barber, a

Illustrated by Frank Mullins

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craftsman. He used the clippers very little, spent long minutes aiming at and snipping single hairs, combing, standing back, aiming again. Every head was a problem in the art.

"You know my customer, Mr. So-and-so," he'd say to me in those days.

"No, don't know who you mean," I'd usually say.

"The one who combs toward the front! Two parts in his hair! A little patch of gray over each ear!"

"I never pay any attention to how anyone combs," I'd admit.

Work—that was the thing he knew. He viewed the pinball machine as he did his old life; it was a promise of something for nothing, a tease. My mother's Methodism, the Depression, all those mouths to feed hadn't made him completely grim, but those hallway photographs were all that remained of the old Red Baker. He meant to overcome the 1930's with labor and determination, and for a long time everyone in the family felt only the purest admiration for such single-mindedness.

Crisis lived with us, slept with us, stalked us in the kitchen, and strolled with us along those neighborhood streets. We took a house on Eighth Street for eighteen dollars a month. Too much, but we had to have more room. Uncle Edwin's family came down from the North Texas farm and took over the back bedroom and screened porch. Each week the Government gave them an allotment of flour, corn meal, sugar, sowbelly, and lard. My father paid them cash for some of this so they could buy milk and meat.

Edwin grew surly and cynical. Concluding there was no work to be found—he had managed to miss two calls for WPA jobs—he just stopped looking. "A little tobacco and corn bread is all I need," he kept saying. "To hell with knocking yourself out for such a life!"

He told my father that it was foolish to spend those early-morning and late-evening hours in the shop. "Keep regular hours. Make your customers abide by them. If you're sitting in your shop at eleven at night, that's begging! You're a good barber, so don't beg!"

Edwin liked the pinball machine far too much. One afternoon he dropped sixty cents into it. Sixty cents.

"All right, Edwin, I hate to say this," my father told him at supper that night, "but you're barred from the machine from now on."

"The hell you say!" Edwin exclaimed.

My father jumped up. "All right then, damn it, you're barred from the whole shop!"

Uncle Ben stepped between them. "Look, let me eat this god-awful soup and corn bread in peace." He managed a laugh, and everyone at the table grinned weakly as Edwin and my father sat back down.

The next day, as usual, Edwin was at the shop, chatting with the customers, and my father came over and gave him a nickel. "Go hit the jackpot," he said. "There was an old sot in here this morning, feeding nickels into the machine. It ought to be ready for a hit."

Concentrating hard, Edwin played his five balls and won six nickels. He left one of them on the cash register as he walked out.

Catastrophe threatened soon after that in the form of a grocery bill from a neighborhood market. We just couldn't pay it, and a family conference on the matter produced only silence and baleful stares. Finally, my granny simply announced what all of us knew, but hesitated to say: "House rent is eighteen dollars a month. We just can't afford it. We'll have to find something smaller." Everyone groaned, but that was that. The grocer was informed that a plan was in operation. Of course, there was no plan. We knew of nothing cheaper, nothing big enough for all of us.

A few evenings after that family conference I was helping Jack, the shine boy, sweep the shop when Mr. Arnie Robin came in. He gave me a candy cane. He patted the pinball machine. While my father finished with a customer, Mr. Robin told two stories that made everyone howl with laughter. Then he gave me his coat. It was heavy, pin-stripe wool lined with blue silk, and as I hung it on a peg I breathed its odors—good cigars, cologne, that deep wool smell. "The works," Mr. Robin told my father as he settled into the barber chair.

Soon, with Jack and the last of the other customers gone for the night, I was perched on a wire stool beside Mr. Robin and my father.

"I'm feeling good," Mr. Robin announced, "because I've just bought sixteen new pinball machines. I'm getting rid of all my old models."

"That's mighty fine, Arnie," my father said.

Silence. The thin noise of scissors. Mr. Robin sighed and turned to me. "Hear you're a big winner on that machine, son," he said.

"Five dollars and twenty cents," I answered, grinning.

"You're a lucky boy," Mr. Robin said. "What'd you do with the money?"

"Gave it to my mother," I said, still grinning.

Silence again. Mr. Robin gazed at himself in the mirror as my father brushed a stray hair off his cheek. He didn't seem happy about my giving the money to my mother; his eyes were hard and thoughtful. I watched the pile of lather atop his head until my father bent him gently down and rinsed him off.

During the massage, I watched Mr. Robin's face again. His eyes closed in a pleasant euphoria. My father winked at me, and together we enjoyed Mr. Robin's expressions. Afterward, as Mr. Robin stood before the big mirror, combing himself—this always annoyed my father—I brushed him off with the little whisk broom. We expected him to leave his usual tip—he would also empty the coins out of the pinball machine and give my father ten percent—then say good night and depart. Instead he walked slowly over to the shine stand and sat down. He had never done that before. The shine stand wasn't so clean, and I worried about Mr. Robin's trousers.

"Red," he said, "I want to give you my sixteen old pinball machines. There's probably two or three years left in them. I want you to have 'em outright. Can't trade 'em for much, and they'll make you five or six dollars a week each."

My father swallowed hard.

"I'm going to offer you four locations too," Mr. Robin went on. "Can't exactly make you my competitor, but I mean to help you. You'll have to work hard and get other locations on your own."

My father carefully put away his combs, removed his apron, and opened the cash register to begin counting the day's receipts. He didn't speak.

"You want 'em?" Mr. Robin asked.

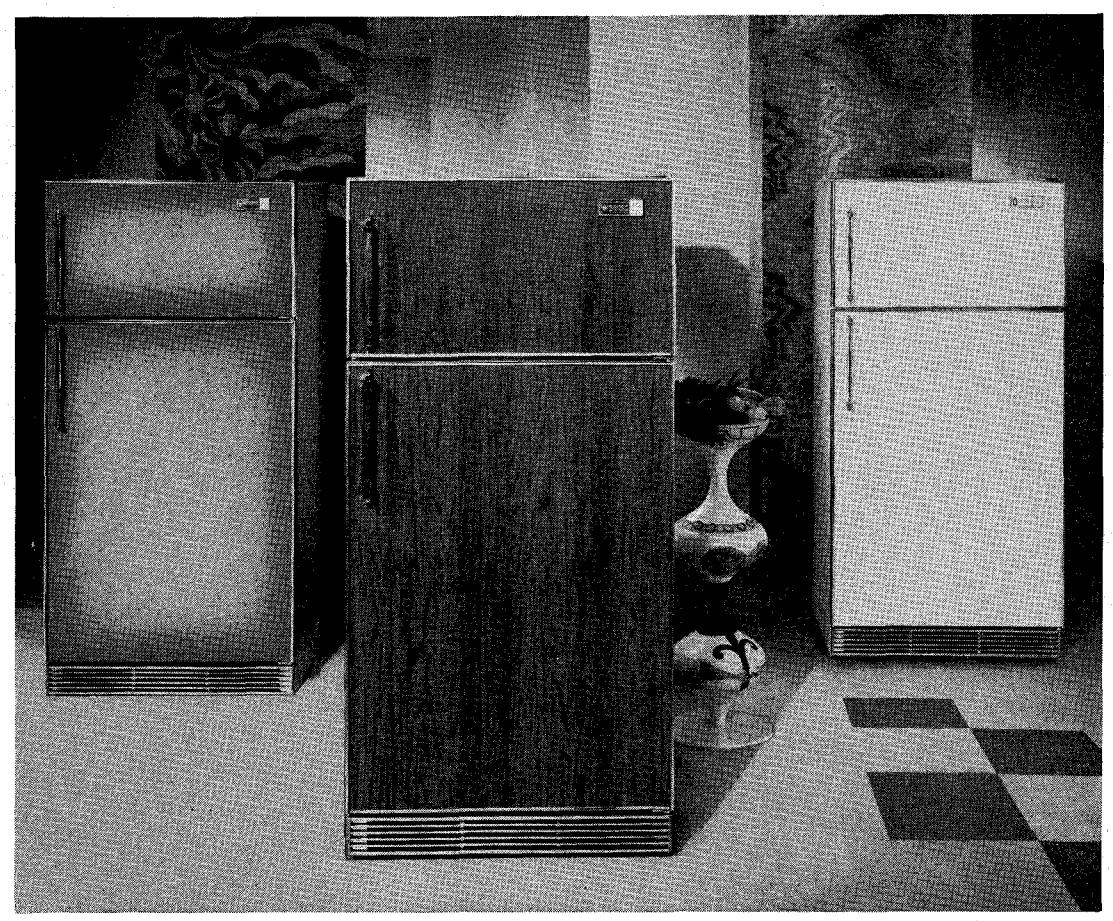
"Arnie," my father said, "I don't know."

"Don't know?"

The old poker player, I told myself. Old fox! We're rich!

"Can I let you know?" my father asked.

"Let me *know?*" Silence gathered again. Then Mr. Robin brushed imaginary talcum from his sleeve and sighed. "You're the best barber in town, Red," he said. "You think I haven't gone to those guys who cut by appointment only? Sure I have! I had the guy from the Adolphus Hotel. But it's more than just that. How long have we known



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each other—six or seven years? I know you, Red. You're an honest man, a hard worker. I don't want anyone else to have those machines. You get a guy out running pinball machines who can't be trusted, someone who'll give just a small payoff, someone lazy and greedy, and he'll give pinball a bad name everywhere. If no one ever wins, no one'll play. Look, Red, how much do you make?"

"Eighteen to twenty in a good week," my father answered.

This knowledge embarrassed me. So little? I tried to imagine the cost of Mr. Robin's pin-stripe suit.

"Sixteen machines, Red, because you're an honest man, because I just want to give 'em to you. Get 'em all placed and you'll net five dollars a week easy on each one. But I don't want you to take 'em and sell 'em. Take these machines, Red, and work 'em honest. If you won't do it yourself, then let me know and I'll trade 'em in."

My father's temples pulsed and the color rose in his neck. "I just don't know," he said. "I can't decide. I'll let you know the next time you come in, Arnie."

Mr. Robin seemed disappointed, but he agreed to wait.

After Mr. Robin had gone, I stood looking at the pinball machine. "It doesn't make him more than two dollars a week," my father said in an odd voice.

"But that's not the point," I squealed, no longer able to contain myself. "Free machines! We'll make *some* money!"

That night at dinner I blurted out Mr. Robin's offer before my father could make an announcement of it. He was furious and sent me away from the table, but I listened from the bedroom as my uncles belittled my father's doubts.

Uncle Ben sat at the table drawing up sets of figures. "Three hundred a month, at least!" he kept repeating. "Imagine!"

Edwin bounded around the kitchen, trying to kindle a celebration. "Hey, isn't there any of that sweet wine left?" I hadn't heard him this enthusiastic in months.

"I'm not sure yet," my father insisted.

"Ben and me'll take charge of 'em," Edwin offered. "You can keep working at the shop that way, Red, see? We'll find plenty of little cafés. Places near factories, where there'll be men with a little pocket change. I know a spot down by the train depot. Post office employees go there. They always have some money."

They talked long into the night, and I grew sleepy and went to bed. Later, I heard my mother and father whispering. They were arguing about his old vow against gambling, and she was trying to release him from his pledge. "Someone has to be steady!" my father said finally, raising his voice. "I might make money and I might not! It might not hurt us, but it might! You've wanted me to play close to the vest! Well, I'm doing it! Pinball! What kind of life would that be?" Silence overtook the house, and I lay awake struggling with the large philosophical questions again, wondering who I might become, and wishing that I hadn't shot off my mouth and missed half my supper.

The following Sunday my father walked with me to the Dallas Zoo. I knew that this was a special walk, for my cousins weren't along, and I knew that my father was pondering the pinball machines, but he said nothing. We walked down into that large green valley in Marsalis Park where the zoo hides behind lush trees and elm-arched walkways. The lean animals stared dolefully—gaunt and indolent tigers, a dirty black bear, two sad elephants in a pit strewn with old hay and manure. Years later I would come back to this place and there would be an admission charge, sleek cats, and puffy, fat birds. I would see no tattered fathers and sons strolling beneath the elms, no poor people anywhere.

My father bought me an ice-cream sandwich that Sunday, and then we went down to the creek that runs along the edge of the park and pitched rocks into the water for the rest of the afternoon. Slowly, then, we strolled the two miles back home, but before we got there we stopped at the barbershop. For a few minutes I stood looking out of the window at the marquee of the Astor Theater across the street. William Powell and Myrna Loy, I said to myself, I won't see you today. Then I began watching my father. In a solemn mood, he stood before the multiple reflections of the shop mirrors, not really seeing himself at all, just seeing this place, his business. His hand fell fondly on an old pair of scissors. Bottles gleamed around him: Lucky Tiger, Fitch, Wildroot, Bay Rum, Vaseline. The calendar on the wall offered a

WHAT GIVES TAREYTON THE TASTE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

The charcoal tip.
It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's fine tobacco. So join the Unswitchables.
Smoke Tareyton.

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

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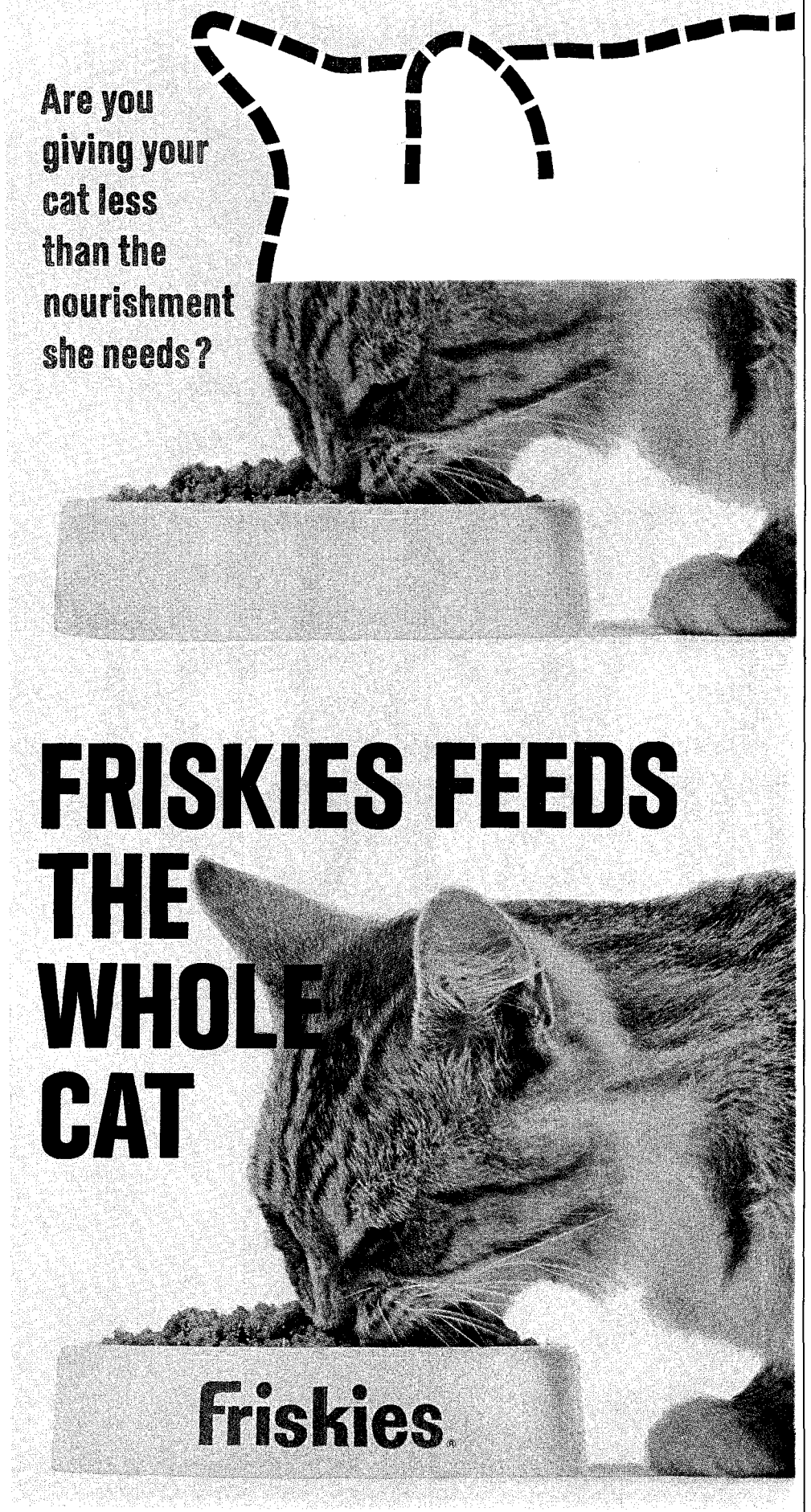
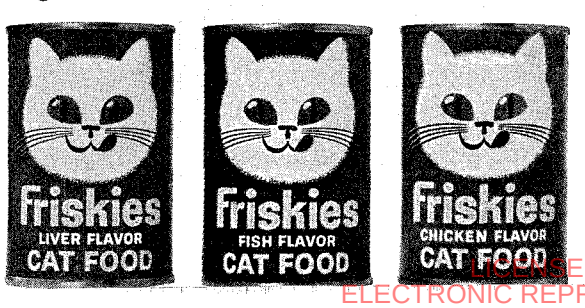


with flavors cats love. Maybe there is another diet as nourishing as Friskies. Maybe. But it doesn't have Friskies' flavor.

Maybe your cat would like another food as much as Friskies. Maybe. But it wouldn't give her Friskies' balance of vitamins, minerals, and protein.

You can trust the cat-lovers at Carnation to make sure of this: Each Friskies variety–liver, fish, and chicken–contains every single nutrient it takes to nourish your whole cat.

Here, Kitty. You're going to *like* Friskies.



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simple motto: IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL.

I knew suddenly that he'd never take those machines, and I felt my heart sink.

A few days later he announced his decision. My uncles couldn't believe it; when they finally did, they lost control.

"Take the damn things and give them to me!" Edwin shouted. "Think of someone besides yourself, for God's sake!"

"Arnie Robin was specific," my father argued. "He wanted to give them to me *only* if I wanted to work them. How can I ask him to give the machines to my brother-in-law?"

"Selfish bastard!" Edwin shouted.

Uncle Ben was just as upset, and so were the ladies, and so was I. No one understood, though my father used every argument he could think of. Once he appealed to everyone to think of me, his son, and to consider how a kid should be raised.

"Take the machines!" I cried. "Let me be ruined!"

"I took a vow," he told me. "You remember that about your father. I promised I'd be steady."

I was too baffled and embarrassed to speak.

"Pinball money isn't dirty money," Uncle Ben kept saying.

"It's how we *use* the money that counts," my mother pleaded.

"The truth is," my granny said, "that Red just doesn't want those machines—because they aren't his kind of thing. Right?"

"Right!" my father said, pleased to have an ally.

That stopped the argument for a moment. No one knew what to say. "He's a barber," my granny explained to everyone.

"That's right," my father said. "A man has his work, and that's that!"

"What in *hell* does that mean?" Edwin persisted.

"Look!" I shouted at my father, jerking off my shoe. I took out the cardboard lining that mother had shaped for me that morning and waved it in his face.

"Big deal!" my father answered. Sitting down, he raised his feet so that I could see the bottoms of *his* shoes. Gaping holes presented themselves. "I don't sit around the Astor Theater, either! I stand up for a steady living! I stand up on a vow! You try it sometime, kid."

A few days later my father told Mr. Robin that he couldn't accept the machines, and he asked Mr. Robin, who owned several houses in that part of town, if instead he would help us find a new place to live. Mr. Robin, surprisingly, said that he would.

Soon after we moved into the new house, Edwin took his family back to the farm in North Texas.

The new house—one of Mr. Robin's, and for more than a year we paid him only the interest on the mortgage—stood next to an open field that was also owned by Mr. Robin, and we had permission to turn the field into a garden. We also went down to McDonald's Hatchery and bought baby chicks and raised them, but it was that miraculous garden that saved us. I became proud that my hands had grown rough and hard from the work I did outdoors, and at night when we put our hands on the kitchen table, my father and I, I was proud of his hands too—soft and pale from the long hours at the shop, the shampoo and creams and hot water.

My Uncle Ben was called back to work at the railroad yards in Kentucky. Our house received two coats of bright white paint. The Depression passed, and the luck which had once spilled five dollars and twenty cents onto my shoes stayed with me in Europe during the war.

I have been a dreamer all my days, one who perhaps speaks too much about values and moralities, who asks too many silly questions about the nature of things. I have come, though, to understand my father's very different mind. He stands behind his barber chair even today, offering his services. In the late evening he locks the door to his shop and strolls home, secure in the knowledge that he has been steady, and that he has somehow paid his debt to his era. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, I guess a lot of people were surprised when Floyd and I got married."

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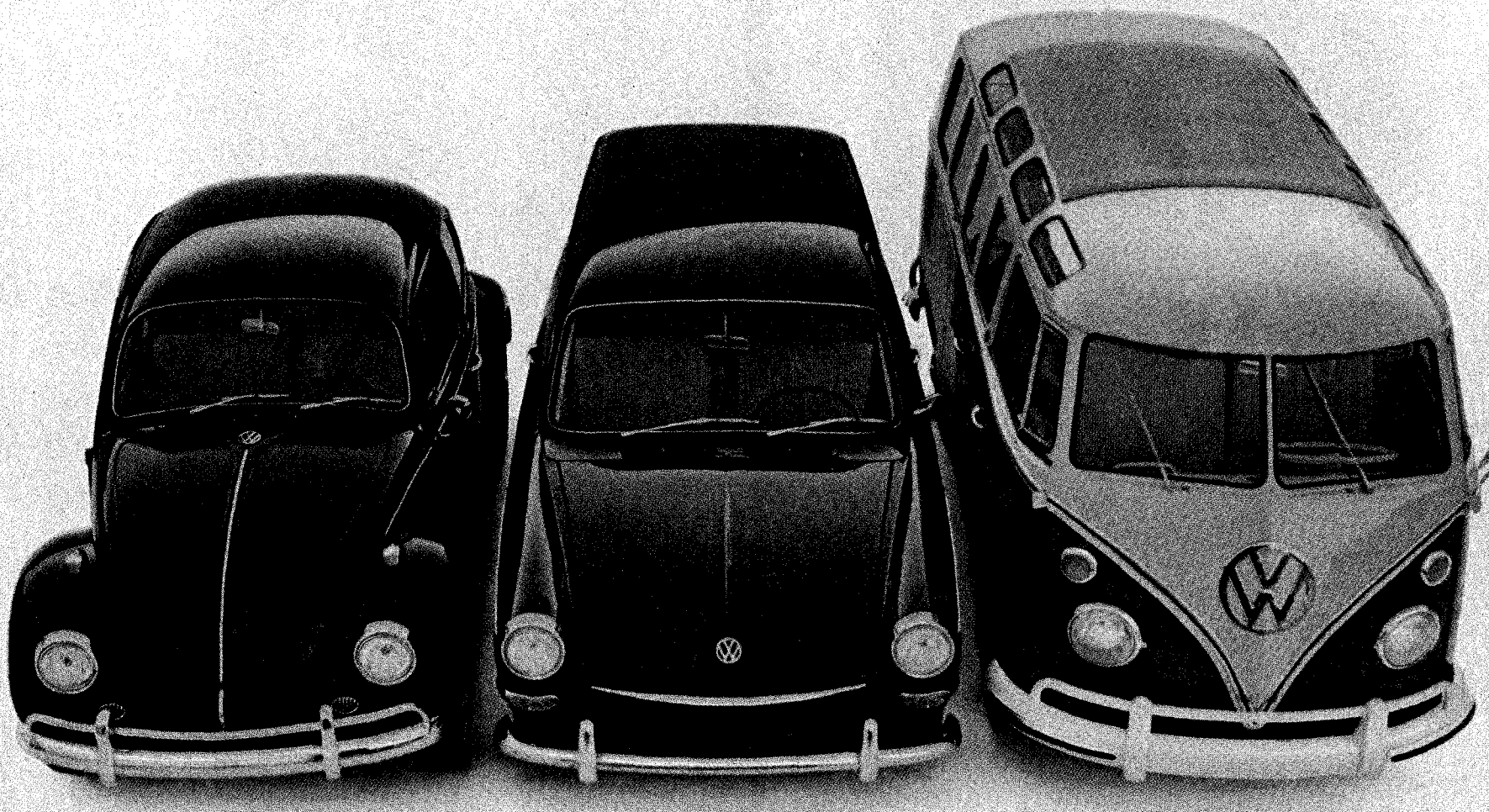

It comes in three economy sizes.

These are just some of the sizes Volkswagens come in. Regular, large and giant economy size.

The one on the right, our big bus-like box, and the one in the center, our medium sized Squareback sedan, are only about 7 inches longer than the beetle.

But don't let their size on the outside fool you about their size in the inside.

Just open a door and you'll find enough room for more than enough things.

Then there's the familiar bug.

While it's not as big as the other two Volkswagens, it has plenty of room for 4 people and a small dog. Plus a suitcase for everybody but the dog.

All three Volkswagens do everything you expect from a Volkswagen. Except look silly. One of them (the Squareback) looks exactly like a car. They have air-cooled engines in the rear that won't freeze up in the winter or boil over in the summer.

They won't use any anti-freeze and are very easy on gasoline. (The bug and the Squareback average about 27 miles on a gallon of gas. The box about 23 miles.)

And they all go about 35 to 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

So you see, no matter what size we make VWs, they're all pretty economical.

Why not come in and size one up?

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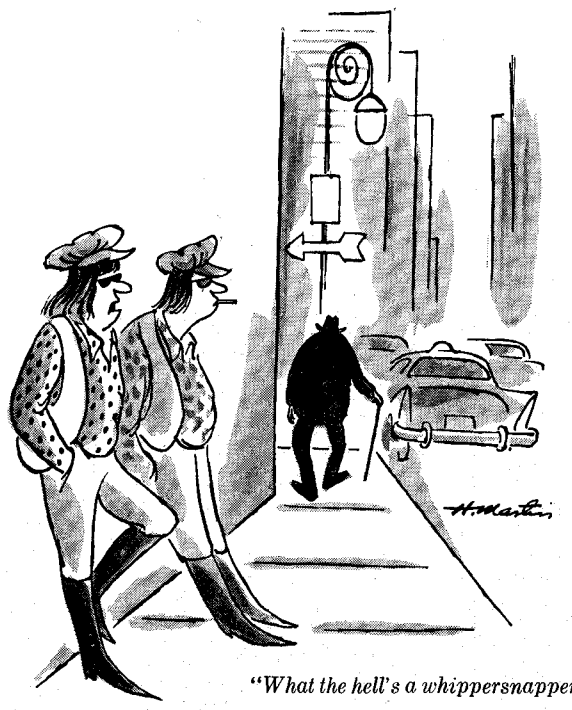
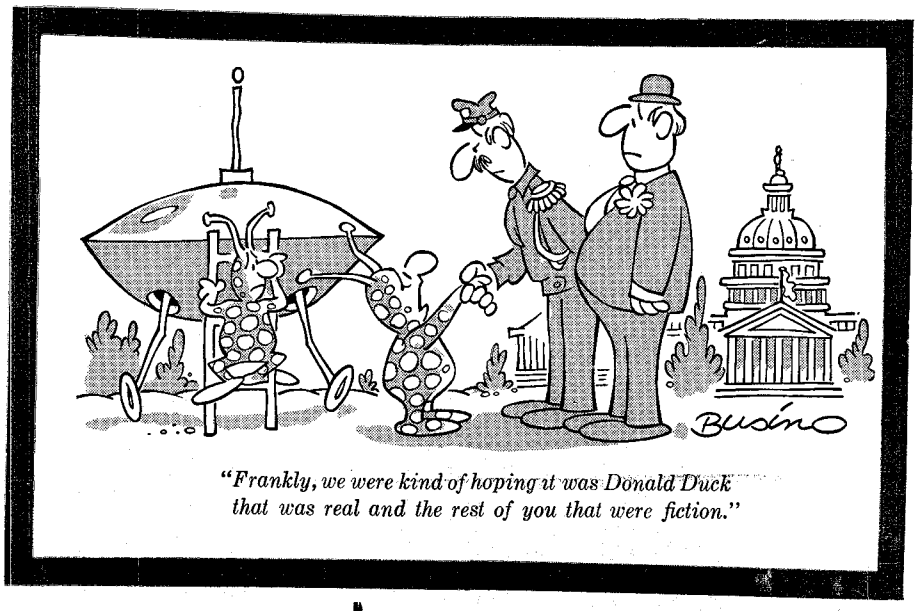
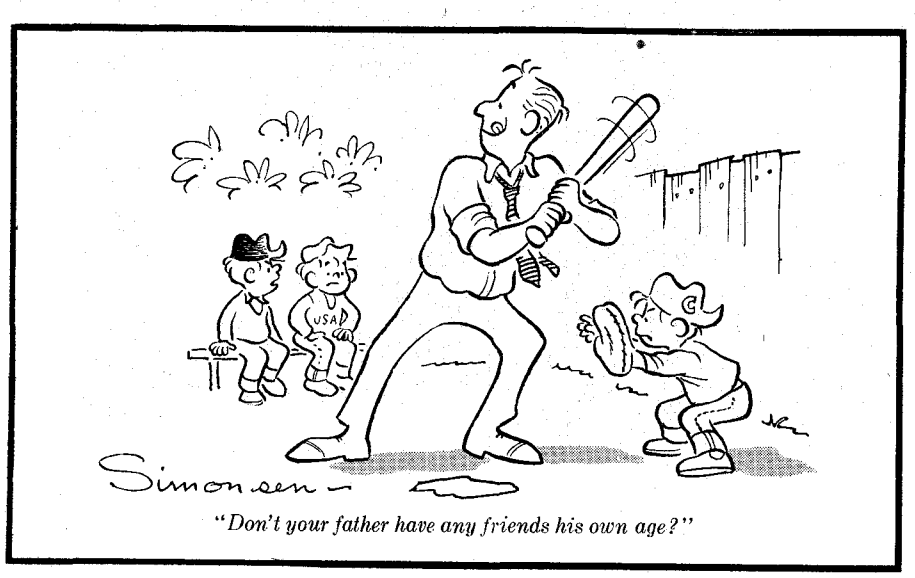
Post scripts



"What the hell's a whippersnapper?"

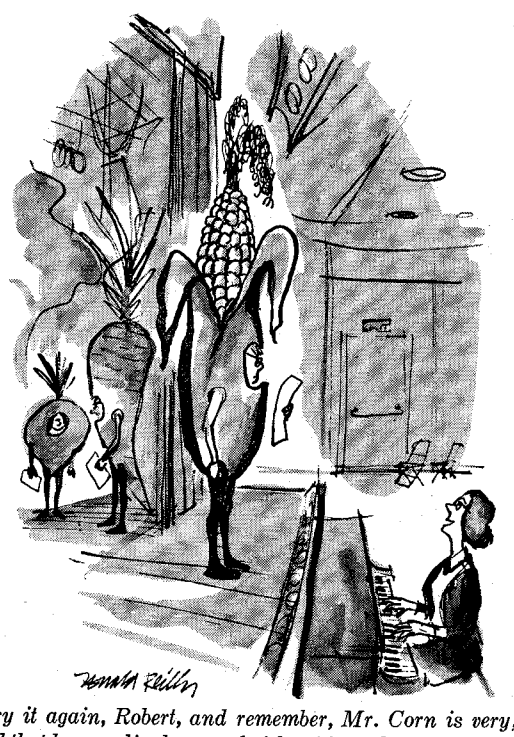


"Frankly, we were kind of hoping it was Donald Duck that was real and the rest of you that were fiction."



"Don't your father have any friends his own age?"

"Now, just for fun, I'm going to ask you some questions while we're recharging your batteries."



"Try it again, Robert, and remember, Mr. Corn is very, very glad that he supplies boys and girls with needed carbohydrates."

"As I remember, Shirley, the exact wording was 'till death us do part'!"

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World's worst bath soap

Right. Lava deserves to be tossed from the tub. Nobody (and no body) ought to get clean that way. Feel it. It's just too grrrritty. But,

that's the very reason Lava belongs in the sink. That rough stuff is pumice. Volcanic pumice. And that makes Lava the tough hard-working hand soap that does one thing better than any other soap in the world. It gets dirty hands clean right down to the fingernails. Only Lava's got pumice. So,

if you ever catch Lava in a tub, give it a toss—right over to the sink. Lava knows its place.

Lava
The Hand Soap
gets dirty hands really clean... fast

World's best hand soap.

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'Play it again, Sam' -and again

The Late Show, bless it, fills our nights with ghosts from the past, turning us all into cultists and titans of trivia.

by Wallace Markfield

When a 4:30 A.M. telecast of MY MAN GODFREY starring William Powell and Carole Lombard suffered a mixup in reels, the station was besieged by over 400 pre-dawn calls from angry viewers.

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Andy Hardy movies are generally scheduled in late afternoon—when children watch. Station owners claim today's kids like the films as much as their parents did. Above, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE.

On that Sunday evening last September, when I went along with some 60 million other mass minds and picked *The Bridge on the River Kwai* over *Bonanza*, I was not immediately aware that I was helping (1) close off an era in cultural history; and (2) heap Job-like sorrows upon some of the wisest heads of our generation. But in the weeks and months that followed, as the networks hustled to buy up whatever canned goods Hollywood still had in stock, as trade-paper heads sang of FLIX CLIX and PIC PACTS, critics and commentators began to carry on like medieval chroniclers in a plague year.

Mostly they mourned and moaned over the passing of TV's Golden Age, when Paddy Chayefsky and Rod Serling and David Shaw presided over the midcult-and-suit industry, when week in and week out Ed Begley and Everett Sloane were telling us all there was to know about life in our time. Some, hoarse from crying bloody murder and stinking fish, began paying out muted tribute even to *The Beverly Hillbillies*. "For all its corniness and genuine narcissistic appeal," wrote one big brain, "the program reflects a genuine confrontation in American society. . . ." (Rough translation: At least it's not a movie.)

But matters got only worse (more new shows died in midseason) and worse (more networks scheduled more movie nights) for the high-minded, who mounted increasingly frenzied attacks on everything and everyone in sight. They blamed Wall Street and Madison Avenue, teen-agers and golden-agers, the debasement of public taste and the public taste for debasement, the human condition in general and the American character in particular—while Max Lerner hinted darkly that somehow we are all, all of us, responsible.

All of which shook me up and started me wondering and worrying over what I and the rest of the great audience were about to lose. I flashed back 10 or 15 years, cast a cold eye upon those thousands and thousands of hours of my television time and found myself in a state of near-total recoil. For no matter how I forced those calendar leaves to exfoliate, my remembrance of things past took in very little of what had once upon a time been hailed and hallowed. Thus, nothing, absolutely nothing, showed up from *Philco Playhouse* or *Playhouse 90;* and of the news and public-service stuff, the very best I could manage was a montage of Costello-Eisenhower-JFK-Oswald-Ruby, the clock and tick of computers on election eves, and one particularly cold "good night" from Huntley to Brinkley. Pressing, I came up with two Sid Caesar skits; five fast minutes by Jackie Mason; a nice routine by Susskind and Khrushchev; bits and pieces from *Naked City*, *Wanted—Dead or Alive* and *Gunsmoke;* an image of Gleason, in the old "Honeymooners," shuttling, with one long look, between aggravation and paranoia.

Yet—and I suspect I am no different from many Americans who first saw the light of the screen in the '30's—I have a movie memory as long as King Kong's arm. Under fire, I can repeat Paul Muni's first words in *Scarface*, his last ones in *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang;* pick out, in the biggest crowd scenes, the faces of George E. Stone and Harold Huber and Warren Hymer and Nat Pendleton and Irving Pichel; distinguish between Colin Clive and Clive Brook, Phillips Montgomery and Douglass Montgomery, Frankie Darro and Frankie Thomas; tell you who slapped Bogart around in *The Big Sleep* and who got slapped around by Bogart in *The Big Shot*. Ask me about the last six specials on juvenile delinquency and urban development, and I'll most likely counter with a scene from *Dead End;* five minutes of Walter Cronkite on the Far Right are enough to start me thinking about *Meet John Doe;* let NBC analyze the state of our prisons, and I'll be assailed by wild longings for Alan Baxter and Barton MacLane.

To me, at least, television has all along existed for the sake of movies, and if its existence over the next decade or so will depend more and more on more and more movies, that suits me fine. Against the arguments of purists about heartless, mindless cuts and commercials, about what and how much a movie must suffer in transit from even the smallest screen to the biggest tube, I can muster only a mild "Uh-huh." For when the worst is said on the worst that's been done, television is still my personal, permanent film festival, my life-pass to the midway of mass culture, my museum without walls, my main currents of American thought, my journal of a misspent youth.

And in the dark night of the soul, when it's always time for the Late, Late Show, I can call back all my phantoms from dreamland: the jockies who talked to their mounts; the fighting priests; the wardens pleading into microphones ("Billy, it's your last chance, Billy"); the dancing co-eds; the mad doctors and their marvelous monster-making machines; the native chiefs who went, "Oomgahwah"; the ex-cons who couldn't go straight; the fight managers issuing their warnings ("Kid, you're not ready yet for the champ!"); the slum sisters ironing shirts for their wild, weak brothers; gypsy mothers wailing for their werewolf sons; honest cops who busted up crap games and told the young punks, "I'll be keepin' me eye on yez, Rocky, me lad"; the Negroes in Death Row singing *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot;* the princes who took jobs as butlers; dowagers with canes; the slim kid who wanted to be a diver, a lineman, an oil rigger; the city editors chomping cold cigars; tenement mothers hanging out of windows and calling their great ones ("Irving, Irving Berlin, you'll be late yet for the piano teacher!"); cabbies with cigarettes tucked behind their ears; coloraturas

Astute viewers who tune in on THE ROARING TWENTIES *to catch tough-guy Cagney (above) might also spot a "new" actor named Bogart.*

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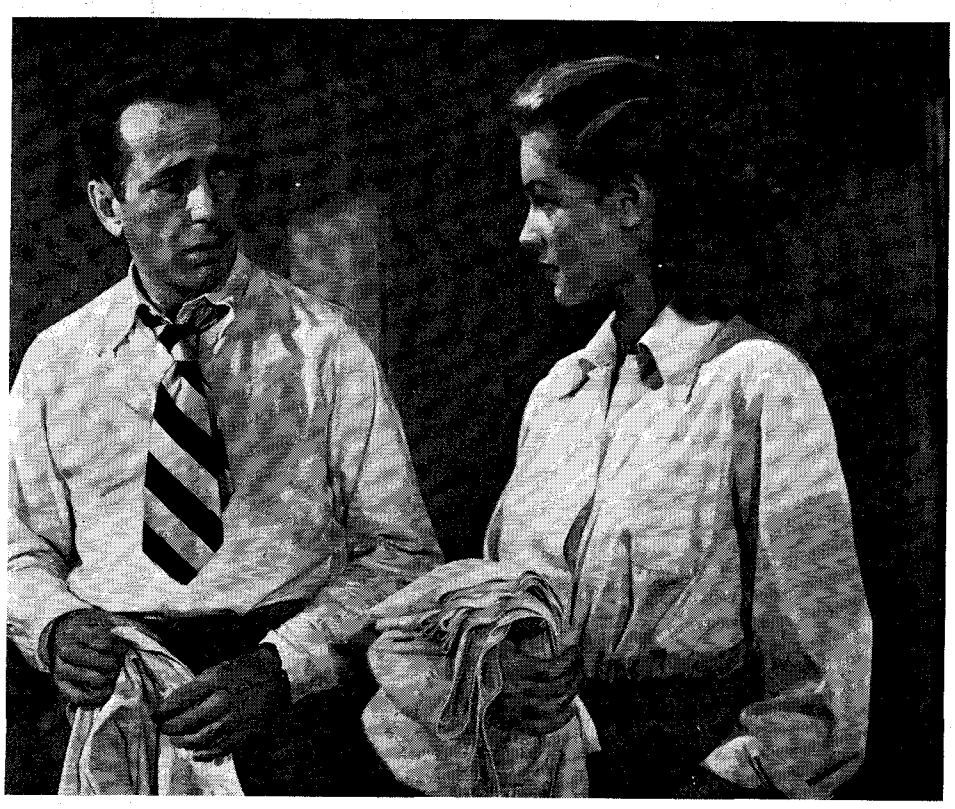

Most popular stars among late-show viewers include John Garfield (top) shown here with Priscilla Lane in FOUR DAUGHTERS; *John Wayne, portrayed center with Robert Ryan in RKO's* FLYING LEATHERNECKS, *and Humphrey Bogart, pictured with Lauren Bacall in Warner Brothers'* KEY LARGO.

From them we learned how to hold a glass or a girl, to make love or war.

who belted out *Minnie The Moocher;* fresh-faced subalterns just up from Sandhurst ("Jolly good to be in your regiment, Father"); their seasoned sergeant majors ("Beggin' your pardon, sir, but you're playing into Mohammed Khan's hands!"); the earthbound angels hoping to earn their wings; all those Disraelis who counseled and cajoled all their Victorias; one-man dogs and one-dog men. . . .

The world they inhabited had its own loony laws and logic, and faulting these makes about as much sense as faulting the Keystone Kops for sloppy police work. What matter and what harm if nothing made by human stagehands could have held a Busby Berkeley production number? Is it crucial that no match ever was struck without lighting up whole rooms, no sweet young voice ever raised in the wilderness without benefit of the Hall Johnson Choir? Was the American Indian any worse off for talking like Akim Tamiroff or George Arliss? What would have been gained if the campus cuties had once in a while cracked their books, if newsboys had to dig up change for those five-dollar bills? Did the rich get richer because they never checked a restaurant tab? Or the poor poorer because they took only two bites of those lunch pail sandwiches?

Long, long after you have had your last laugh in the wrong place, you come to realize how much we still live with and by the images and ideas of the old movies. From them, we learned to smoke too much, to do without undershirts and pajama tops, to talk through our noses, or from the sides of our mouths, to get off a wisecrack and a left jab, to hold a glass or a girl, to make love and war, to enter the world like Mickey Rooney and leave it like Lewis Stone. They seemed to come at us from all sides and from under the woodwork, hitting us like flak, pumping us up and letting us down, promising everything and fulfilling next-to-nothing. They gave us, at most and at best, half-truths, but these, more than we probably are willing to admit, may be the only truths we care about.

For if those who made the old movies knew nothing else, they at least knew that the screen, as Robert Warshow has written, "will be filled at all costs." And they worked to fill it with the one thing that fills it better than any other thing: the City.

It comes to us again, this city, as it was for us then, an infernal metropolis steeped in dreadful night and racked by everlasting din, a study in terribly cruel contrasts. There is Easy Street or Dead End, the penthouse or the penitentiary, the royal suite or the railroad flat, the room that is lit by candlelight or by a flashing neon sign; let two kids start off together, and one must sit in the governor's chair, the other in the electric chair. It is a lonely place, but the city man must never be alone. For once the grocer pulls down his shade and opens his till, he is already dead for us, and so too, is the old, slow cop who hears the young punk's shot. Once the gangster steps inside a phone booth or lingers a few extra seconds in shower, in steam room, we will not see him again, except as a corpse flung from a limousine.

Much of the edge and energy of city cinema came from timeless small-timers who were impossible to miscast and were never less than almost perfect. They were matchless metropolitan types, so quietly pleasing and persuasive, so artlessly artful and anonymous that it is still hard to realize how powerfully they put themselves across. (To this day I have difficulty dealing with flesh-and-blood tailors who refuse to behave like George E. Stone.) Watching them from night to night, in movie after movie, will provide something like an absolute standard by which to measure what character acting should be, and a fair idea of how much it has deteriorated.

I have in mind the likes of Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh, Everyman's Best Pals. And Glenda Farrell, who looked as if she had been born on a fire escape and in a housedress. And horsefaced Helen Donnolly, who could carry a scene as easily as that bowl of soup she was trying to force down Margaret Lindsay. And nervous little Edward Brophy, with his half-a-cigar and his Moon Mullins derby; the nicest thing that could happen to him was a smack on the head. And huge-voiced Stanley Ridges, who gave him that smack. And Patsy Kelly, broad of beam and low of brow; it was a black day for the black Irish when her patent lapsed on the half-sozzled housemaid part. And Joseph Sawyer, the dumbest of dumbcops; he looked capable of ticketing a hydrant for overtime parking.

Most of them started and stuck with Warner Brothers and provided the human backdrop against which that studio's top talents functioned. These were the stumpy, chesty, fisty bantams admirably suited for metropolitan melodrama, and for very little else. Each one had his own style, but each style was as broad and teeming with life as a boulevard. There was James Cagney, rocking and rocking his hands; there was Edward G. Robinson making sad-monkey faces; there was George Raft, the screen's best bad actor, stretching his syllables ("Aw-ride, bay. . . . *bee*!"); there was Humphrey Bogart doing Humphrey Bogart things; and there was one who seemed born to play Hamlet—if only Hamlet had been born in

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the Bronx. So he did the next best thing and played John Garfield parts.

Of all the city men TV returns to us, Garfield gives the strongest sense of his time and of his place in that time: It is a rough time, and he is badly placed; everything is against him, but mostly he is against himself.

He entered movie history (*Four Daughters*) as easily as he might have entered a candy store. His step was tired, his voice strained, somewhat off pitch; droplets of sweat almost always hung over his brows, and anger and loss underscored every line in his face. When he opened his twisted mouth, he seemed to be speaking not for himself but for a generation—that generation which waited and waited for Lefty. It has been a long wait, and by now all those great expectations have dwindled to the size of a two-pump gas station. Maybe, maybe, as he wistfully muses in *Dust Be My Destiny*, "It'll have a coupla' rooms and a hunka' backyard. . . ." But in later movies the Garfield type is too far gone and too far away from the '30's for even such small joys; just about his happiest line in *Body and Soul* is, "Everybody dies." (On the same day I was watching *Body and Soul*, the same channel carried *A Walk in the Sun*, wherein John Ireland has this to say: "Nobody dies.")

Granted, Warners was not out to lose any money on Garfield, or Bogart, or Robinson, or Cagney or Raft. Compared, though, to the policies and products of other studios, Warners deserves not only honorable mention, but positive veneration. A case in point: M-G-M.

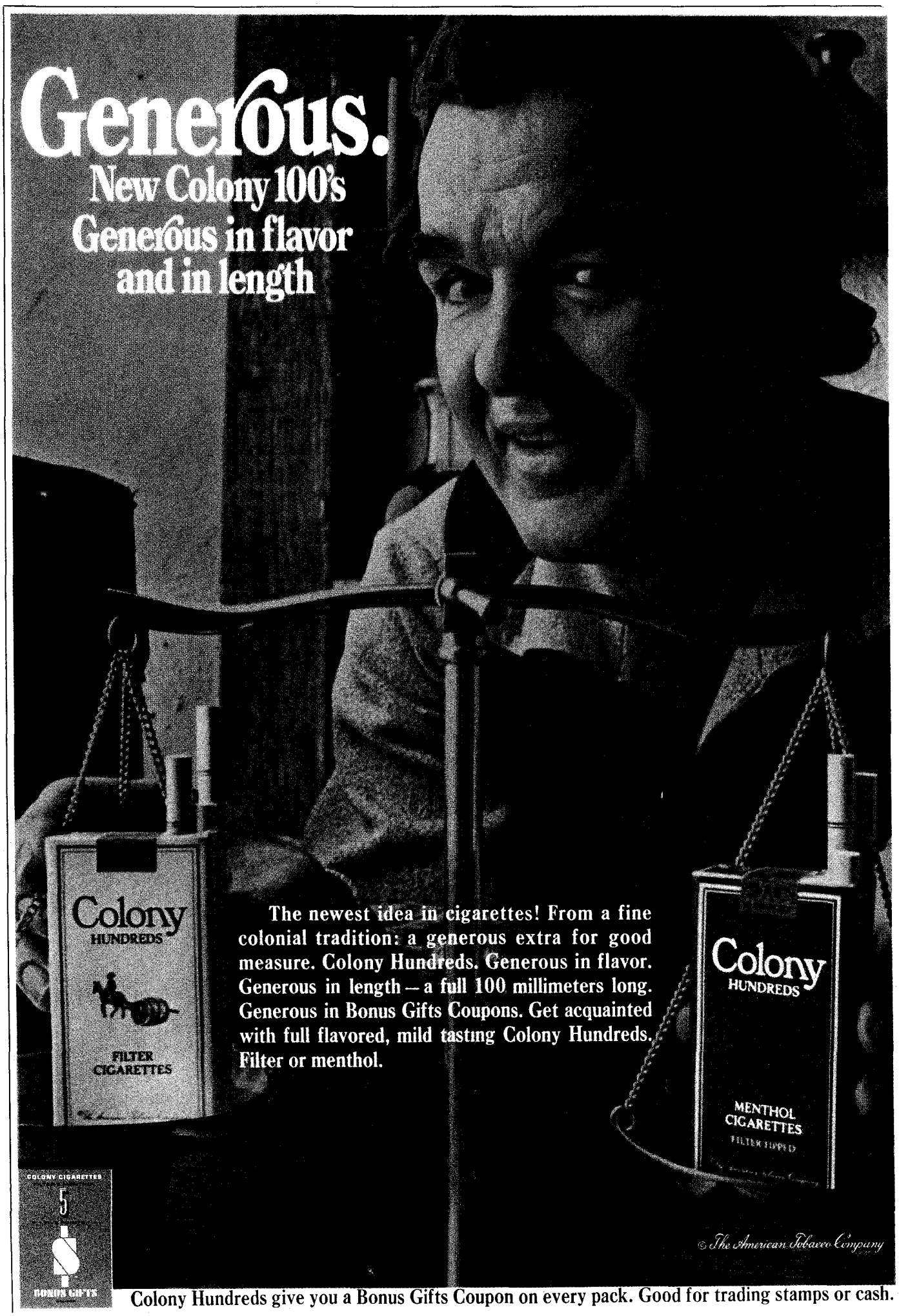
An M-G-M male of any period seems to have been made for long wear and hard use; he is as universal and as easy-to-take as gelatin. Who in his right mind could be offended by the voice, stance, face, or walk of a Robert Taylor? Who that is truly human would fail to wish long life and good years upon Robert Young, Tom Drake, John Hodiak, Don Taylor, Van Johnson, the early Robert Walker, the early-middle James Stewart? Who has not nursed the crazy hope that his father would one day bear himself a little more like Walter Pidgeon, or Spencer Tracy, that his grandfather would all of a sudden give out with Frank Morgan titters and Lionel Barrymore grunts?

It is mighty hard, though, to forgive M-G-M its women. Even after all these years, June Allyson, Laraine Day, Ruth Hussey, Esther Williams, Greer Garson, Cecilia Parker, Ann Rutherford, Vera-Ellen, Janet Leigh and Jennifer Jones still manage, singly or collectively, to work on my nerves like a nail on a slate. I don't mean to be vindictive; they did well enough at what they had to do, and looked, while doing it, in the pink of condition. And if they weren't spectacles in their own right, like Bette Davis, or Carole Lombard, or Rosalind Russell, or Barbara Stanwyck, they weren't supposed to be. Maybe it was simply their hard luck that history, as the Marxists used to say, was against them, that a lot of us have never forgiven them for being the good wives and girls named Jo who, simpering and whimpering, sent us—and Sonny Tufts—off to war.

All right, we went, and it was a long time ago. But now, suddenly, there is TV with those World War II movies to annoy and intrude and embarrass, to make noise and talk nonsense, like so many boozy old army buddies we never really cared for in the first place.

Most of them I caught 20-odd years ago, usually in some Times Square scratch house and in the company of one or two other wise guys. We sat up front, almost in the screen, and carried on like crazy, keeping score on the number of lines and bits of business we could anticipate. After a while it was no fun, no contest. The moment the top kick called for volunteers, we beat him to his, "Okay, Brown . . . Shannon. . . Donadio . . . Horwitz. . . ." Among that batch of hostages under SS guns was one who would sing out a litany to "ze liddle pee-pul," and we sang right along. We reminded the gum-chewing pilot to press his wad against the cockpit, to kiss his Betty Grable pinup, to find out over the intercom how things stood with the Dodgers. We had memory banks that could feed back the number of depth charges needed to make a sub's lights flutter, the number of Japs who must get it from a grenade (never less than three, never more than five; and one must wear glasses), even the number of times a Gestapo gorilla will slap a partisan (never less than three, never more than five).

What did I expect the second time around? The worst, I guess, and I can't say I was exactly disappointed. God knows, there is enough and more than enough in most World War II movies that insults your intelligence and injures your stomach. And, doubtless, they are nearly everything James Agee once said they were: ". . . posterish, op-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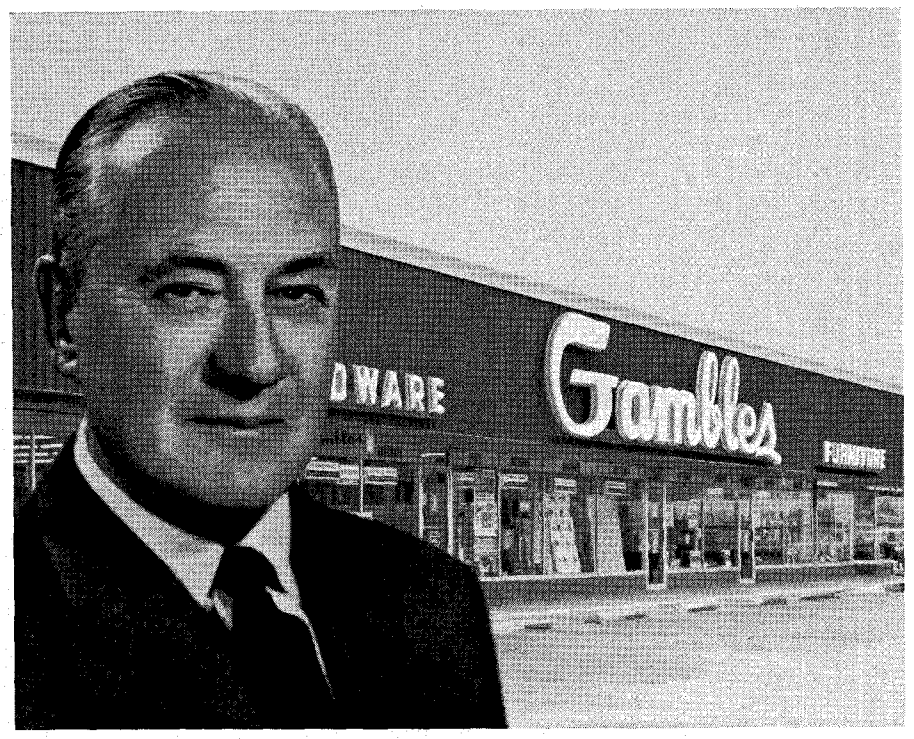

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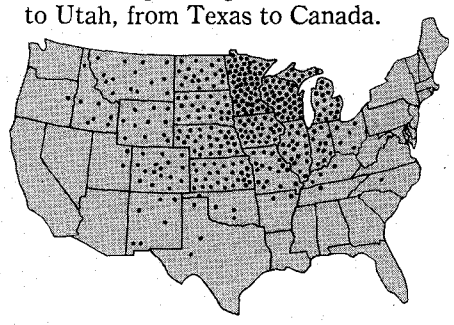

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But all the same I felt none of these things; indeed, for once in my movie-life, I was feeling only the wrong things. Looking at *Air Force*, I found myself strangely untroubled by the fact that it was entirely lacking in what cinema enthusiasts call "values." The camera didn't move? So it didn't move. Wouldn't Eisenstein have massed those masses more massively, staged those deaths less stagily? Yes, on both counts, and he might have given us real corpses, too.

All I could watch were those wonderful Flying Fortresses; I hadn't realized I'd been missing them nearly as much as the rickety one- and two-wing jobs in *Hell's Angels* and *Ceiling Zero*. Likewise, that whole healthy crew, even the boy from Brooklyn, got to me. They struck me suddenly as altogether a decent, likable bunch, and I couldn't help thinking how much I'd rather serve with them than with, say, Belmondo. And when they fought the battle of the Coral Sea and flew off into a symbolic sunrise, and when the rays of that symbolic sunrise converged on an American flag, the pathetic artlessness of it all seemed a positive virtue. Perhaps this equivalent of "Hooray for our side!" expressed well enough what I felt, and was all the screen poetry I wanted. Or perhaps the accident of seeing, earlier that week, the exquisite effects Leni Riefenstahl, Hitler's favorite, once milked from a shot of Stukas over Rotterdam had soured me on all screen poetry.

Similar Philistine considerations intervened between me and my judgment of John Wayne in *Sands of Iwo Jima*, *The Fighting Seabees* and *Flying Leathernecks*. I had always liked him, but from a safe distance and in a very special way—the way, I suppose, one likes certain traffic cops or gym instructors. But this time he was no longer some unpolished instrument of democracy, he was no longer even John Wayne, and I hardly knew or cared whether he could act or not. I was too busy finding in his face qualities I'd never noticed before ("Qualities!" I can hear my old cronies cry), qualities which are these days present in very few movie faces. It is a face which carries repose, completeness and utter clarity like the tool marks on Shaker furniture, the face of a man who knows what he is and why he is in the world. "How can you send those kids out to be killed?" Robert Ryan asks him, in *Flying Leathernecks*. "How can you live with yourself?" To which Wayne makes stonefaced reply: "Because I have to, because someone has to." He says it simply, softly, but with a certain resonance in his voice, as if with this cheerless platitude he has gone right to the heart of the matter.

And such is the cruel nature of television that the next voice I can remember hearing was Brando's; it was like the voice of a demented midget, and it yowled "Stella . . ." We didn't know it at the time, but it was telling us, among other things, that the war was over, that Louis B. Mayer was no longer the father of us all, that the escape valve was sealed off for good, that the end of the '40's was the end of innocence, that a movie wasn't just a 75-cent window on the world or 90 minutes of straight, scrappy narrative, that it was, really it was . . . well, what was it, really? Maybe, as Manny Farber has been insisting these many, many years, it wasn't even a movie.

But whatever it was, it was certainly nervous. ("Hey, ya know," Judy Holliday whines in *The Marrying Kind*, "it's a nervous world.") Take, for instance, the small matter of titles. Back in the '30's, these were as innocuous and functional as bank statements: If you noticed them, fine; if you didn't, that was all right too.

Usually, you saw a set of quarto-sized vellum-bound books. A man's hand—Lewis Stone's, I once believed—moves out from the corner of the screen, makes love to each of the books, but settles, finally, on one, and that one is *A Tale of Two Cities*. Sometimes there was a trim British ship-of-the-line or a massive galleon whose sails, as they come into view, carry everything from stars to sound-mixer. Then, illuminated subtitles nail down place and time: *London, 1787*, or *Maracaibo, 1655, refuge of pirates, renegades and cutthroats*.

By the '50's, though, you needed titles for the titles. For what a far-out few—that is, Luis Buñuel, Man Ray, Hans Richter, Maya Deren, Jean Cocteau—had been doing a full generation back to light, sound, space and motion, was all of a sudden absorbed into Hollywood's visual vocabulary without a tremor in transition. Titles got longer and louder—three, four harrowing minutes of jazzed-up calligraphy and anx-

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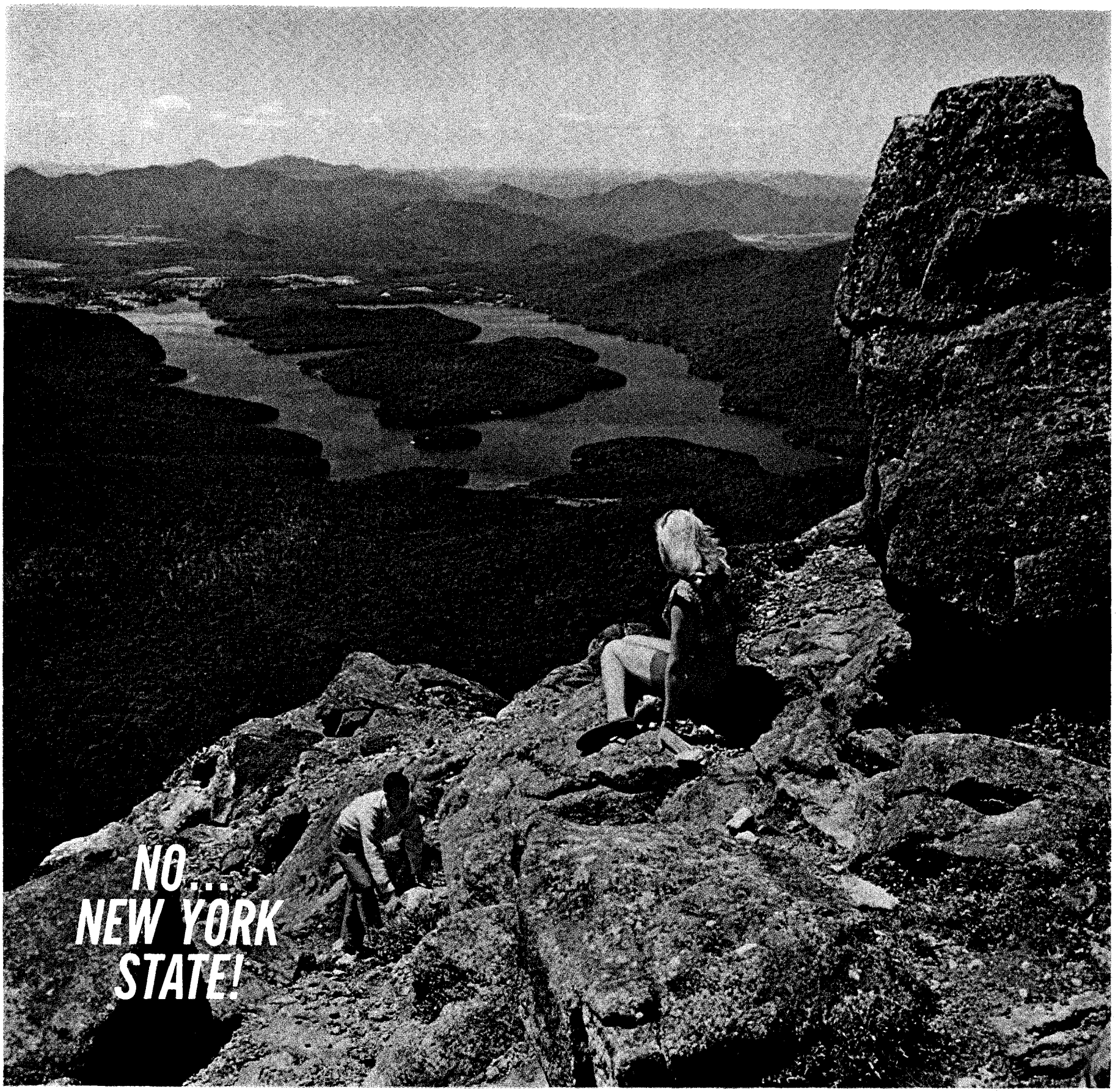

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Once the Westerner was a man who shot, rode, fought and did what he had to do —which was shooting, fighting and riding.

ious objects that could evoke, within an eyeblink, anything from Krazy Kat to Kafka.

Old and arguable ideas suddenly hardened into doctrine. Hardest doctrine of all: the doctrine of the moving camera. And directors sweated to find new ways of moving it, new places to point it at, and new things to tell with it. Close-ups got closer . . . and Closer . . . and CLOSER, turning skin pores into something like a lunar surface. Enormous statements abounded, hidden meanings emerged and collided in the borders of the screen; sets verged on the abstract—or the "universal." (This "universality," by the way, seems to me characteristic of all kinds of movies in the '50's: *Picnic, On the Waterfront, The Rainmaker, Come Back, Little Sheba, The Man With the Golden Arm, Bus Stop, A Hatful of Rain,* even when shot on location, appear to be happening in a shadowy, timeless America that lies at dead midpoint between the Great Depression and the Great Society.)

Maybe the easiest way to understand where and how much movies have changed is to watch Westerns. Watch, first, the horses.

For they are not what they used to be. And what they used to be was something like Pegasus, but sweeter-tempered and happier to serve. All they wanted was the chance to use their teeth on a cowboy's bonds, to pull him out of quicksand, to come bucking and biting when he was cornered by a wild stallion, to kneel so he might mount when wounded, to carry him across a ravine with one long leap, to butt him, before the fadeout, into the arms of the schoolmarm.

They sought, in return, a pat on the muzzle, at most a couple of sugar cubes. But lately, it seems to me, they want a good deal more and will do much, much less. They falter, they fall, they lose their shoes and pick up stones, they shy at snakes, they seldom ride double, and water is almost always on their minds. Nowadays, the first sight we usually have of them is when they are being tied to a rail, or led, winded and sweaty, into a stable. In general they prefer being indoors.

And so, I notice, does everyone else. The town, once a mean way station on the road to an endless frontier, is increasingly called to our attention. We see how crowded it has gotten, how many more things are in it for the camera to fix and feed on: the ordinances outside the sheriff's office, the price list in a barbershop window, the steep stairs a Mexican woman must climb with her basket of wash, the sad face of a dance-hall girl in a window above the saloon, the stupid, brutal face of the cowpoke who pulls the shade down, the flies attacking the poor old town drunk as he sprawls against the water trough.

Once it was only Saturday night in this town, but now it is always high noon of a working day. Here the Westerner seldom rides in to spend on his hot bath, his drink, his card game, and when he does, he spends less freely. Money is lately on his mind; we catch him picking up his change at the bar, pricing a saddle, a pair of boots, even a box of shells. He has, after all, good reason, for times are hard. "T'aint my fault," the storekeeper says, "if times are hard." (This storekeeper, who used to needle Gabby Hayes about his beard, has become as pompous as Polonius. We have had him with us since *High Noon,* and for the rest of our lives we will probably be putting up with his, "The old West is dyin'." . . . "One of these days the railroad's comin' tuh Abilene." . . . "Got ourselves thirty new families last week.")

Hard times are a fixed condition for every adult Western: The more adult the Western, the harder the times. Wherever we look, work—bitter, brutal work—is being done, and this comes as a shock. For the Western was once all leisure and repose, the Westerner a man who shot a gun, rode a horse, fought with his fists, and did, finally, "what he had to do"—and what he had to do was shoot a gun, ride a horse, fight with his fists. To be sure, he once in a while helped a settler load up a wagon, though a sack of flour and a bolt of gingham was his usual limit. (If he did more, his guns would be in the way, and this must never happen.) As a rule, he couldn't make a decent cup of coffee, or mend a rip in his shirt, or wash out a pair of socks, or patch a harness, or grease an axle, or build a cabin, or raise a crop; when he turned marshal he was barely, barely able to nail up a WANTED poster, and after it was up he complained about the paperwork. Who knew or wanted to know how he had freed himself from the strains and pains of making a dollar, how he had paid for his gun and horse, let alone that "little spread"? It was his West, his America, his culture, his civilization; he had no call to explain or justify himself. "You belong here," the girl from the East tells the Virginian.

But when he appears before us now, his day is already over. ("Your day is over!" the storekeeper cries.) He is graver, more melancholy, worn down like the leather of his gun belt. Even the marshal's job is taken, and by an old friend who must order him out of town. ("It's not your fault, Ringo, only trouble just naturally follows you.") He has already been driven off the plains and out of history by the sodbuster, the cattle baron, the railroad, and in the next town he is most likely wanted. To

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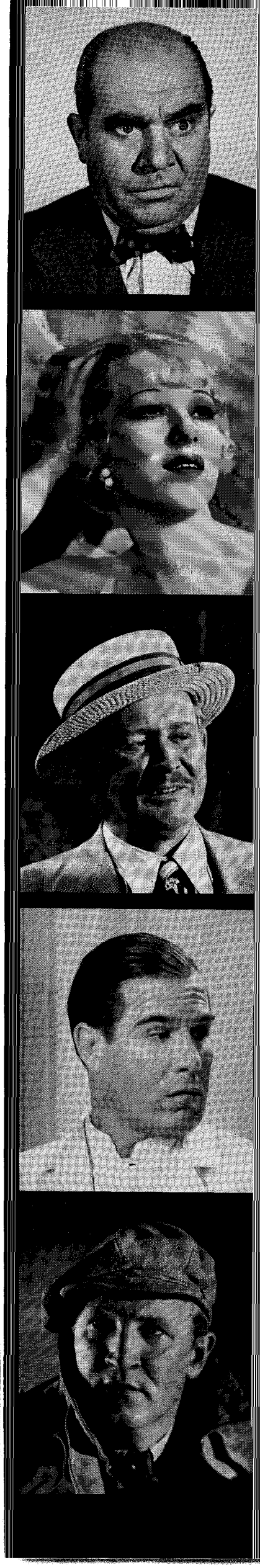

Among featured players seen again and again on classic movies on TV are (top to bottom) Edward Brophy (LARCENY, INC.); Glenda Farrell (HAVANA WIDOWS); Barton MacLane (THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE); Nat Pendleton (DR. KILDARE GOES HOME); and Joe Sawyer (THE INFORMER).

add to his other troubles, his nerves are pretty well shot; he tends to talk more, and often says a little too much. When he doesn't come on with the self-pity of an Odets character ("All I ever got out of life," Gregory Peck broods, in *The Gunfighter*, "was this here watch"), he is addressing himself, Hamlet style, to a host of overwhelming questions: Am I slowing up? Who cares whether I live or die? How many more men must I kill? Why won't they let me alone?

No wonder, then, that he draws his gun less willingly and gets off fewer shots when he does draw. (I could be off by a couple, but it seems to me that I've never counted more than a dozen shots in any Western made after the '50's. The all-time low: three, in *The Gunfighter*.) And after he has killed ("Don't make me do it," pleads Henry Fonda in *Warlock*, Joel McCrea in *Wichita*, Robert Ryan in *The Proud Ones*), he rides out dwindled and diminished, longer in tooth and shorter of breath. His horse steps slowly, for the street is crowded with buckboards; the homesteaders are stocking up on supplies, and the storekeeper is telling them, "The old West is dyin'" . . . "One of these days the railroad's comin' tuh Abilene" . . . "Got ourselves thirty new families last week." Stretching out before him is a Dust Bowl vista lifted straight out of *The Grapes of Wrath;* and the birds circling overhead look suspiciously like N.R.A. blue eagles.

How fast the time goes and how television marks and mocks its passage! Within a week you are watching the fawn-eyed, apple-cheeked William Holden in *Our Town* and *Meet the Stewarts* change into the *Stalag 17* hardcase. Or you catch Gable and Lombard and Bogart and Cooper and Colman, and you're filled with an irrational anger against them; by what right, after all, do gods and goddesses die? Overnight, two decades' worth of judgments are thrown out. (The Marx Brothers don't hold up, yet Bob Hope does; Lionel Barrymore is a finer actor than John; Irene Dunne may have been only the most brilliant comedienne of them all; Frank Capra seems less sentimental, Preston Sturges more.)

So television makes us all film historians. And cultists. And titans of trivia. And sneaky weepers. It sends us to bed or Barcalounger drugged with memory and turned on like Proust. For in the world of the *Late Show* we have only time past, and we are helpless against it. We rise, open the refrigerator, try to fill our stomachs and close our minds. But nothing helps, nothing holds back the question that comes a moment before sleep—*What am I now that I was not then / Which I must act and suffer again?* □

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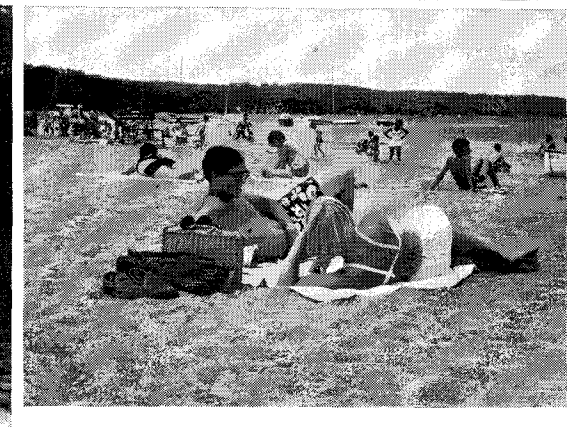

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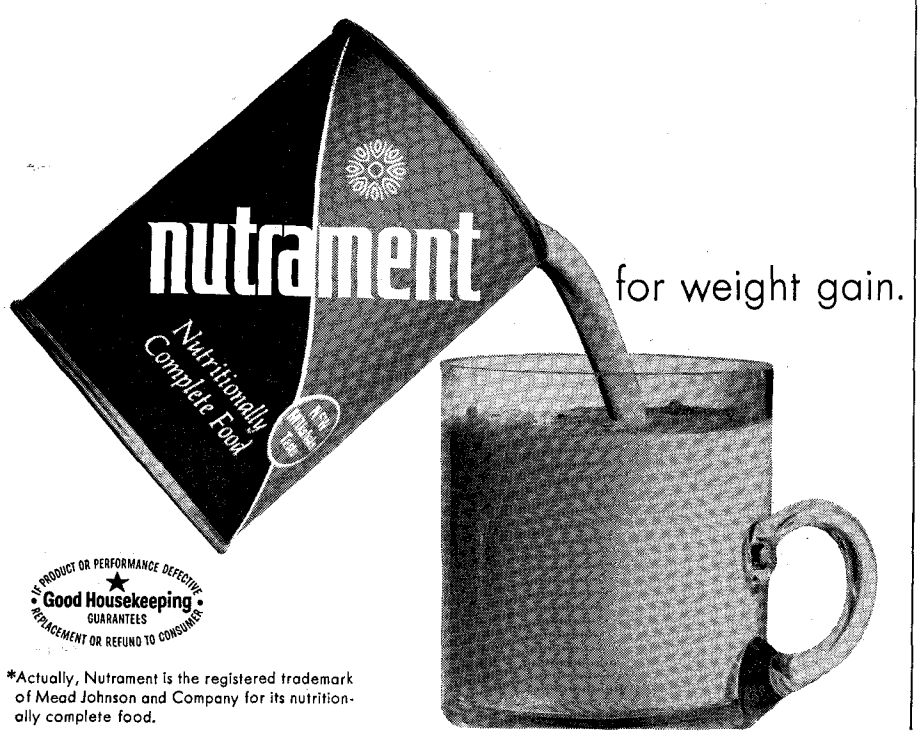

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LESTER MADDOX

(continued from page 29)

still lusty liberal who had initiated a kind of little New Deal of his own during his administration back in 1943–1947. And then, somewhere out there in the back country, was a fourth Democrat—Lester himself.

Astonishingly, when the primary votes were counted on September 14, Arnall was left facing a runoff against Lester Maddox. Lester now came on with a vengeance. Arnall retreated, batting blindly as if he were fighting a ghost in the dark. And two short weeks later, Lester defeated him by 70,051 votes and became the Democratic nominee for governor. "If Georgia were China," said one stunned state political leader, "this would be known as the Year of the Cuckoo."

How in the world did Lester Maddox beat Ellis Arnall? Part of the answer is the fact that Georgia, despite its image as a liberal state in southern terms, is still basically conservative and segregationist: Vandiver was actually elected as a segregationist who had sworn he would keep the University of Georgia white, and Sanders defeated that old redoubtable catfish segregationist Marvin Griffin, more because Griffin's administration had been speckled with corruption than because of Sanders's liberalism. To carry out their moderate programs, the Vandiver and Sanders administrations managed to outmaneuver the most reactionary rural and small-town elements, using the quiet support of the growing and increasingly urban middle class. Reaction was stilled, but it was not dead.

Given this background, Lester was helped immensely by the quick, garish sputter of Negro riots that flared in Atlanta shortly before the primary and the runoff. Touched off by the wounding of a Negro suspect by an Atlanta detective, then guardedly cultivated by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, these eruptions prompted one state leader to groan: "Stokely Carmichael has just made Lester Maddox governor of Georgia."

But first Maddox had to beat Bo Callaway, the Republican candidate. For the duration of the campaign that followed, Callaway's manner was probably a prolongation of his reaction when he learned after the Democratic runoff that Lester Maddox was to be his opponent—incredulous, blinking, vaguely smiling, almost detached wonder. His campaign strategy had been tailored toward Arnall, and he never seemed able—or willing—to cope with the fact that Lester had now fallen heir to a great mass of votes generated by bitterness against the Negro.

He simply could not believe that the people were serious about Lester. Full of breathless, simple, decent enthusiasms, Callaway suggested a formidably virginal young man running for president of a high-school student body, and he kept insisting, "I *love* my Georgia."

On Election Day, Callaway finished 3,039 votes ahead of Maddox, but enough Georgians wrote in the name of Ellis Arnall to deny a majority to either man. Now, adding new dimension to the dreamlike absurdity of the situation, was the possibility, for the span of a few weeks, that the state might have no governor at all. Under the Georgia constitution the legislature is directed to pick a governor if the people fail to make up their minds about it in the general election, and there was instantly a salvo of court suits to prevent that from happening. The legislature was dominated by rural and small-town Democrats, who were bound to vote for Maddox.

At times, as the confusion swelled, there seemed to be a certain giddiness about the fix the state was in. It was as if everyone had the feeling of being involved in a political lark too fascinating to end, a political situation comedy too ingenuous to be alarming. One state legislator said of Maddox and Callaway, "Hell, neither one of 'em would know how to pour spit out of a boot. Callaway might, if the directions were printed on the heel, and he turned it upside down to find them."

Finally, the courts ruled that the legislature would have to choose between Maddox and Callaway. Lester, now, was inevitable, though Callaway kept scrambling, futilely telephoning legislators over the state, blurting tearfully to one, "Well, I'm gonna win this thing one way or the other! I am!"

The afternoon before the legislature was to meet, Lester had one of his aides drive him past the front of the capitol so he could see the inauguration stand. "Just think," he said, "I was once just a little ole raggedy barefoot boy down there in southwest Atlanta. And now, tomorrow, I'm gonna—go slow a minute—be up there on that platform with all that bunting and flags, and bands playing. . . ."

When he arose on winter mornings as a small boy, before he could eat breakfast on a cold stomach, he had to start a fire in the kitchen, get eggs from the henhouse, heat water and take his bath in a tin tub. His father was a laborer at the Atlantic Steel Company, and he grew up, with three brothers and three sisters, in the same smoky, dingy neighborhood where one day he was to build his famous restaurant. But then he was just a boy riding his bicycle—the weightless, effortless glide, the exquisite flickering of light through the myriad spokes—on his daily paper route, hovering briefly at the back of Coca-Cola trucks to snitch a bottle, then veering away, madly pedaling off into the vast, soft, empty flare of a southern afternoon.

He sold the old Atlanta *Georgian* on downtown street corners for three cents a copy, but "I never could get me a good spot; somebody else would always take the good spots." Later he worked at a jeweler's supply house, as an apprentice dental technician, as a soda jerk and as a delivery boy—coasting, swooping, disembodied, the silent delicate wheels strumming the light like a continuous faint harp. His career as a restaurateur had its beginnings with a drink stand in an old pigeon coop, which he stocked with a case of Coca-Cola, a case of NuGrape, mint candy and bread. His love was then borne to him on a bicycle, eating an Eskimo Pie. She rode past his drink stand several times, and then he asked her if he could borrow her bike. He fell off.

They were married when he was 19 and working at Atlantic Steel, a bleak, clanging, fierce, cheerless place, with

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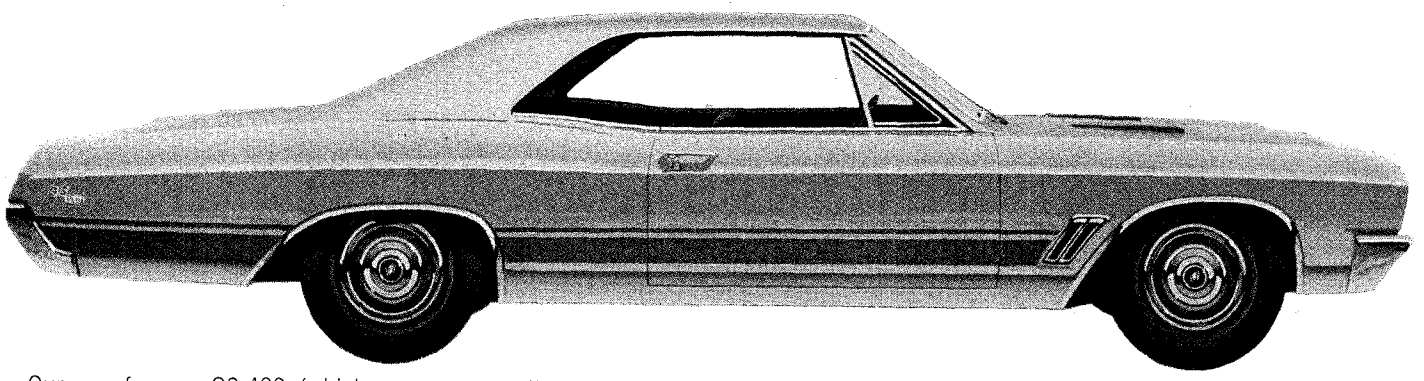
Buick's new GS-340. The minipriced GS-400.



Our now-famous GS-400 (which you see *lurking in the background*) doesn't come for peanuts. It's a great car—but just a little rich for some people. So we set to work and designed the Buick GS-340. It has a smaller engine (but it weighs a lot less). Its interior isn't quite as sumptuous (but it's clean and simple and tasteful). It has its own exterior paint: a broad rally stripe, and contrasting hood scoops. And its own ornamentation and the full complement of GM safety features. We ended up with a car that does indeed cost less than the GS-400. But one with its own brand of excitement. Give one a drive soon. It's maxidriving.

"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them." Still true.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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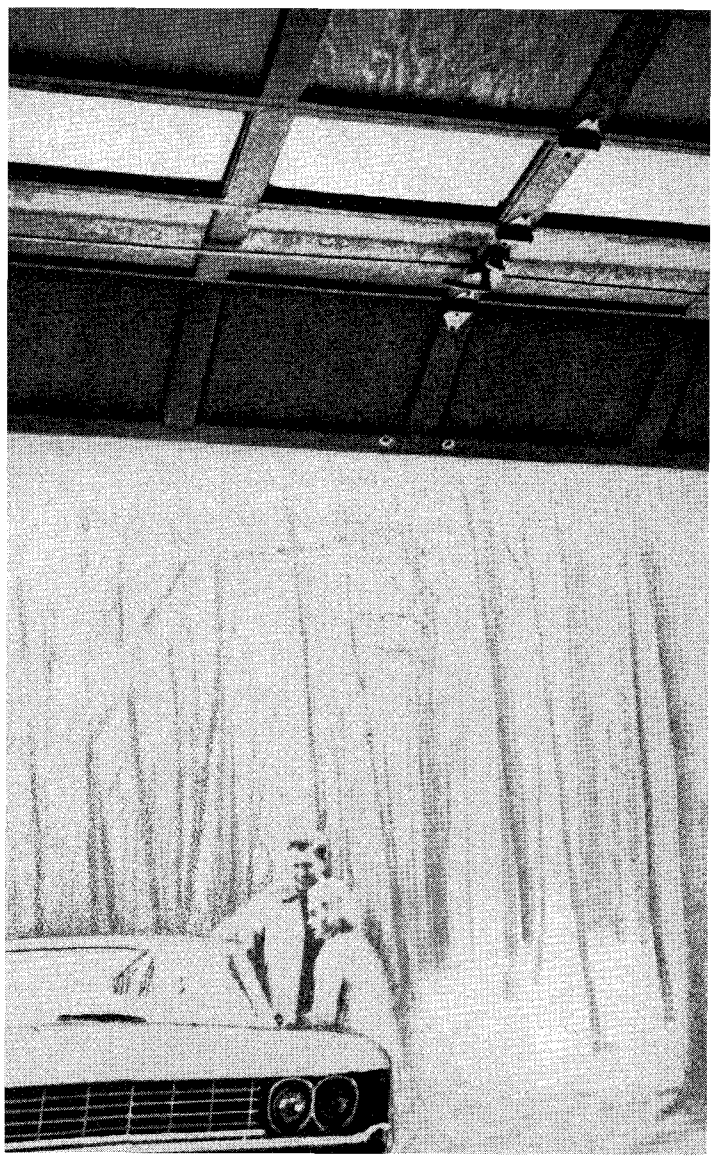

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steel beams and vulturous, stark heaps of scrap metal rusting in weeds beneath a murderous sun. He earned $10 a week. "Men were afraid to get a drink of water, to go to the bathroom, for fear of losing their jobs," he remembers. "Men used to be treated like animals." He also recalls that "I've reached down a lot of times to help load a box of steel, and a Nigra would be on the other end of it. I once refused to fire two Nigra men who were seen riding in a car with union men. The boss told me, 'If you're gonna work here, you're gonna have to carry out the orders of this company.' I told him, 'Well, you're gonna have to do the firing. I'm not.' Yessir."

During World War II he worked in a plant near Atlanta that produced fleets of B-29 bombers. He also gave chicken farming a fling before he opened up his restaurant. "I had several thousand broilers once, but I lost every one of them I had. They got involved in this cannibalism, you know."

All the while he continued to ride bicycles. Shortly before his hectic confrontation with the Atlanta police in front of The Pickrick, he won a neighborhood bicycle race, pumping furiously and ecstatically, quickly gathering the wind and leaving all the others, a middle-aged man in his shirt-sleeves in the blue summer twilight. . . .

He finally shut his restaurant, rather than serve Negroes, and something seemed to fade within Lester during the months that followed. His voice became not exactly quieter but tinier, his smiles somewhat wan and fleeting. He briefly reopened his restaurant, but this time the mellow dining music was replaced by doughty fifes and drums skirling through *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, and he was peddling crates of ax handles instead of plates of drumsticks; he eventually enlarged his stock to include a complete family backlash kit, with "mama-size drumsticks and junior-size drumsticks—those clubs that railway switchmen used to carry." He considered going into the patriotism business full-time. "I think I'll probably turn The Pickrick into a national shrine," he mused. "We'll take people through on tours, and I'll have an eternal light burning inside, and I'll make my living there at the shrine. I'll stay with it and develop it. . . ." Instead, he sold the place, and opened a furniture store which he called The Pickrick, advertising, "You will want Pickrick furniture because our furniture is for families who live better."

But he soon became restless again. He could be depended upon to show up at all the unseemlier racial confrontations around Atlanta. Whenever the legislature was in session, he would be seen in the corridors almost every morning, a solitary, forlorn, but deathlessly hopeful figure, handing out patriotism tracts, impervious to the snickers and impatient condescensions and small humiliations he endured from legislators. The young doorkeeper to the House was notified that he would be fired for only two reasons: "laying down on your job, and if you ever let Lester Maddox get past you into this chamber."

Over the years, Lester had become a chronic candidate for office. He never won, but he did manage to get into two runoffs—one for mayor of Atlanta and one for lieutenant governor. In 1965 he decided to run for governor the following year. "I didn't see any way in the world I was gonna lose," he now declares. "I kept telling the politicians, 'I'm gonna win, I'm gonna beat every one of you. You either gonna come in now or come in later.' " Believing the secret of genius to be directness, he commenced by drawing up a platform, printing 50,000 copies and mailing them off to people. Then he got into his dusty, white 1964 Pontiac station wagon and, with a four-foot ladder tied to the top, disappeared into the state's outback. Before long, driving along thin country highways, one began noticing small cardboard signs, simply printed THIS IS MADDOX COUNTRY and MADDOX WITHOUT A RUNOFF, tacked rather furtively to an occasional telephone pole.

"I used the ladder," says Lester, "to climb up on and fasten the signs high up so people couldn't come along and tear them off. I'd go down the highway and see all these big two-thousand-dollar billboards put up by my opponents. I'd just pull off the road and get my ladder and tack up ten little signs of my own and ruin all of 'em, and it wouldn't cost me but a quarter." His campaign staff, at this point, consisted of himself, his wife, his daughter and his sister. He stopped for occasional speaking engagements in his odyssey around the state, and slept (raggedly, in two-hour snatches) in a succession of bleary little motels, frequently lunging from his bed in the middle of the night, fumbling on his glasses, and scribbling out a suddenly inspired thought in the small, harsh, immediate glare of a metal desk lamp. The following day he would stop at telephone booths along the road and eagerly call in publicity releases to the AP and UPI—insistent, unreal, dimly crackling, urgent little notifications from the Georgia outback ("Hey, it's Lester again!"), which were largely ignored.

As soon as he had gotten the initial Democratic primary out of the way and was in the runoff against Arnall, he drove across Atlanta to the oak-bowered knoll where the new governor's mansion was under construction. He got out and chatted with the workmen, asking them about when they figured they'd be finished with it. They told him, and he got back in his station wagon and drove away.

Immediately after winning the runoff, he made another trip out to the mansion site, to check on the progress, and then took off after Callaway. He had a lot more company now, and other folks' cars, and other folks' planes. Yet he carried with him everywhere a basket of apples, and as his party approached a town, he would chirp happily, "Buster, give me an apple from back there!"

Late one dull, gray, autumn afternoon, after a middling rally in the small north Georgia village of Cumming, Lester had his driver stop the car, and got out and engaged in a brief, low conversation with a small boy who had a bicycle. The boy then handed Lester his bicycle and, as his aides sat patiently in the car, Lester shakily mounted the undersized bike and wobbled down the sidewalk, to the corner and back, his expression absolutely

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composed and content and remote, almost blissful, as a light snow began to fall like a noiseless benediction around him in the hushed, dim afternoon. . . .

Two nights before the legislature was to name him the governor of Georgia, Lester showed up at a Georgia Jaycee banquet at a downtown Atlanta hotel. Although this was not exactly a gathering of his people, Lester was expansive, slapping backs and shouting, "How are you, boy, you doing all right?" Then he discovered that he was seated right across the table from the Callaways, at point-blank conversational range. But he was in an invincible, amiable mood, nibbling on a cookie. Finally, sitting up with almost a military erectness, both arms lying straight on the table, one hand holding his cookie and the other hand wrapped around a glass of milk, he addressed himself to the Callaways: "Bo, yawl ski, don't you?"

This sally met with icy politeness from the Callaways—Mrs. Callaway, in fact, simply didn't speak. Undaunted, Lester continued nibbling on his cookie, beaming and nodding at others up and down the table. But once, for a long moment, as Callaway was whispering to his wife, Lester stared silently at the two of them, a light, little, polite, quizzical smile on his face, as if he were puzzled by their remoteness, by the fact they would not heartily include him in their conversation. Mrs. Callaway, a handsome, tanned, tawny woman with a brown mane of hair, wearing a simple royal-blue hopsacking sheath, turned to a reporter behind her, a stranger, and breathed, "I don't know whether it's the heat or the food or the situation, but it's stifling in here." She managed to maintain the semblance of a smile, although her jaw was set. For a while Lester and the Callaways studiously avoided each other's eyes. Lester now was spooning down his food with a kind of distracted half-mindful haste, not quite getting his mouthfuls of coffee swallowed, as he would turn to greet well-wishers leaning over his shoulder.

Then, for another long moment, he gazed at the Callaways again, bemused, blinking once, and suddenly said, "Well, did yawl have a nice Christmas?" Callaway murmured something, and Lester listened with a very grave and attentive expression on his face. Holding his coffee cup poised midway to his mouth, he then turned to Callaway's wife, and inquired, "How about you, Mrs. Callaway?" She gave him a small, sweet smile. "No, we didn't," she snapped, "thanks to you."

He stared at her a second longer, blinked twice, and finally raised his cup on up to his lips, took a long sip, and set it down, briefly glancing up at the ceiling with an expression of airy, angelic innocence.

During his long campaign to reach the governor's mansion, a subtle change had begun to come over Lester. "You used to see Lester running around with his eyes wide-open with outrage, kind of hysterical all the time, you know," said one veteran reporter. "But did you see that picture of him the morning after he had gotten into the runoff? His eyelids had dropped a full two inches, and he had this mild, hazy, beatific little smile on his face, his lips just parted a little bit—he had the drowsy, peaceful look of a lizard that has just swallowed a fly."

More than that, in the subsequent campaigning Lester seemed to dissolve strangely, to go out of focus. He had a series of nice things to say about state political leaders whom he had termed "rascals" in the past, including Governor Sanders. And he even repudiated George Wallace's third-party movement, which caused one prominent politician close to the Alabama governor to snort, "Hell, he didn't even think he was gonna show, didn't have any idea he was even close. Then, all of a sudden, he wakes up one morning and he's in the runoff, and he thinks, 'Why, goddamn, I could win this thing, I could be *governor* of this state!' He gets frantic and starts trying to make everybody he can think of happy, snatching at anybody, making all these accommodations and stuff. Hell, it was funny."

It was never clearer that Lester had undergone a quiet metamorphosis than on the night he assumed the governorship. The oddly listless applause that greeted him when he entered the House chamber for his acceptance speech testified, not only to the legislators' weariness, to their dull sense of having surrendered pell-mell to fate, and perhaps to dim misgivings about what they'd just done, but also to a vague confusion and uncertainty about Lester himself. As soon as Lester reached the Speaker's podium, the applause abruptly evaporated into stillness. With the light reflecting off his glasses, a benign, tentative smile on his face, Lester began, "I enter this office with no enemies to punish and no friends to favor. My primary goal must be the goal of all Georgians—to unite all Georgians in a common bond so that together we can achieve great heights." Then he added, "I need and seek your help and your prayers and your counsel and your advice. . . ."

After the speech, Lester even received sympathy from as unlikely a source as Julian Bond, the controversial young Negro member of the House. "I think he really wants to do what's right, and he's begun to wonder if what he thinks is right is really right."

When the speech was done, as he was being bustled through the corridors, Lester reached through the phalanx of troopers around him and grasped for the hands of everyone in sight, spectators and legislators and newsmen, announcing, "I'm gonna need you to help me, now," his dank clasp clinging as he searched for someone else to seize. "I'll be good to you," he called to one group of newsmen, "and you boys be good to me, hear? Help me to be a good governor, now."

The next morning—Lester's public swearing-in day—found the inauguration platform brilliant with bunting, swimming with flags. The day was bright and sharp, with the magnolia leaves clacking in the cold, wind-edged sunlight. Among the warmly bundled dignitaries on the platform were two former southern governors who were invocations of the past—Mississippi's Ross Barnett and Georgia's own Marvin Griffin; most of the current southern governors had been invited, but none of them showed.

The band played a fanfare, and two howitzers squatting on the edge of the lawn blatted 18 times—a flat, brutal

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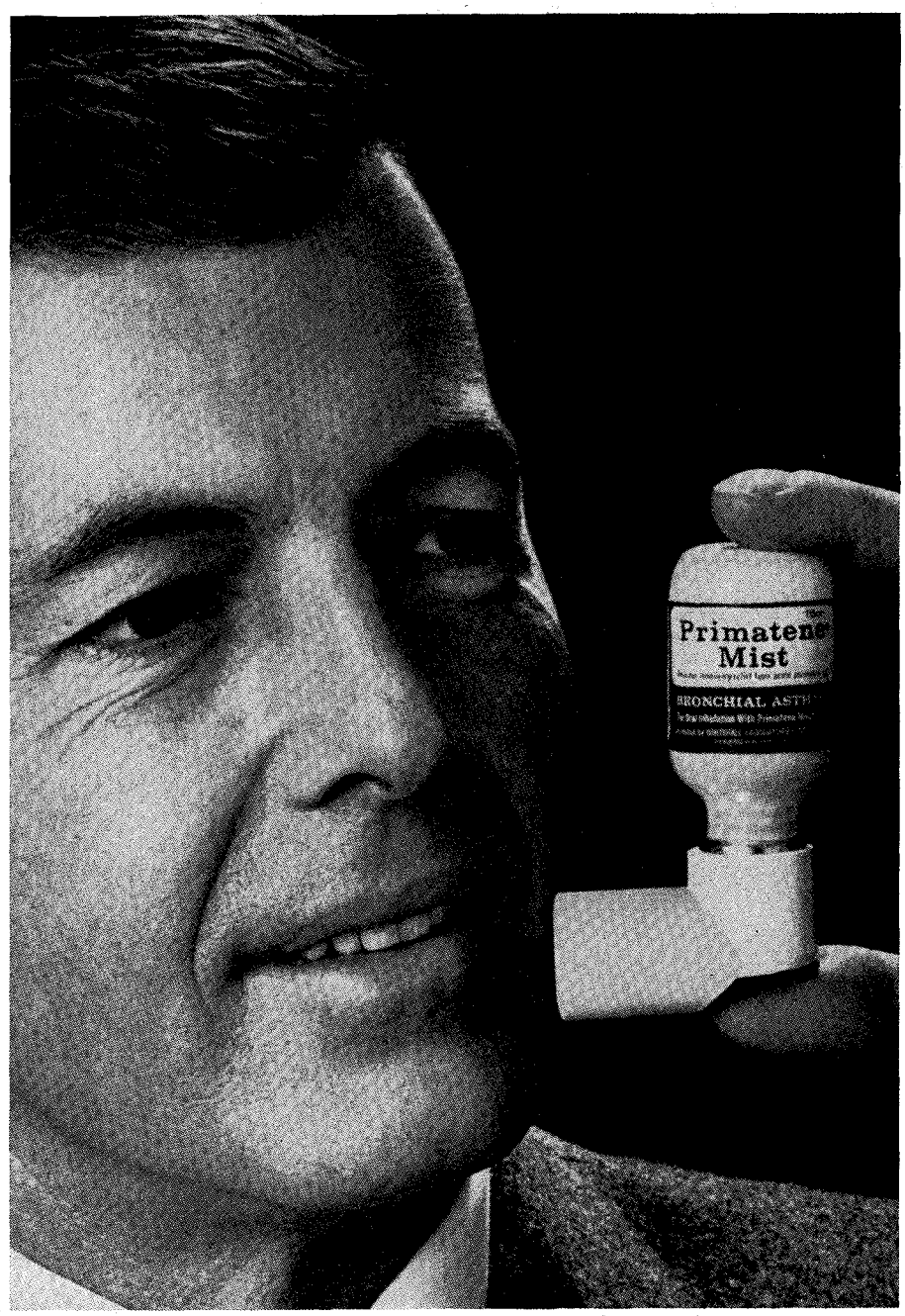

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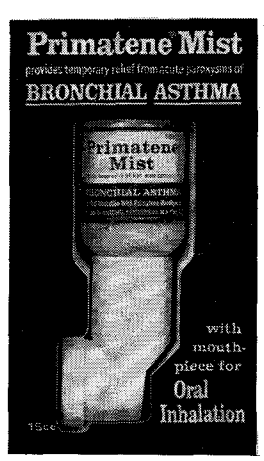

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Ben Davis
Teeter's Drug
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Kirsch Drug Store
Bicknell
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Highland Village Drugs
Varsity Pharmacy
Boonville
Scales Pharmacy
Bristol
Congdon Drug Store
Brookston
Holden Pharmacy
Butler
Geddes' Drug Store
Cedar Lake
Lyle's Pharmacy
Pugh's Drug Store
Chesterfield
Chesterfield Pharmacy
Chesterton
Peterson's Pharmacy
Columbus
Coffmans Drug Service
North Side Drugs
Clinton
Powell's Pharmacy
Columbia
Thornburg Drug Company
Corydon
Davis Drug
Crawfordsville
Nye & Booe Drug Company
Crown Point
Ribordy Drugs
Scheddell and Wendt Bros.
Dale
Kaiser Drugs
Danville
Thompson Drug Store
Turners Drug Store
Decatur
Holthouse Drug Company
Delphi
Orr Drug
Wynkoop Pharmacy
Dyer
Dyer-Temple Pharmacy
East Chicago
Euclid Pharmacy
Elkhart
Houseworth Brothers
Huff's Pharmacy
Judd Drug Store
Elnora
Foster's Pharmacy
Evansville
Deegs Pharmacy
Fairmount
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Ft. Branch
Garbers Drugs
Ft. Wayne
Buschbaum Drug Store
Butler Drugs
Clyde Pharmacy
Gerding Pharmacy
Haynes Pharmacy
Houston Pharmacy
Indian Village
Jefferson Pharmacy
Keltsch Pharmacy
Rulka Pharmacy
Stiver-Alter Pharmacy
Urbine Pharmacy
Meyer's Rexall Drugs
Frankfort
Schnaible Drug Company
French Lick-City Drug
Gary
Arthur's
Broadway Pharmacy
Central Pharmacy
Dickerson Drugs
11th Avenue Pharmacy
15th Avenue Pharmacy
Aukens-Striegel Drugs
Meadows Apothecary
Scarsdale Pharmacy
Taft Street Pharmacy
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Goshen
Judd Drug Store
Greensburg
Batterton West Side Drugs
Greencastle
Coan Pharmacy
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Byrne Pharmacy
Robertson Drug
Straffords Pharmacy
Greenwood
Corner Drug
Super X Drug
Waldon Pharmacy
Griffith
Park Pharmacy
Shakula's Pharmacy
Grothersville
Cartwright's Pharmacy
Hammond
McCoy's Pharmacy
Driggs Pharmacy
Herbon
Buchanan Drug
Hessville
Fifield Pharmacy
Highland
Highland Pharmacy
Ken-Ridge Drugs
Hobart
Hillcrest Pharmacy
Hobart Walgreen
Huntington
Bob Miller
Indianapolis
B & B Drugs
B. & F. Drugs
Broad Ripple Pharmacy
Brocks Drug-Store
Clark Pharmacy
Clark Prescription Pharmacy
Coons Drugs
Delbo Drugs
Gee Drugs
Henderson Pharmacy
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Kichler Pharmacy
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Loogootee
Walker Drug Company
Lowell
Roberts Drug Store
Marion
White's Pharmacy
Martinsville
Phelps Drug Store
Merrillville
Turkey Creek Pharmacy
Michigan City
Franklin Pharmacy
Mishawaka
Tribe Orea Drugs
Mitchell
Burton City Drug Store
Mooresville
Richhart Drug
Mount Vernon
Mt. Vernon Pharmacy
Monon
Querry Pharmacy
Muncie
City Rexall Drugs
May Vitamin & Cosmetic
Nappanee
Thornburg Drug Co.
Newburgh
Newburgh Pharmacy
New Harmony
Walz Pharmacy
New Haven
Charles Purvis Drugs
Dan Purvis Drugs
Meyer's Rexall Drugs
Noblesville
Hayden Drugs
North Judson
Petry Drug Store
Squillers Variety Store
Orleans
Orleans Pharmacy
Oakland City
Parker Drugs
Pendleton
Tanke Drug Store
Peru
Blue Drug Store
Petersburg
Williams Pharmacy
Plainfield
Strafford Pharmacy
Richmond
Lukens Drugs
Phillips Drug
Rochester
Baxters Drug
Rockville
Insley Drug Store
Rockport
Schoenfeld Drug Store
Rosiclare
Travis Drug Co.
Scottsburg
Hancocks Drug Store
Seelyville
Eldon's Pharmacy
Seymour
Hatfield C.L. Drug
W.G. Baldwin Drug
Speedway
Meadowood Pharmacy
Spencer
Moss & Money Drug Co.
Sullivan
Milburn's Pharmacy
Syracuse
Thornburg Drug Co.
Terre Haute
Jones Pharmacy
McGraw Pharmacy
Meadows Pharmacy
Miller Pharmacy
Wests' Drug Store
Woolco Pharmacy
Terre Haute, North
Harvey Greenwood Drugs
Terre Haute, West
Dodge Drugs
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Wakarusa
Wakarusa Pharmacy
Walkerton
Jacob Drug
Wanamaker
Hartman Pharmacy
Warsaw
Judd Drug Store
Thornburg Drug Co.
Washington
Walker's Pharmacy
Williams Rexall Pharmacy
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Hine Pharmacy
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Williams Drug
Walks Drug
Apples

KENTUCKY

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Adairville Drug Co.
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Ashland
Layne's Pharmacy
Meyers Pharmacy
Auburn
Auburn Drug Co.
Beattyville
Wolfinbarger Pharmacy
Benton
Corner Drug Store
J & R Pharmacy
Nelson Drugs
Bloomfield
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Bowling Green
Osco Drug
C.D.S. Drugs
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Catlettsburg
Frailie Pharmacy
Gar-Son Drugs
Campbellsville
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Goodman Drugs
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Boyd Drugs
Ragland Drug
Showers & Hays
Elkton
Campbell's Drug Center
Erlanger
Elsmere Pharmacy
Flatwoods
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Flemingsburg
Aitkin Drugs
Florence
Denham's Florence Drug Store
Fort Mitchell
Fort Mitchell Pharmacy
Fort Thomas
Schulkers' Ft. Thomas Pharmacy
Frankfort
Fitzgerald Drug
Horn Drug
Fulton
City Drug Company of E.R. Holt
Glasgow
Geo. J. Ellis Drug Co.
Ely-Drugs
Simmons Drugs, Inc.
Taylor's Prescription Serv.
Grayson
Grayson Pharmacy
Horton Brothers & Brown
Greensburg
Model Drug
Guthrie
Gray Drug Store
Harrodsburg
Curry & Morgan Drug
Harrodsburg Gem
Hazard
Begley Drugs
Fouts Drugs Co.
Hazard Drug Co.
Hickman
Hickman Drugs
Hopkinsville
Major-Dray Drugs
Horse Cave
Caverna Drugs
Irving
Rowland Drug Store
Jackson
Duncan Pharmacy
Jackson Drug Co.
Jeffersonville
Murphy & Cloyd
Jenkins
Cavalier Store Inc.
Kuttawa
McConnell Drug
Lagrange
Head's Drug Store
Whipps Mill Drug
Lawrenceburg
Ballards Drug Store
Klinks Drug Store
Lebanon
Corner Drug Store
Hagan-O'Daniel Pharmacy
Lewisburg
Gower Drug Store
Lexington
Cassell's Pharmacy
Dunn Drug Co.
Gardenside Pharmacy, Inc.
Hales Pharmacy
Hubbard & Curry Drugs
Idle Hour Pharmacy
Jones Pharmacy
Lawrence Drug
Northside Pharmacy
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Wheeler Pharmacy
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Liberty
Liberty Drugs
Louisa
Lawrence Drug Store
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Albert's Pharmacy
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Clark Pharmacy
Comer Pharmacy
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Grays Drug
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Jennewein Drug
Kerr Drugs
Koby Drugs
Louisville Apothecary
Meyer's Pharmacy
Model Drug Stores
Neff Pharmacy
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Shelby St. Pharmacy
Simons Pharmacy
Superex Drug
Third Avenue Pharmacy
Top's Dept. Store
Voss Pharmacy
Wagner Drug
Wick's Pharmacy
Wirth's Drug
Wobbe's Pharmacy
Zegart Drugs
Zeiden Drug Co.
Ludlow
Budde's Pharmacy
Farrell's Drug Store
Lyndon
Wrightson Lyndon
Marion
Babb Drugs
Mayfield
Duncan Drug Store
Stone's Drug Store
Maysville
Ryan's Drug Store
Middletown
Middletown Apothecary
Wish's Laddie Drug
Monticello
Monticello Drug
Morehead
Battson Drug Co.
Holdbrook Drug Store
Morganfield
Fritts Drug Store
Mt. Vernon
Maggard Drug Store
Mt. Washington
Towne Pharmacy
Murray
Holland Drug Co.
Wallis Drugs
New Albany
New Albany Apothecary
Okolona
Grantz Drugs, Inc.
Paducah
Albritton's Pharmacy
Bill's Pharmacy
Coleman's Drug Store
G. & O. Rexall Drug
Paducah Cut Rate Drug Store
Uncle Lee's Pay Less Pharmacy
Paintsville
City Rexall Store
Pikeville
Economy Drug
Howell Drug, Inc.
Sargents Pharmacy
Shevel Drug Store
Short Drug Store
Standard Drug Store
Prestonsburg
Fountain Korner Drug
Rose Drug Store
Princeton
Princeton Drug Co.
Providence
Niswonger Drug Store
Robards Drug Store
Ravenna
Ravenna Drug Store
Richmond
Hinkle Drugs
M & M Drug Store
Stockton Drug
Russell
Frailie's Pharmacy
Scott Drugs
Russell Springs
Hopper Drug Store
Russellville
Duncan's Drug Store
Perry's Drugs
Salem
Prescription Center
Shelbyville
Smith-McKenney Co., Inc.
South Shore
McDonald Pharmacy
Springfield
County Drug
Springfield Drug
Stanford
Coleman Drug Store
Sturgis
The Corner Drug Store
Taylorsville
W. T. Froman Drug Co.
Trenton
Hurst Drug Store
Valley Station
Parrino Pharmacy
Valley Pharmacy
Vanceburg
Blocks Drug Store
Versailles
Wilson Drug
Vicco
Johnson's Inc.
Vine Grove
Wooldridge's Drug Store
West Liberty
Elam Rexall Drugs
Westwood-Ashland
Osborne Pharmacy
Winchester
Corner Drug Store
Whitesburg
Family Drug Inc.
Quillen Drugs

MICHIGAN

Adrian
Hard & Bailey Drug Co.
Albion
Garrison Pharmacy
Allegan
Lawsons Drug Store
Robson Pharmacy
Allendale
Piersma's Allendale Phcy.
Ann Arbor
Food & Drug Mart
Luckey Drug
Quarry Inc.
Baldwin
Patti Drugs
Battle Creek
Alexander Pharmacy
Bay City
Carrigan Pharmacy
Belding
Brecheisens Pharmacy
Benton Harbor
Muir Drug Stores
Talbots Drug Store
Brighton
Ubers Drug
Birmingham
Bi-Lo Discount Pharmacy
Hunter-Maple Pharmacy
Perry Pharmacy *3
Sherman Drug
Wilson Drug
Caledonia
Caledonia Drugs
Calumet
Waarala Drug Store
Cass City
Mac & Scotty Drug
Cedar Springs
Skinner Drugs
Center Line
Binson's Pharmacy
Clawson
Sanford Drug Inc.
Class Pharmacy
Crystal Falls
Rezin's Drug Store
Dearborn Hights
Melady Pharmacy
Detroit
Baskin
Boston Discount Center
Crest Drug Stores
Dave-6 Discount
Day Pharmacy
Fairway Drug
Falcon Pharmacy
Family Drug Co.
George V Drug
G & G Discount Drug
G & M Discount Drug
Hakims Drug
Heyden Drug
Kaplan Pharmacy
Karp's Pharmacy
Lahser Drugs
Liles Pharmacy
Lindsay Drugs
Mac Drugs
Miller Pharmacy
Pauls Cut Rate Drug
Reid's Prescription Phcy.
Shoppers Drug & Dept.
Supreme Drug Co.
Saylor Drug Co.
Wrigley Drug
Escanaba
City Drug Store
Goodman Drugs
Groos Drug Store
People's Drug Store
West End Drug Store
Fair Haven
Frank Foss Drug
Farmington
Bradley Drugs
Penny Wisp
Flint
Kinker Pharmacy
Frankfort
Didrickson Drugs
Garden City
Minder Drugs
Gaylord
Nelson's Drug Store
Gladstone
Central Pharmacy
Dehlin Drug Store
Ivory Drug
Grand Haven
Pfaff Pharmacy
Grand Rapids
Creagan's Pharmacy
Kaufman's Drug Store
Muir Drug Stores
Walker St. Pharmacy
Grandville
Payne Pharmacy
Grant
Larson's Drugs
Grosse Pointe Woods
Bob's Drug Co.
Hamtramck
Sands Drugs
Hancock
City Drug Store
Hart
Hanmer Drugs
Hastings
Gardner Pharmacy
Jacobs Pharmacy
Hazel Park
V-J Drugs
Hesperia
Bob's Drugs
Highland Park
Apex Drug
Mayer Drug Co.
Holland
Buntes Pharmacy
Hansen's Rexall Drugs
Model Drug Store
Houghton
West Side Pharmacy
Hudsonville
Visschers Drugs
Iron Mountain
Ace Drugs
Weber's Pharmacy
Iron River
Central Drug Store
Ironwood
Trier's City Drug Store
Ishpeming
City Drug Store
Johnson's Drug Store
Morrison Drug Store
Jenison
Kugel Jenison Pharmacy
Kalamazoo
Muir Drug Store
Kingsford
Kingsford Drugs
Lake Odessa
Bradens Pharmacy
Dee's Drugs
Lakeview
Lakeview
L'Anse
L'Anse Pharmacy
Lansing
Campus Drug Co.
Capitol Drug
Capitol Vitamin & Cosmetics
Muir Drug Stores
Lapeer
Russel's Drug Store
Lewiston
Orwick's Drug Store
Lincoln Park
Drug Mart
Lourum
Leo's Drugs
Lowell
Christensen's Drug Store
Ludington
City Drugs
Harbor Pharmacy
Manistique
A.S. Putnam & Co.
Putvin Walgreen
Marine City
Haggberg Pharmacy
Marion
Van De Warkers Drugs
Middleville
Smith Pharmacy
Midland
Eastland Drug
Community Drugs
Nugent Drugs
Milan
Miller's Prescription Drug
Montague
Todd Pharmacy
Mt. Clemens
Bannow Drug
Nellie Davis Pharmacy
Munising
Putvin's Drug Store
Muskegon
Benson Drugs
Ellis Pharmacy
Fritz "the Druggist"
Hahn Pharmacy
Holmes Pharmacy
Ladd Pharmacy
Simpson Drugs
Towne & Country Pharmacy
Marquette
Johnson's
Marquette Martin's Drug
Pendill Phcy.
Nashville
Douse Drug Store
Newaygo
Bentley Drugs
Niagara
Don's Pharmacy
Norway
Aune Drug Store
Ontonagon
Ross Drug
Owosso
Voight's Pharmacy
Petersburg
Larzelere Drug Store
Pontiac
Perry Pharmacy *1
Perry Pharmacy *2
Perry Pharmacy *4
Simms Bros. Inc.
Port Huron
Barnet Serv. Drug
Garry F. Peck Drug
Mervin W. Tomlin Drug
Roseville
Gregor Phcy.
Roseville Drive-in Phcy.
Royal Oak
Barry Drug
Clar-Mar Drug
Saginaw
Hoffman's Drug Store
Muir Drug Stores
Orubcubg & Brennan Drug
Sault Ste. Marie
Beezies Drug
Scottville
Nicols Walgreen Drugs
Stanton
Thomas Drug Store
St. Charles
Bob's Pharmacy
St. Clair Shores
Discount Drug Center
St. Ignace
La Rocque Drug Store
Taylor
Henry's Drug
Tecumseh
Holmes Pharmacy
Kenray Drug
Traverse
Eastland Drug
Trenton
West Grange Drug
Troy
Lowen Drugs
Perry Pharmacy
Warren
Adams Drugs
Dale Drug
Fairlane Drug
King Discount Drug
Model Drug
Sterling Warren Pharmacy
Wayland
Nickels Drugs
Wyandotte
Northline Drugs
Ypsilanti
Richardson Pharmacy

OHIO

Akron
Berneath Rexall Drug
Cope Pharmacy
Eastwood Drug
Fairway Pharmacy
Haun Drug Company
Maple Valley Drug
McDowell's Pharmacy
North Hill Pharmacy
Portage Lakes Pharmacy
Sav-Mor Discount Drug
Smith's Massillon Road
Stein Drug Company
Alliance
Corner Pharmacy
Archbold
Red Cross Drug Store
Ashland
Hurst's Pharmacy
Athens
Athens Pharmacy
Walgreen Agency Drugs
Barberton
Bodnar Pharmacy
Barnesville
Shepherd Pharmacy
Bedford
Crown Pharmacy
Belle Center
Belle Center Pharmacy
Belleville
Hursh Drug Store
Belpre
Belpre Pharmacy
National Drugs
Beverly
Price's Pharmacy
Blanchester
Dorseys Drug Store
Bluffton
Skelly Pharmacy
Brecksville
Kuttler Drugs
Brilliant
Williams Drug Store
Brunswick
Brunswick Drug
Burton
Burton Drug Company
Caldwell
Gillespie's Drugs
Canton
Bloom's Drug Store
Hug Drugs Inc.
Normans Pharmacy
Physician's Pharmacy
Carrollton
Rhuark's Pharmacy
Celina
Bairs Drugs
Chagrin Falls
Nall's Drug Store
Chardon
Cook's Drug Store
Chesapeake
Wilks Pharmacy
Chesterland
Chesterland Drug
Ross Drug
Chillicothe
Eromann's Pharmacy
Ginther Cut Rate
Groeber Pharmacy
Rieder Pharmacy
Zane Drug
Cincinnati
Alexander's Pharmacy
Bob's Pharmacy
Cliff's Pharmacy
Day Heights Pharmacy
Duggan's Pharmacy
Eastern Hills Pharmacy
Flannery's Pharmacy
Hall's Drugs
Iglep Pharmacy
Kinross Pharmacy
Klein's Pharmacy
Lahrmann Pharmacy
Mack Drugs
Maury Pharmacy
H. L. Mueller Pharmacy
Murry's Pharmacy
Northbrook Pharmacy
Pack's Pharmacy
Permut Pharmacy
Plotnick's Pharmacy
Pohlman Pharmacy
Riegler's Pharmacy
Riesser's Pharmacy
Larry Shea's Pharmacy
Steinman's Pharmacy
Wiseman's Pharmacy
Cleveland
Alvin Drug
Avery's Drugs
Bader's Pharmacy
Busch's Pharmacy
Cermak Drug Company
Clark Avenue Drugs
Don-El Drug
Famous Discount
Friendly Pharmacy
Gateway Drug
Leader Drug Stores
Jay Drugs
Lansing Pharmacy
Mars Drugs
Ohio Drug
Prijatel's Pharmacy
Reliable Drug Company
Svec Pharmacy
Uptown Drug
Yale Drug Company
College Hill
Brother's Drugs
Columbus
Ackerman Drugs
Campus-Neil Pharmacy
Cooper Pharmacy
Fairport Pharmacy
Fountain Drug Store
Liles Pharmacy
Lincoln Village Pharmacy
Lynn Drug Company
McLoughlin's Pharmacy
Miller Drug Company
Oliver Pharmacy
Plaza Pharmacy
Press Pharmacy
Segel's Prescriptions
Seelig Pharmacy
Sloan Drug
Star Drugs
Sun Drug Company
University Pharmacy
Woodward Park Center Pharmacy
Conneaut
Conneaut Drug Company
Gerdes Pharmacy
Coshocton
Miller Pharmacy
Triplitts Pharmacy
Creston
Matteson's Pharmacy
Cuyahoga Falls
Beeler Pharmacy
Hanna Pharmacy
Dalton
Edgerton Drug
Dayton
Allens Pharmacy
Bells Drug Store
Dafler Drugs
Diamond Discount Drugs
Gettysburg Pharmacy
Hamiels Pharmacy
Northridge Drugs
Owl Drugs
Service Drugs
Thrifty Drugs
Valley Pharmacy
Delaware
Del Pharmacy
Delhi Hills
Mitchell Pharmacy
Delta
Schrock's Drug Store
Dennison
Twin City Pharmacy
Dover
Marlowes's Drug Store
Downtown Willoughby
MD Pharmacy
Doylestown
Purdy's Pharmacy
East Liverpool
Bloors Pharmacy
McBurney Pharmacy
East Palestine
Sutherin Brothers
Eaton
Cambells Drugs
Elyria
Hess Pharmacy
Hess & Hess Pharmacy
Koplin Drug Store
Euclid
Leader Drugs
Fairborn
Sloan's Drugs
Fairview Park
Ohliger Drug Company
Fayetteville
Becher Drugs
Gahanna
Martin's Pharmacy
Gallipolis
Gillingham Drugs
Price & Sons Pharmacy
Garrettsville
Pelsue Pharmacy
Glouster
Drurys Store
Grafton
Grafton Pharmacy
Granville
Taylor's Drug Store
Greenfield
Bonfiglio Pharmacy
Hamilton
Beeler Drug
Du Bois Drugs
Lowe Discount
Walkers Central Drug
Hicksville
Hicksville Pharmacy
Hillsboro
Hillcrest Pharmacy
Holland
West Haven Pharmacy
Huron
Huron Drug
Jackson
Lewis Drug
Ray's Invalid Aids
Johnstown
Stanley's Drugs
Kent
Thompson Pharmacy
Lakewood
Leader Drugs
Haldeman's Drug Store
Lancaster
Risch Drug Store
Lima
Super Drugs
Wiechart's Pharmacy
Lisbon
Morgan's Drug Store
Lodi
Medlo Drug
Logan
Cases Drug Store
Risch Drug Store
Stoltz Drug Store
Lorain
National Pharmacy Company
Louisville
Hudson's Drug Store
Lucasville
Lucasville Drugs
Lynchburg
Wilbanks Drug Store
Lyndhurst
Lyndhurst Drugs
Kenton
Boyds Pharmacy
House of McCoy
Lancaster
Beiter & Flege Drugs
Schwendeman & Cook Druggists
Pete Simon Drugs
Lima
Butler's Drug Store
London
Days Drugs
Florea Pharmacy
Strine's Drug Store
Madeira
Braun Pharmacy
Mansfield
Hursh Drug Store
Shaw & O.H. Drugs Inc.
Shumaker Drugs
Maple Heights
Libby-Lee Pharmacy
Marietta
Beagle Drugs
Hill Top Pharmacy
National Drug Store
National Service Store
Marion
Fairpark Pharmacy
Henney & Cooper Pharmacy
Marysville
Orahood & McCarthy Pharmacy
Massillon
Briner's Drugs
Mayfield Heights
Leader Drugs
McConnelsville
Sears Pharmacy
Medina
Medina Drug
Mentor
Headlands Pharmacy
Mannino's Pharmacy
Middlefield
Lloyd's Drugs
Roose Drugs
Middleport
Dutton Drug Company
Middletown
McGee's Pharmacy
Minerva
Hart Drug
Monroe
Singers Pharmacy
Montgomery
Meyer's Apothecary
Mt. Gilead
Whiston Pharmacy
Mt. Vernon
Foster's Pharmacy
Heckler Pharmacy
Napoleon
Gilbert & Herr Druggists
Nelsonville
Foster's Pharmacy
Stoltz Drug Store
Newark
Arcade Drugs
Conrad Pharmacy
Larry's Drug Stores
O'Koon Drugs
New Boston
New Boston Pharmacy
Newcomerstown
Morgan Pharmacy
New Lebanon
West's Pharmacy
New Lexington
Sheeran's Drugs
New Madison
Bonfiglio Pharmacy
New Philadelphia
Heller Drug
Niles
Troutman Drug
Vaughns Pharmacy
North Madison
Aruta Drug
Norwalk
K-H Drug Company
Oak Hill
Jenkins Pharmacy
Oberlin
Kaiser-Wells Drug
Orrville
Dick Zarles
Parma
Lukes Drug Store
Pataskala
Pataskala Pharmacy
Piqua
Jack's Drug
Pomeroy
Nelson's Drug Store
Swisher & Lohse Drugs
Portsmouth
Bourgholtzer's Drug Store
Mound Park Pharmacy
Smith Drugs
Staker's Service Drugs
Wurster Drug Company
West Portsmouth
Staker's Drugs
Proctorville
Arrington's Pharmacy
Ravenna
Fowler Pharmacy
Triangle Drug
Reynoldsburg
Briarcliff Pharmacy
Ripley
Bristow Drug Company
St. Clairsville
Jeffries Drugs
St. Marys
Neely's Drug Store
Sandusky
Miller Drug Company
Scio
Horton's Pharmacy
Neimayer Pharmacy
Sharonville
Zinnecker Pharmacy
Shelby
Heck's Drug Store
Struble's Drug Stores
Shreve
Shreve Pharmacy
Sidney
Bunny's Drug
Silverton
Pfiester's Pharmacy
Smithville
Purdy's Pharmacy
Springfield
Glendale Pharmacy
Hebbles Drug Store
Madison Avenue Pharmacy
Marshall Pharmacy
Standard Pharmacy
Whitacres Pharmacy
Strasburg
Houglan Drugs
Strongsville
DePaul Pharmacy
Swanton
J & J Pharmacy
Swanton Pharmacy
Tallmadge
Bumpas Drugs
Tipp City
Cramer Drug Store
Toledo
Collins & Parker Drug
Cromly Drugs
Hanf & Son Pharmacy
Toronto
Bloors Pharmacy
Troy
M & R Drug Company
Oxley Drugs
Troy Family Drugs
Uhrichsville
H & A Drugs
Utica
Lonsinger Pharmacy
Vandalia
Hock's Vandalia Pharmacy
Van Wert
Derry Drugs
Hunter Pharmacy
Wadsworth
Family Drugs
Wapakoneta
Rhine & Brading
Warren
Drexel-Park Pharmacy
Park Pharmacy
Washington Courthouse
Downtown Pharmacy
Waverly
Kegley Drugs
Wellston
Ward's Drug Store
Westerville
Westerville Pharmacy
West Union
Blake Pharmacy
Wheelersburg
Reidenbach Pharmacy
Willowick
Leader Drugs
Wooster
Crum Drugs
Worthington
Nicklaus Prescription Center
Wyoming
Sanders Pharmacy
Xenia
Bucks Drug Store
Donges Drug Store
Yorkville,
Pata Pharmacy
Zanesville
Burley's Pharmacy
Eckerds of Zanesville
Fox Prescriptions
Shirley's Pharmacy

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smack across the ground, one after the other, with a great spear of flame and grandly fuming smoke. "They doing it up fine, ain't they?" grinned one Maddox disciple in the crowd, his fingers in his ears. But with the first report, Lester had cringed, ducking his head and then darting a glance at the others on the platform to see if anyone was alarmed, or possibly stricken.

Lester's speech was conciliatory, generous, even wise, brimming with goodwill for everyone. His voice shuddering electronically over the throng, he declared: ". . . do not want a single school closed or the right of a child to be educated or a teacher to teach to be impaired . . . respecting the authority of the Federal Government . . . law and order will be upheld . . . no place in Georgia during the next four years for those who advocate extremism . . . room enough for every faith, every ideal and every shade of opinion . . . Georgia belongs to every citizen. . . ."

Eventually the feeling of unreality seemed to overcome even Lester. In a dull, tic-toc voice, he plodded on through the platitudes, concentrating on nothing so much, it seemed, as reaching the finish, repeating again and again, "I seek your help. . . ." Suddenly it was as if he yearned to abstract himself from the situation somehow, to share his formidable responsibility—the inevitable crises and decisions—with as many people as possible; in fact, to reassimilate himself into the crowd, even perhaps, now that he had done it, had accomplished it, to disappear.

The benediction was *God Bless America*, sung by a former director of the Youth for Christ movement, who was supported by an unseen electric organ. Lester's eyes dampened. When the singer was through, Lester called out, "Henry, will you do something for me? Will you sing it one more time? I didn't get enough of it that time." The singer repeated his performance. Lester asked him to do it one more time, and then turned to the crowd: "All you people out there wanted to sing. I saw your lips moving. Come on, let's sing with Henry." Haltingly the crowd joined in, an indistinct rumble lagging after Lester and the tenor, and Lester's eyes blinked happily.

"I really like what John Adams said one time," Lester once confessed. "He said, 'There will be tears, there will be happiness, and the people will gather together and be happy.' That's all I want—for the people to gather together and be happy."

All day long after Lester's inauguration, at least, the state capitol was full of people gathering together and being happy—among them, great numbers of Maddoxes. One saw them everywhere, standing in corners in quiet, detached little clumps, smiling pleasantly as they looked about them, a little uneasy, but pervasively there. Shortly after noon in the state cafeteria across the street, diners looked up from their tables and stared as a procession of some 15 men, women and children, all dressed with a kind of Sabbath-morning formality, wearing corsages and boutonnieres, filed through a side door.

"What is this coming here?" said one state employee. A newsman at the table turned to look, and then said, "Just some more Maddoxes." They milled for a moment in the center of the room, their expressions uniformly affable and bland, glancing only fleetingly at the people around them, keeping their eyes for the most part on the impersonal physical features of the place—the floor, the ceiling, the empty chairs and tables, and the food on the plates of those sitting near them—steady, bright smiles on their faces, occasionally murmuring to each other, their lips barely moving.

And then, like ducks or swallows that have hung suspended in the sky for a moment, they suddenly collected, found direction, and flowed off behind one of Lester's brothers toward the back of the cafeteria line, politely not looking at the people whose tables they passed.

A certain quiescence settled over the capitol toward the end of the day. In a back office behind Lester's office, a Maddox aide whom Lester had fetched to Atlanta out of south Georgia oblivion—a long and storklike fellow with a savage new haircut, wearing a rusty black suit buttoned tightly all the way up—sat drinking a Coke and chatting with a newsman. A clipping under the glass top of the desk before him read, "I am really on the right path if I practice the Golden Rule of Jesus instead of merely admiring it," and a glaring orange sticker on the wall right outside cautioned, "Get up in the world but never look down on anybody." As the fellow talked on, his eye fell on a box of matchbooks some departing member of Sanders's administration had left on the desk. Pausing, he casually picked one out and studied it—it was a luxurious book of matches, stiff and glossy and plump, with SOUTHERN GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE, SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA, 1965, regally embossed on the deep green cover. He held it in his hand a moment longer, peering at it silently, turned it over and peered at the back, and then slowly, casually, his solemn expression never changing, lifted it back to his coat pocket and discreetly let it drop inside. Then, just as slowly and deliberately, his hand returned to his Coke on the desk, and he resumed talking.

All through that day, certain state officials who had served during the Vandiver and Sanders years, lonely remnants of the old order, sat in hushed privacy behind the locked doors of their scattered offices and whispered about it all, unbelieving, furious, impotent, aghast—"They're the seediest bunch of characters you ever saw. You go in there to the governor's office for just a minute, and when you come back out, you want to just sit down and weep."

Lester was to make his first official appearance as governor three days later, on a Saturday night, at a national Jaycee banquet at Jekyll Island, a summery, moss-hung, parklike resort owned by the state. Strapped in the seat of his airplane, looking a bit uncomfortable in the tux, with his pink face gleaming and his spectacles polished and his thin scanty hair combed back behind his balding dome, he could have been George F. Babbitt setting forth for a Zenith dinner party. Immediately after takeoff, a state trooper brought him a Coke, and he cradled it in his lap with both hands.

"Yessir," he said. "I beat every major labor leader, the state Democratic Party, the state Republican Party, the courthouses, the city halls,

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When your distillery looks like a castle, your Bourbon had better be fit for a king.

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Only it doesn't look like a distillery. It looks like a castle.

And when you've got a castle for a distillery, your Bourbon had better be some Bourbon. Old Taylor is just that.

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So we draw our limestone water from the very same spring the Colonel found in 1887.

We still nurse along our mash as gently as he did. We even use the same pedigreed yeasts he insisted upon.

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Would our Bourbon be just as good if we made it somewhere else? Maybe so.

But we're not about to find out.

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all the politicians of rank—*every one* of them—every major newspaper, the television and radio stations, every department store, all the major banks, all major industries. I beat *everybody!*" He took a swig from his Coke. "Yessir. Then when it looked like I was gonna win after all, some of these politicians started coming out for me—after 'long soul-searching,' they said."

"It was the Power of Positive Thinking, governor," announced a young man, an aide of obscure function, who was sitting beside him. His head was as round and polished as a cannonball, and his tux was slightly too small for him, the sleeves sliding up his white forearms. "The Power of Positive Thinking," he intoned again, and then sank instantly into silence.

Lester looked out of his window for a while. Then he turned back to the passengers in the cabin and, his face grave, touched with a kind of wonder, he launched into a peculiar recital of accidents—his own, his family's, particularly his son's—which he narrated in the most lavish, graphic, reverent detail. "I've seen several people killed before, one dropped right in front of me once when I was working in a steel mill, electrocuted. I got hit by a steel beam once myself, and lost the full use of my wrist here. The doctor said these finger bones here had splintered and drifted back into my wrist bone like driftwood kind of. I had to spread my fingers with my other hand to pick up my Coca-Colas, and sometimes even then they'd drop through ——" He demonstrated, sliding his Coca-Cola through his paralytically cupped left hand once, twice, three times, until everyone had got the picture.

"My brother, too—he was burned horribly, and he's suffered ever since. One hundred and ten operations. Then, my son, when he was just a little thing, I threw him once right through the front windshield of my car when I had to stop real quick. When I went to pick him up, the whole side of his face here"—solemnly, he took his finger and drew a diagram on his own cheek—"hung down. I carried him to the hospital like that, holding the meat on with my hand. Then, 'nother time"—he took a swallow of Coke—"he was out playing in the front yard and caught on fire somehow. It was a real windy day, and he tried to slap it out with his little hands, but couldn't. Then he just started running. He ran around the house into the backyard, and when the maid looked out the window, he was just standing there with his hands up in the air like this"—in his tux, he threw both arms up as high as he could—"burning all over. Then, 'nother time, he was playing up in some rafters on the back porch and fell, and caught his chin on a nail up there. It went all the way through here"—Lester lifted his chin and pointed—"and came out here." He bared his lower gum and pointed. "He was just hanging there in the air on that nail through his chin. You look at him now, the next time you see him, you can see the scar there."

There was a damp flare of joviality among the Jaycees when Lester appeared at the banquet, but it quickly subsided, and he was frequently left standing alone with his hands folded in front of him. At one point he was approached by an old supporter who bawled, "Hey, yeah, this is Maddox country, baby!"

Momentarily disconcerted, Lester drew back his hand and stared at the fellow, then gave him the long reach and pulled him to him. "Hey, Lester, you just got to tell 'em something tonight," said the fellow with a conspiratorial grin. Lester released him, took a step backward, and fumbled, "Well—uh—no, I'm just going to welcome them."

The fellow didn't seem to hear. He took a step forward, grinning, and Lester took another step back. "C'mon, Lester," the man whispered, "why don't you really tell 'em something tonight, now!" Lester insisted, his voice strangely rapid and toneless, "No, I'm just going to welcome them." His old supporter suddenly looked around with a surprised expression on his face, as if he'd just realized that he was in a hall full of strangers, that he had arrived at the wrong address. After a moment he wandered away.

There were a few scattered, hopeful war whoops when Lester was introduced. But he only endorsed the Jaycee code, concluding, "We're not promised peace, but freedom. And as He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free." With that, he dashed out.

Back in his airplane, with a fresh Coca-Cola in his hands, Lester began reminiscing again. "I got interest in government in the 'Thirties, attending neighborhood political rallies. I wasn't but about eighteen, nineteen, at the time. But my first real intense desire was in 1957, when a friend of mine running for mayor didn't make the race I thought he should. I stayed after him to work, but he wouldn't work. You can't do like that. So I decided I'd get into it. I read one of those ads about Dale Carnegie, and I went over there to check it out. I got halfway through that class, and I announced I was going to run for mayor of Atlanta." He blinked. The plane was bumping and he waited for it to steady. "When I got in that first mayor's campaign, they thought I was funny. Yessir. But the people didn't think so. Nossir. Everybody thought I was funny but the people." He meditated for a moment. "You know, I told President Johnson at least forty times that this was gonna happen, what's going on in the country today. After the civil-rights bill was signed, I sent him forty letters and telegrams. One of them I sent cost me thirty dollars. But he'd never answer my telegrams." He then leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and inquired in a low, earnest voice, "Do you reckon they thought I was a nut?"

He pondered that possibility for a while, fingering the mouth of his Coca-Cola bottle. Then he said, "You know, this was the first campaign my wife supported me. It's been hard for her to get used to, my running all over the state. But I told her once, 'Honey, every man should accomplish more than his daddy did. If I was just somebody who wanted to work at a job like everybody else, wanted to just run a private business like everybody else, come home every night and eat supper and go to bed like everybody else, then I'm gonna *be* like everybody else.' 'Course, I haven't been much of a husband to her these past four years, I suppose. But ——"

The plane was riding level and resistless now. There was a sensation of motionless, tentative suspension in the cabin—almost the sensation of riding a bicycle. "I think men, women and all should take a public-speaking course. Yessir, taking that Dale Carnegie course was the greatest thing I ever did. Dale Carnegie and prayer. Yessir. Jesus said, 'Ask, and it shall be given unto you.' It was a rare thing if I missed a night on my knees.

"My daddy told me one time, said, 'You better be careful, you gonna bite off more than you can chew one of these days.' I told him, 'Dad, there's not a job in this state I can't handle.' I still think I can do any job in this state, right this minute—'cept maybe doctor. That's something different, you know, being a doctor. But anything else, I can do it. You can go to the top in anything." He turned to the young state trooper who was sitting on the arm of the seat behind him, listening raptly. "You remember that, young man. You just set your mind to it, you can do anything." The trooper nodded vigorously. "I'm listening, governor, I'm listening."

"Monday, peanut butter and jelly; Tuesday, peanut butter and jelly; Wednesday, peanut butter and jelly; Thursday . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the months since his inauguration, Lester has done nothing to anger the people who were appalled when he was elected. In fact, there exists the general impression that he has been quietly assimilated by what has been called the Atlanta Establishment—the large banks, the two Atlanta newspapers and the political leaders who bolstered the Vandiver and Sanders administrations.

Maddox has introduced no major bills of his own, and the legislators have availed themselves of the confusion about the governorship to establish an unprecedented independence of the executive branch. So far Lester has really just been holding his administration together. His stewardship has been personal. Refreshingly, he has taken the toughest line of any Georgia governor on the state's notorious highway clip joints and backroom gambling shacks, declaring after a sudden inspection tour that certain sheriffs seemed to be on the take, and that he would clap them into jail and padlock the places himself if they didn't tidy up their counties.

Asked what specific programs he had in mind for Georgia, Maddox said recently, "Well, I'll get around to that the first of next year, I guess." As for the view that he had been absorbed by the Atlanta Establishment, Maddox would say only, "It's been real nice having so many people help you out."

His voice was listless, and he seemed benumbed and distracted. What was his next political goal? Was he eyeing the seat of Sen. Herman Talmadge? Suddenly some of the old buoyancy returned to Lester. "Not yet," he chirped.

His reply recalled another that he had given while flying back that night from the Jaycee meeting on Jekyll Island. Someone had asked if he thought he might be able to become President of the United States the same way he had become governor. "Naw, naw," he had answered, waving his hand. He leaned back, folded his hands across the stiff white bib of his formal shirt, and gazed for a long moment out the darkened window of the plane.

"'Course. . . ."

Everyone's head snapped back toward him. He was leaning forward again, a mischievous smile peeping playfully out from behind his fingertips. "'Course, somebody said it once, right after I was born. It was our colored woman, actually. She held me up and said, 'This man gonna be President. . . .'" And he winked. □

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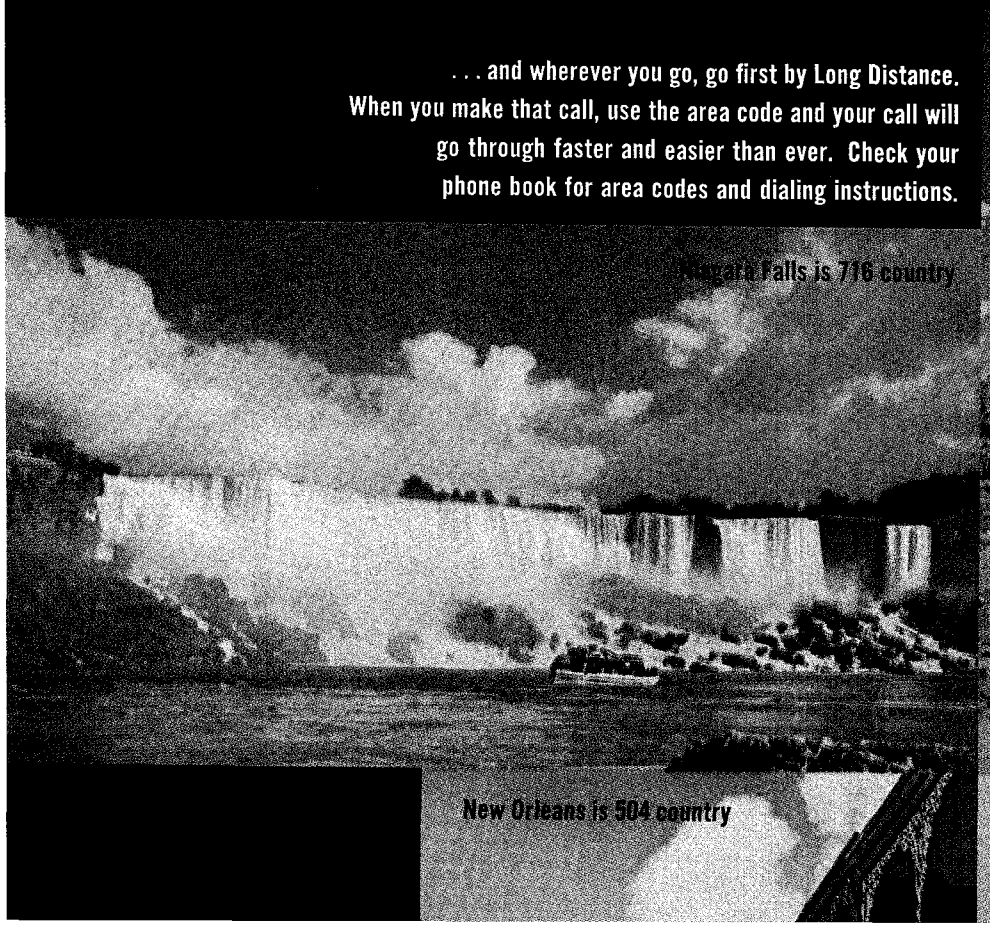

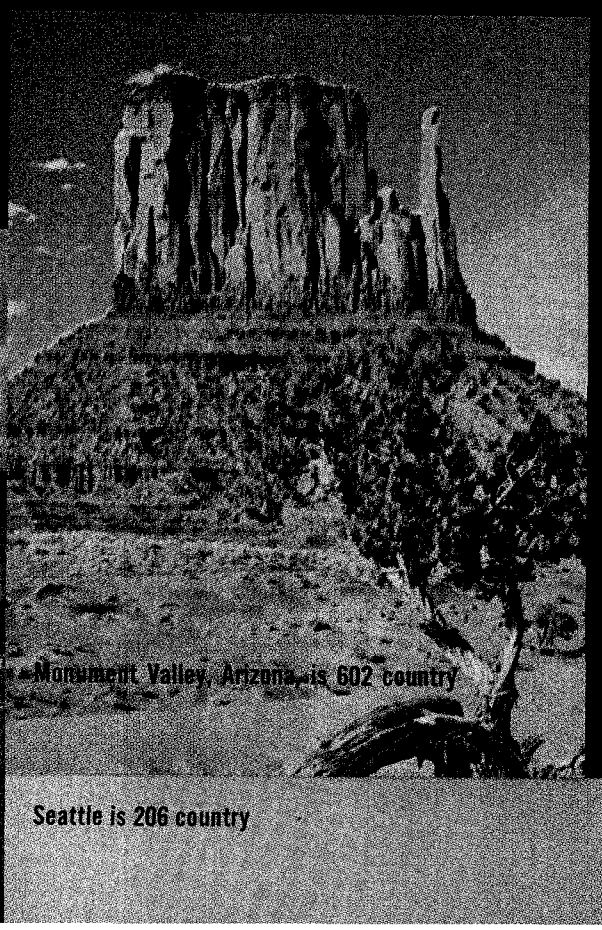

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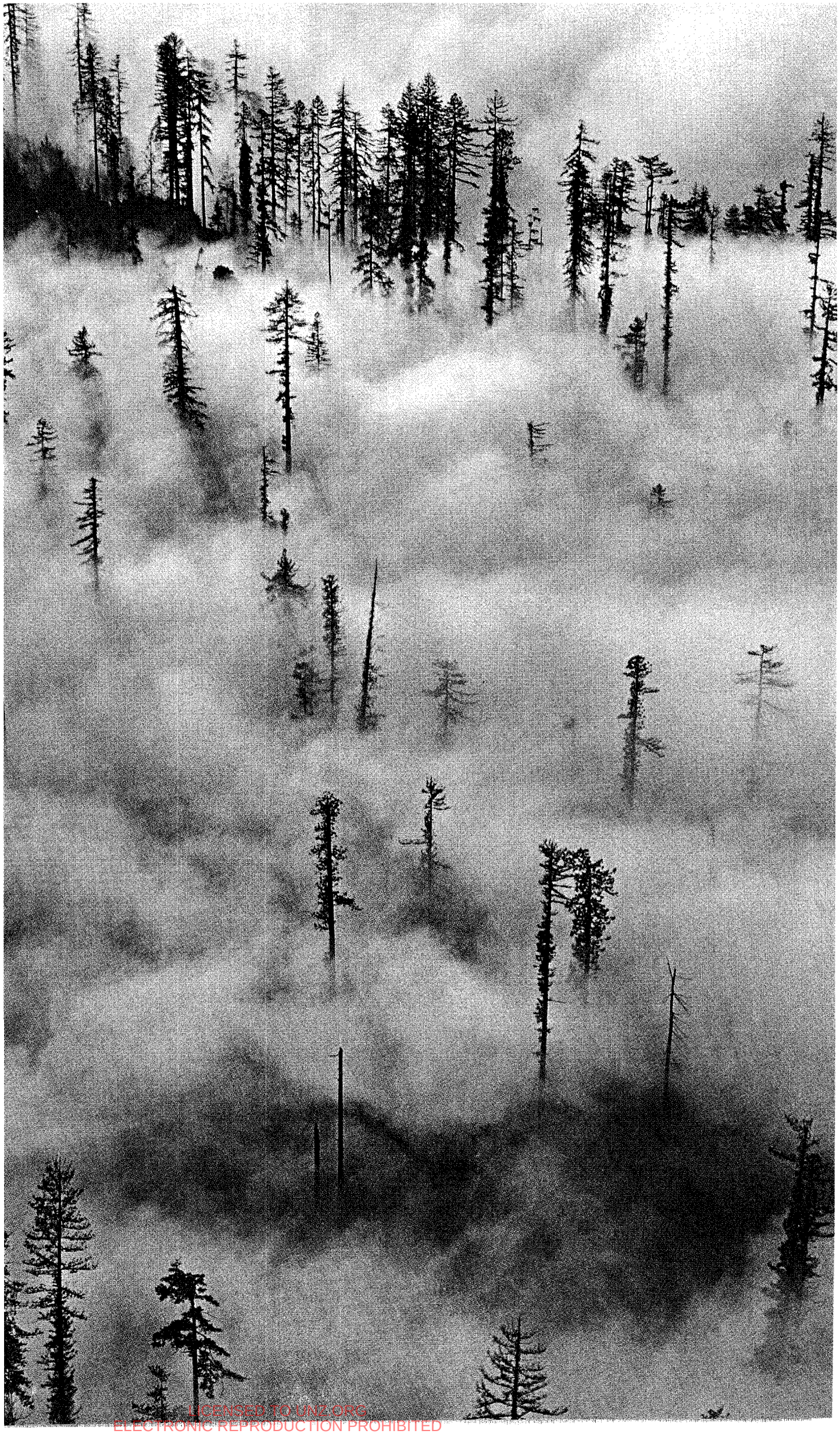

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FOURTH IN A SERIES ON THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT

THE BATTLE OF THE REDWOODS

Nature-lovers want to preserve more of the noble old trees, and timber owners angrily object. Congress may soon decide.

By ROBERT WERNICK

One day in 1960, Mr. Howard A. Libbey, president of the Arcata Redwood Company, gave orders to clear-cut about 200 acres of the company's land up by Mae Creek, north of Orick on the foggy coast of Humboldt County, Calif.

The news sent shock waves through the lumber industry. "You can't do it, Howard," said his competitors and well-wishers. "Think of our industry public relations. Think of the Sierra Club. Think of the trouble ahead." Despite their pleas—Stanwood Murphy, president of the Pacific Lumber Company, says, perhaps hyperbolically, that he got down on his knees—Howard Libbey was not to be moved. A lumberman of the old school, gruff and bluff and gregarious and a connoisseur of cigars, he said it was his land and his trees, and he was going to cut them all down. He had tried logging the area selectively—cutting out the biggest trees and letting the others grow at an accelerated rate in the sun—but his foresters had concluded that Mae Creek was not a good area for selective cutting. The remaining trees—shallowly rooted in the unstable soil, exposed to the violent winds that batter this part of the California coast—were being blown down at a ruinous rate. Prudent forestry called for clear-cutting, said his foresters, and clear-cutting it would be.

So the "cats" rumbled in and hummocked the ground for layouts on which the giant trees could fall gently (redwoods have brittle trunks, and too brutal a fall can turn thousands of dollars' worth of lumber into a heap of worthless splinters), and the fallers pulled their lanyards and leaned into their throbbing chain saws as they cut through the rings marking the centuries the trees had grown. As they worked, streams of sopping-wet red sawdust poured upon the ground. Then, like thunder, down went the trees, and up came the buckers to saw them into 20-foot logs. The tractors came in again to haul them off and load them onto trucks for the sawmill. The spare branches and other debris were heaped up and burned. And everybody went off to new acres, leaving behind a perfect replica of a World War I battlefield.

"That was the day," says another lumberman sourly, "that it hit the fan."

For this Mae Creek acreage fronted directly on U.S. 101, one of the great scenic highways of the world—the Redwood Highway, in fact—on which tens of thousands of travelers pass weekly to admire the ancient green hillsides, the dark hushed splendor of the giant groves. People may have been vaguely aware for years that the trees were being cut down wholesale, but here it was thrust in their faces: a picture of what the tree-loving tourist could only regard as willful vandalizing of God's green earth.

Now, seven years later, the Mae Creek acreage presents to the unskilled eye nothing but a mess of scraggly alders and fireweed spreading through the stumps of the fallen giants. But a woodsman notes at once the thousands of healthy seedlings—Douglas fir seeded by helicopter, redwood seeds blown in from trees on the surrounding land—and the vigorous sprouts of redwood growing higher than a man out of the stumps. In five more years Mae Creek will be a rich, green thicket; in 20 years the place will be a thriving forest.

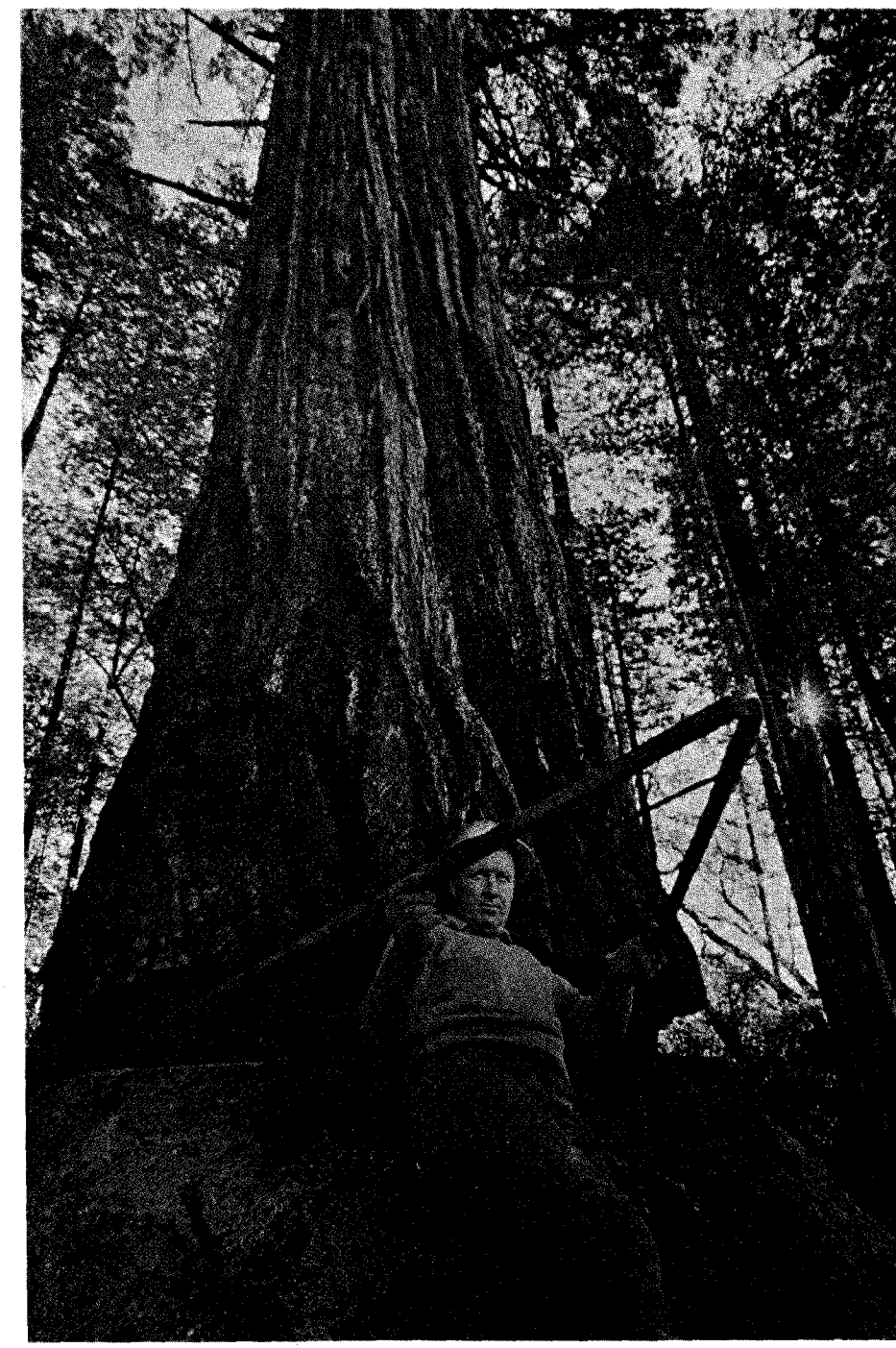
To a timber merchant like Howard Libbey, it is important that the forest thrive. For at least a decade the lumber industry as a whole has been growing more timber yearly than it has cut, but the demand for wood products is surging too. There may be a critical shortage by the year 2000, and the pressure on a lumberman like Libbey to manage forests for their maximum economic benefit rather than their scenic or spiritual values will become sharper all the time.

"I did the right thing by my land," says Mr. Libbey today, "and if anyone tries to take it away from me, I'll fight them from hell to breakfast. I'll fight them for fifteen years."

If it was a fight he wanted, he certainly got one.

Members of the Sierra Club (the Sierra Club is probably the largest and certainly the loudest of the organizations devoted to the preservation of the pristine American landscape) cultivate benign Wordsworthian countenances, but their eyes light with satanic glee when they talk of Mr. Libbey's clearcut. Their enemy had dug a pit, and they were only too ready to help him fall into it. Their photographers and their most passionate phrasemakers swarmed to the scene. An emotional storm swept the country—culminating in a thunderous demand to save the trees. The Last Great Battle of the Redwoods was under way.

For the next few months the battlefield will be the Capitol, as Congress debates the establishment of a redwood national park. In hearings scheduled for April 18, the various combatants are expected to fight desperately for their own proposals—the Sierra Club for a big park, the Johnson Administration for a middling park, and the timber owners,



Planning the fall of another aged giant, a logger sights along his "gun." There still is active logging in the California forests that Congress may turn into a park.

Photographs by John Launois

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abetted by California's conservative new governor, Ronald Reagan, for a little park or no park at all.

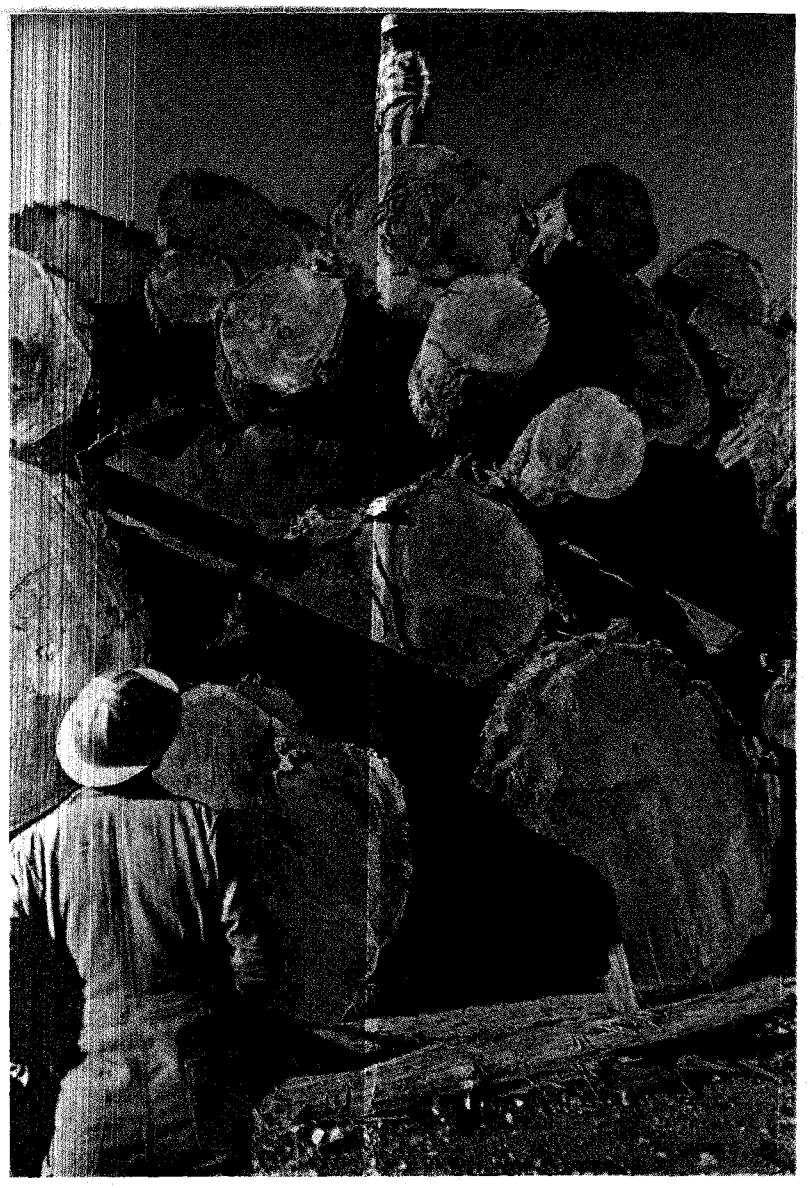
The subject of the conflict, the coast redwood (not to be confused with its stumpier and longer-lived American cousin, the *Sequoia gigantea,* or its Chinese cousin, the dawn redwood), is native only to the fog-drenched coast of northern California. It is the tallest tree in the world, reaching its most spectacular sizes of 300 feet and more in groves on the alluvial flats; there, repeated floods leave deposits of silt into which this versatile plant can send out new roots and get new bursts of energy. It is also a valuable commercial tree, its wood being highly prized both for its comely appearance and its resistance to rot and insects. When the first white man came, it was growing in a vast forest, mixed with Douglas fir and other species, over most of an area of nearly two million acres.

Hundreds of thousands of the trees now standing were there centuries ago; the average age of the present "old growth" is 700–800 years, though some specimens pass 2,000. But the virgin forest—meaning sizable areas where no logging has ever been conducted—has shrunk to perhaps 10 percent of its original extent. Some 50,000 acres of virgin forest are now preserved in California state parks, and another 4,800 have been set aside by the lumber companies under a gentlemen's agreement not to cut them while the public-spirited citizens of the Save-the-Redwoods League are trying to raise money to buy them. The remaining acreage in private hands—some 225,000 acres—is being cut over at a rate which may finish off the old growth before the end of the century.

The redwood, however, has the unusual property of sprouting from its own stump when it is cut down. Except where it has been permanently suppressed by suburbs, freeways, airports, college campuses and ranches, it is returning as "young growth" over hundreds of thousands of acres of cutover land. At the age of 70 years or so, young-growth redwoods are already big enough to count as giants in any Eastern forest, though they are shamed by the massive druidical stumps of the old forest looming around them. The lumber companies claim that in 30 or 40 years they will have enough mature young growth so that they can carry on logging into the indefinite future at a steady rate ("sustained yield"). To anyone who will listen they explain that they need to go on chopping down the old growth (most of it on hillsides and less impressive than the giants on alluvial flats that people are used to seeing as they drive along the highways) while they are making the transition to a young-growth economy. Their enemies reply that they have cut quite enough old growth as it is, and some at least of the noble trees remaining should be joined to one or more of the existing state parks to form a truly grand and impressive national park.

The difficulty with talking about redwoods is that the people who do the talking do not speak the same language.

To the ardent conservationists of the Sierra Club and their supporters in Washington, the redwoods represent a unique and irreplaceable resource. These majestic giants are the last survivors of a form of coniferous life that covered half the world in Mesozoic times. ("If you found a herd of dinosaurs, would you slaughter them for their filets mignons?" ask the Sierra Clubbers.) The trees are survivors of American history too; along with some stands of ponderosa pine in Arkansas and Douglas fir in the northwest they are all that is left of the primeval forest that amazed and challenged the pioneers. And unlike pine and fir, these forests cannot be easily replaced; to reproduce close-grained giants like those now standing would take three to five centuries of slow—not accelerated—growth.



Near a sawmill, redwood trunks lie in lofty heaps. Their wood has hundreds of uses and is in great demand.

The conservationists also acclaim the scenic splendor of the redwoods. In the still groves the sunlight filters down through millions of needles forming a vaulted canopy higher than the naves of Gothic cathedrals. Wisps of fog hang in the branches like bridal veils, and a soft patter of droplets—for each needle serves as a device to condense the fog and thus water the roots—fills the forest. The forest floor, a dark tangle of fern and rotting trunks, is set ablaze with rhododendron or azalea, oxalis or poison oak, each in its season. Here the impassioned nature-lovers come to renew their spiritual fires, to escape the frenzy of civilization and press the bosom of Mother Earth. They glory in the inaccessibility of these forests. Their war cry is that of the poet Hopkins:

O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

The timber owners, on the other hand, and the people of northern California dependent on the $300,000,000-a-year redwood industry, take a different view of redwoods. They recognize the giant groves in the state parks as prime tourist attractions, but to them the rest are simply trees, made to be cut down for the use of man, in the form of houses, beds, caskets, pianos, cigar boxes, wine barrels and such exotic products of modern silvichemical art as vanilla extract and reducing pills. These people, looking at a grove of 700-year-old redwoods, will point out that many of them have spiky tops, indicating that they no longer have the strength to draw up the vast quantities of water needed to keep a grown redwood healthy. Such trees they consider "overmature," slowly withering at the tips and rotting at the core, though they may stand for hundreds of years before falling down. They find more pleasure in the sight of a vigorous stand of young trees, well-spaced, well-sunned redwoods growing board feet of merchantable timber as fast as any other tree known to man.

'To cut an old redwood,' says one conservationist, 'is a criminal act.'

The chances of dialogue between people holding to these two conceptions are minimal.

Take those 50,000 acres of virgin redwood in the state parks. To the industry people and their supporters, 50,000 is a hell of a lot of acres, more than enough for present and future recreational needs. In these acres stand at least 1,500,000 redwoods from 300 to over 2,000 years old, along with their attendant tens of thousands of firs, madrones, pepperwoods and broadleaf maples. "Anybody that wants to get lost," says Harold Del Ponte, supervisor of Del Norte County and an outspoken foe of a national park, "send them up here and we'll see that they get lost in Jed Smith" (Jedediah Smith State Park—10,000 acres).

To the pro-park forces, on the other hand, the state parks are only pitiful fragments, continually attacked by highway engineers cutting freeways, by floodwaters coming down from the logged-over upper slopes, and by the pounding of millions of sightseers' feet on the shallow root systems of the trees. "Thirty-five thousand acres!" cried one witness at last summer's congressional hearings on various park proposals. "Hardly large enough for a redwood to lie down in!"

Since each side in the controversy considers itself an innocent minority set on by hordes of unscrupulous foes—greedy lumber barons or irrational conservationists, as the case may be—the tone of debate is emotional.

"To cut down an old-growth redwood is the act of a criminal," says a representative conservationist, Martin Litton of *Sunset* magazine. "When I look around my house and see the redwood furniture I bought before I knew what I was doing, I consider myself an accessory to crime. When I see what man has done to the redwoods, I come to the conclusion that man is God's biggest mistake."

"When I see these people," says a priest in Crescent City, "ready to wipe out the economic base of my parish by these park proposals, I can only suspect that they care more for trees than they do for people."

The Sierra Club takes pride in putting out a handsome and expensive volume with the incendiary title *The Last Redwoods*, which can only be intended to lure the unwary into thinking the red-

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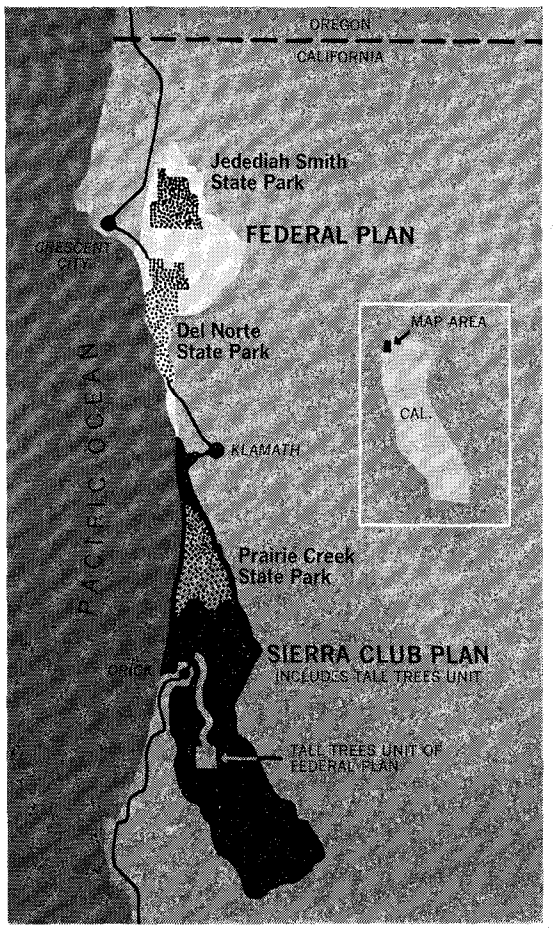
woods as a species are in danger of extinction; among the pictures designed to show the horrors of redwood logging is one showing a burned-over hillside of Douglas fir. Conversely, the anti-park people in Humboldt and Del Norte counties, panicky at the thought of losing employment in the lumber industry if a national park is created, will go out of their way to run down their own scenery, their own world-renowned tourist attraction, for fear that it might encourage people to think they could get on without their sawmills.

"We have the worst climate in the world," they like to say. "It rains for six months and the fog socks us in for four. When the Air Force in World War II wanted to train fliers for the conditions they would find over the North Sea, they looked for the wettest, foggiest place in America, and they came up with Eureka. Have you ever been in the redwoods when it's damp? And it's damp ten months of the year—fifty-eight inches of rain—damp, damp, dark and dank. And you know about the widow-makers? They're dead limbs the size of ordinary trees, they'll fall off without warning any day there's a wind. How much of a tourist business do they honestly expect us to build up on that?"

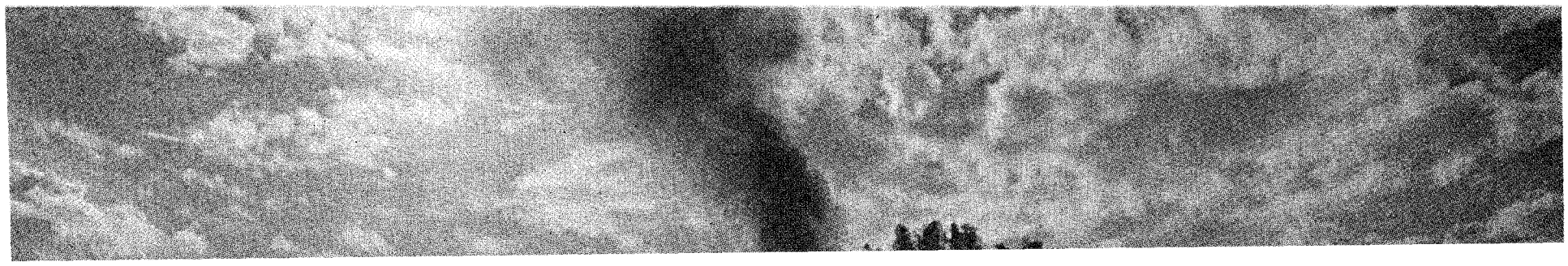
Tempers are high in the region, and they are mostly directed against the very idea of a national park. Local citizens who come out for a park are apt to run into economic boycott, social ostracism, or at least dirty looks at the golf club. A supervisor of Humboldt County was defeated for reelection last year after his opponent began spreading the rumor that he was a member of the Sierra Club.



If the Government's national park plan goes through, this redwood mill will shut, its workers will lose their jobs.

When Professor Rudolf Becking, of Humboldt State College, rashly predicted that all the old-growth redwood in the county would be gone by the end of 1967, there were loud, if ineffectual, growls for his dismissal. A lady in Eureka named Ru-Flo Harper Lee—"the original little old lady in tennis shoes," she calls herself—has been keeping the air lively for the past few years with long, rude questions about how and why the community seems to be run by a handful of lumbermen meeting in the Victorian-baroque splendors of the Ingomar Club. When she began asking questions about the fumes from the nearby redwood pulp mills, a local paper editorialized that it could put up with a stink 10 times worse if only it would drive Ru-Flo out of town. When *Sunset* magazine had some unkind words to say about the aesthetics of logging, the Georgia-Pacific lumber company abruptly canceled its advertising.

But economic reprisal is a two-edged sword. The most outspoken foe of a park in Eureka has just been fired by the nationwide brokerage firm he represented there because, he says, he was too controversial and might have scared away pro-park investors. The top men in the lumber industry are worried by the intense emotional climate that has grown up in the nation around the very word "redwood." ("Why didn't we just go on like the pioneers and call it bastard cedar?" one of them remarks. "Nobody would be getting whole fifth-grade classrooms from the East to write us pleading to preserve the bastard cedars.") When the Pacific Lumber Company heard from its Minneapolis jobber that the builders of two new



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houses had canceled orders for redwood and shifted to another kind of lumber, they were dismayed. The thought of a consumer boycott against redwood products is, to say the least, worrisome.

The peculiar venom of this controversy is a by-product of its urgency. Once a vast redwood park could have been created with very little fuss and expense. But in those days the redwoods seemed a limitless resource, and no one cared.

To the pioneers coming to California in 1849, and to the Indians before them, the virgin forest was a dismal place, terrifying in its gloomy silence and risky to travel in, since it did not support game animals like deer or squirrels or indeed any form of animal life higher than the unappetizing banana slug. The first exploring parties, like that of Dr. Josiah Gregg in 1849, suffered terrible privations, and Gregg either died of starvation or was murdered by his undernourished companions.

As northern California was fitfully settled, the forests were regarded either as obstacles to be cleared for farms and ranches or as an inexhaustible supply of wood for construction—the San Francisco that burned in 1906 was largely a city of redwood. For decade after decade the logging went on, colossally, wastefully, with no thought of the consequences to the land. Landowners were encouraged, if not forced, by the tax laws of California, to clear their land of timber; generally the clearing was done by small contractors—"gyppos"—whose aim was to get in and get out as fast as they could. It is only in the last 20 years or so, when most of the land has come into the control of half a dozen big companies with huge capital investments to protect, that logging has been directed by trained foresters who make young trees rise where the old ones are cut down.

However, young growth is not what the public drives hundreds of miles to see. It is the old growth that arouses the emotions, it is the old growth that is diminishing fast, and this is the subject on which Congress will have to make a painful decision in the coming session.

There will be two main proposals before it.

One plan, originally drawn up by the National Park Service, and later expanded by the Sierra Club, calls for a 90,000-acre park. Its nucleus would be the existing Prairie Creek State Park, a lush rain forest, with its attendant scenic attractions—the wild beach at Gold Bluffs, herds of elk, the glistening green walls of Fern Canyon. Added to this would be the lower half of the Redwood Creek drainage, containing some 33,000 acres of virgin timber. On a bend of Redwood Creek is the so-called Tall Trees Grove, discovered by the National Geographic Society on Arcata Redwood Company land with much publicity in 1963. It contains a scraggly giant 367 feet high, which at the time of its discovery was hailed as the tallest tree in the world. Public-relations people suggested it be named the Gifford Pinchot tree or the Theodore Roosevelt or the John F. Kennedy. The Arcata Company decided it would be more fitting to call it the Howard A. Libbey tree. Professor Becking claims to have found a still taller one—385 feet—on Arcata redwood land. He won't say where it is, because he is afraid it would be cut down, and Arcata has refused him permission to go back on its land to get it measured by anyone else. Foresters say they are sure there are dozens of 400-footers in the state parks. The industry is unhappy that the question ever came up, and hopes that someone will discover a 450-foot eucalyptus in Australia and take the heat off them.

This Sierra Club proposal is usually called the Redwood Creek plan. Its main rival, the Johnson Administration's proposal, is the Mill Creek plan. It calls for a 42,000-acre national park farther north, one that adds the Mill Creek watershed and its 6,000 acres of virgin forest to the existing Jedediah Smith and Del Norte state parks. Perhaps as a sop to the Sierra Club, the Administration also asks for 1,600 acres down in Redwood Creek, a thin strip of land leading to and including the Tall Trees Grove.

There are aesthetic and technical arguments for both areas. Both are beautiful, and both are scarred by recent cutting. Mill Creek has the more massive, handsomer trees, is more compact, is easier to protect against flood. The Redwood Creek area has many more trees (in fact, it has the largest remaining stand of privately owned virgin redwoods in existence), taller trees, more rugged and more varied scenery.

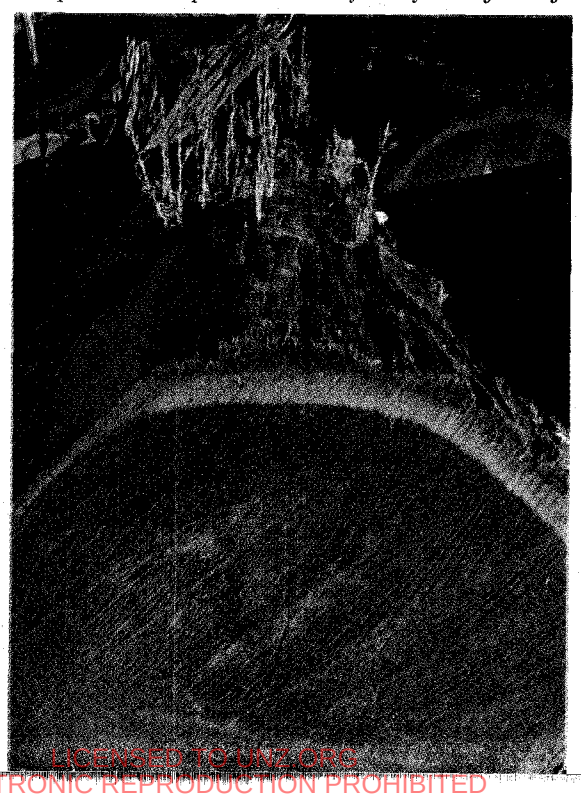
However, the Administration's choice was not a matter of aesthetics but of tactics. In November, 1965, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall met with the heads of the industry and told them they were going to have a national park whether they liked it or not, and they ought to come up with a plan acceptable to the Government which would do them the least damage. "What do you want us to do," exploded Stan Murphy of Pacific Lumber, "pick out the weakest one of us and peck him to death like a bunch of goddamn birds?"

If the industry wouldn't, the Secretary would. As he later explained to a congressional committee, he came to the conclusion that picking Redwood Creek would have "touched off a five- or ten-year fight." It would have been "picking a fight instead of picking a park."

The reasons were simple. The Redwood Creek proposal would put out of business one medium-big company, Mr. Libbey's Arcata, and put a serious crimp in the operating plans of two giants, Georgia-Pacific and Simpson Timber. It would have dire, if perhaps temporary, effects on the economic life of Humboldt County, which has some 36,000 voters. The Mill Creek proposal, on the other hand, would put out of business one medium-small outfit, Miller-Rellim, and disrupt the economy of Del Norte County, which has less than 10,000 voters.

In addition, there is a considerable difference in price. Mill Creek has a price tag of $60 million, Redwood Creek one of $150 million. (These are the price tags put on them by sponsors of the legislation, which experience indicates are rarely high enough. Lumber-company estimates, which presumably err in the opposite direction, are that the proposals would cost $120 million and $300 million respectively.) Even $60 million is far more than has ever been spent on a national park in the past. Most previous parks were carved out of the public domain before anyone could get in to exploit the resources there. But here the land and resources belong to a going industry. An economy minded Congress asked to swallow the camels of Vietnam and the war on poverty might well choke on the gnat of $150 million for pretty scenery.

A fallen redwood promptly sends forth sprouts to take its place. The species is one of the fastest-growing.



So the Administration thinks a compromise is the best it can get, and its compromise is embodied in the Mill Creek proposal. As is the way with compromises, it was displeasing to almost everybody. Though it was approved by the Save-the-Redwoods League, the organization which over the years has done all the work of saving the trees now in the state parks, it was denounced by the Sierra Club and its cohorts as a "pinch-gut substitute," a second-class park on a third-rate site, the "foulest of political chicanery."

The compromise proposal also got it hot and heavy from the inhabitants of Del Norte County, most of whom would be out of jobs if it went through. Del Norte, like the redwood region generally, is an isolated, inbred sort of country, a holdover from an earlier America: friendly and folksy, but with its horizons limited by its single resource and its single industry, lumber.

The inhabitants have fought their way back from many calamities wrought by man and God—the folding of the Hobbs-Wall Lumber Co., in the 1930's, which left the whole county bankrupt; the tidal wave of 1964, which carried half of Crescent City out to sea. Now when they can look forward to a viable economy built around the expanding operations of Miller-Rellim, someone wants to take it away, and they are mad. They are scornful of predictions that they will eventually get more jobs catering to tourists than they ever had chopping logs. Their image of themselves is in red shirts with Paul Bunyan axes in their hands, and they do not want a future selling redwood burls and Indian artifacts to tourists who are mainly interested in finding the bathroom and whose children would rather be in Disneyland.

Almost to a man they rallied behind Harold Miller when he tangled with Senator Thomas Kuchel of California and with the Secretary of the Interior. Miller is a peppery third-generation lumberman with a wicked hand at the jazz piano and a Homeric appetite for slammers (a slammer is a double Martini taken after four or five bourbons). He is boss of Miller-Rellim Redwood Co. (Rellim spelled backward explains itself), and it is generally agreed that his operation is one of the best managed in the business. He was asked if he would not stop cutting in the Mill Creek Basin while Congress was considering it for a national park. He replied that he would not stop cutting. He was told he had a duty to the people of the U.S. to spare those trees, and he replied that he had a duty to the people of Del Norte County to keep them working. He was accused by Secretary Udall of "spite-cutting," and he asked tartly if the same accusations were being made against the U.S. Department of Agriculture, whose Forest Service has for the past 15 years been cutting and selling old-growth redwoods from its holdings—about the same size as Miller's holdings—a few miles away. One harsh word led to another, and by the end of summer Senator Kuchel was introducing a bill in Congress directed specifically against Harold Miller and threatening him with catastrophic fines if he cut another tree in the park are

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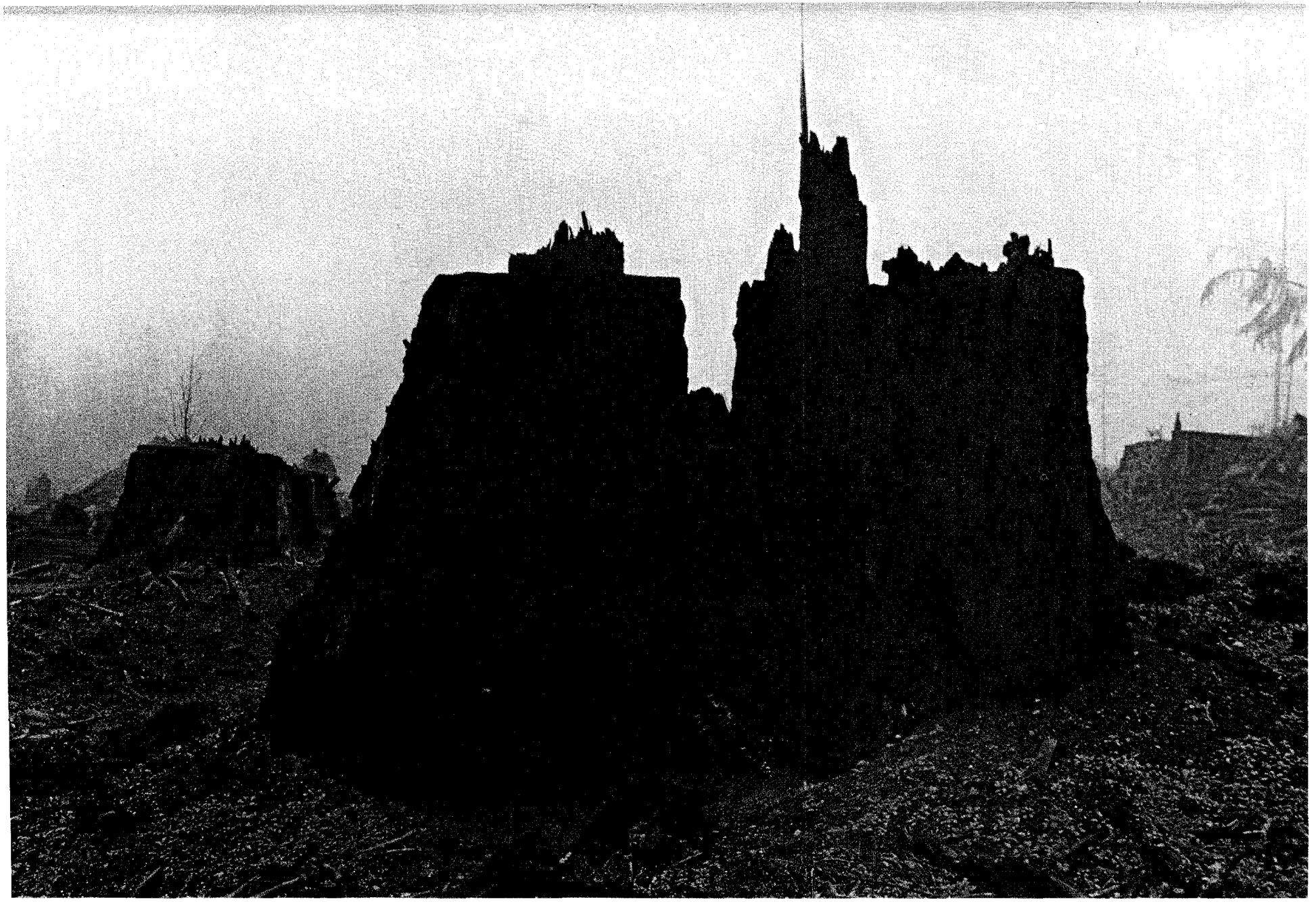

Redwoods will rise here again within a century but will be cut long before they match the girth of these stumps.

While half of Del Norte County turned out at a rally to cheer Miller on, the lumber industry decided that things were getting out of hand. "The anti-Miller bill was clearly unconstitutional," says an industry man, "but we couldn't afford those headlines day after day." So a deal was worked out whereby all the companies with land in proposed park areas would call a moratorium on cutting there until Congress had a chance to act in 1967. The agreement was fuzzy at best, and though the biggest trees got a reprieve, cutting inside the prospective park boundaries is actively going on at this moment.

Following the moratorium came the heavy Republican gains last November, and these have strengthened the lumber industry's hand immensely. The new Congress is more tightfisted than the old, and Governor Reagan—who was widely quoted in the recent campaign as having said, "A tree's a tree. How many do you need to look at? Seen one, you've seen 'em all"—is far more sympathetic to the industry than was his predecessor. As a result, the industry is much less ready to talk compromise than it was before, though it will undoubtedly accept a compromise in the end; it may never again run into so favorable a political climate. It is covertly backing the park proposal by Don Clausen, a Republican who represents the north-coastal counties in Congress. His plan would take only a minimum of virgin forest out of private hands.

In the Congressional hearings due to begin on April 18, the familiar arguments will be trotted out. *A park will be too damn expensive.* No, it will only cost a dollar or so for every man, woman and child in this land, an insignificant fraction of what we are spending on boondoggles like the moonshot and supersonic transport. *That dollar might be better spent providing recreational areas for the people where they really need and want them, around the big cities.* If we don't spend the money now, the lumbermen will have made the whole question academic by cutting down the remaining redwoods. *It's academic already: Attendance at redwood parks is actually declining; people want recreation-oriented parks.* But people are being turned away from Jed Smith campsites by the thousands. *Only for a couple of days in the summer; and anyway, why doesn't the state build more campsites? The parks it has are practically undeveloped.* If you overdevelop, if you fill a park with campsites, you destroy the very purpose of the park, which is to let man commune with solitude and vastness. *Solitude and vastness appeal only to a tiny minority, and you want to wipe out a thriving industry for that tiny minority?* It isn't thriving, it's sick and about to die, park or no park; the woodsmen themselves are talking about this region turning into Appalachia West. *On the contrary, our statisticians have proved that we can go on a sustained yield, balancing growth and production, by about 1985.* Our statisticians have proved that you will be out of timber long before that. *Our statisticians are better than your statisticians.* You are a bunch of blind, greedy, soulless despoilers. *You are a gang of long-haired folk-song-singing socialistic nuts.*

And so on.

The Congress will decide. The Reagan administration, which by controlling the terms on which the state parks would be ceded to the national Government has virtual veto power on any proposal, is insisting that any park plan adopted must not hurt employment in the lumber industry. One possible solution is to exchange Government-owned for privately owned redwoods. But since the Government redwoods are in the hands of the Department of Agriculture and national parks belong to the Department of the Interior, the bureaucratic problems may be insurmountable. Nevertheless, it is likely that this session of Congress will see the creation of a compromise park, acceptable to no one but perforce accepted. The Sierra Club will not get all its acres and will cry betrayal. The lumber people will lose some acres and will cry ruin. Then each side will go back to enjoying what it has left, the loggers and tourists dividing among them this remnant of America's forest primeval. □

'Conservationists,' says a local priest, 'prefer trees to people.'

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Editorials

The meaning of Lester Maddox

Lester Maddox, the new governor of Georgia, is a rich figure to conjure over. He combines the preposterous, the ordinary and the outrageous in a way that is wholly his own. You don't find politicians like Lester Maddox anymore—except in novels about southern politicians.

To start with, Maddox spent the most visible part of his life as the owner of a profitable chicken restaurant, which he turned into a fortress in the fight against integration. He added to the literature of the fight by inventing one of its symbols, the ax handle, which he disbursed from his restaurant. Running on this sort of fame, he finally won the governorship—a marvelous feat that is told on page 27 of this issue. What does it mean?

The most important thing about the sudden rise of Lester Maddox is not mythic or literary; it is political. If most Americans find the present situation hard to understand, it only means that they do not understand the past. It means that both the tribulations and the accomplishments of the South during the '50's were misread by the nation.

It is indisputable that Georgia did a miraculous job of maneuvering through the '50's without closing her schools and without disrupting her economy. Good leadership rose up to resolve each crisis just as the clock was running out, just as it seemed the schools would be closed. There was accommodation to federal law, and the watching nation interpreted compliance with the law as a change of heart. This was not the case. Maddox's triumph illustrates that the state is still conservative and segregationist—or at least that you can't get a clear majority of voters who are not.

The major developments in the South during the last 10 or 15 years can best be considered in terms of "action" and "reaction." Southern excesses during the '50's, such as the riots against school integration, fired up the machinery of government and accelerated all civil-rights efforts. Each explosion was followed by public outrage and a rash of new court decisions, new laws and new policies adopted by the executive branch. Each action by the South brought an equal and opposite reaction from the rest of the country. That has been half of the story.

But the schools were finally integrated, at least to a token degree; the number of confrontations diminished; passions changed. A few years ago we began to move into phase two—the Negro riots. The excesses of the Negroes in the last few years (regardless of provocation) have created the backlash, affected the national attitude enormously and brought a political reaction in a number of states.

Lester Maddox's victory—substantially aided by Negro rioting in Atlanta before the election—is part of a larger pattern. During the last few years, segregationist candidates of varying degrees of militancy have ridden into high office in other southern states: John McKeithen took the governorship of Louisiana, and Paul Johnson won Mississippi; Lurleen Wallace achieved a remarkable feat by winning in Alabama, and Dan Moore, a milder and more agreeable version of the segregationist, won the governorship in North Carolina. The emergence of these winners from the high grass tended to amaze the nation. Just as a majority overreacted and misunderstood the South when the developments were positive, now again they misunderstood what they conceived to be bad news, and misread the portent of the "negative."

When a man like Maddox wins office, the public assumes that the state will plummet back to the Dark Ages—that all positive accomplishments will be undone. This is a misconception. It is axiomatic that new governors change; they don't change the state. Once in office, a Maddox or any other extremist becomes pragmatic and begins to operate within the realities of the times. No sooner had he been sworn in than Maddox manifested a touching desire to work with "all of the people." The oath had an almost mystical effect. So far, at least, he has done nothing to horrify even his harshest critics. In politics things are rarely as good and rarely as bad as they look. And a political aberration like Lester Maddox may already be turning into just another humdrum politician.

A small step forward in Saigon

One of the chronic embarrassments of our struggle for Vietnam is that we have been fighting on behalf of a government that doesn't really represent anybody. The junta headed by Lt. Gen. Thieu and Marshal Ky won power by a coup and rules by decree. Just as it doesn't represent anybody, it can scarcely achieve much popular support.

In an effort to remedy this, the generals finally staged an election last fall. It was not exactly a free election, since critics of the government were barred from running, and many areas were considered too guerrilla-infested to vote; but it did produce 117 elected representatives for the task of drawing up a constitution. Now, more than six months later, a reasonably democratic constitution has finally been produced—and approved by the junta. Next steps: the election of a president and a legislature. If any of these steps help to create a representative government in Saigon, the Communists can be expected to sabotage them; on the other hand, the generals, too, have indicated that they will use force anytime they don't like the way things are going. Still, in the politics of Vietnam, small steps are better than no steps. The 117 constitution-writers, who have a firm faith in numerology, carefully wrote a constitution of 117 articles and began it with a 117-word preamble. In this act of faith, one can only wish them luck.

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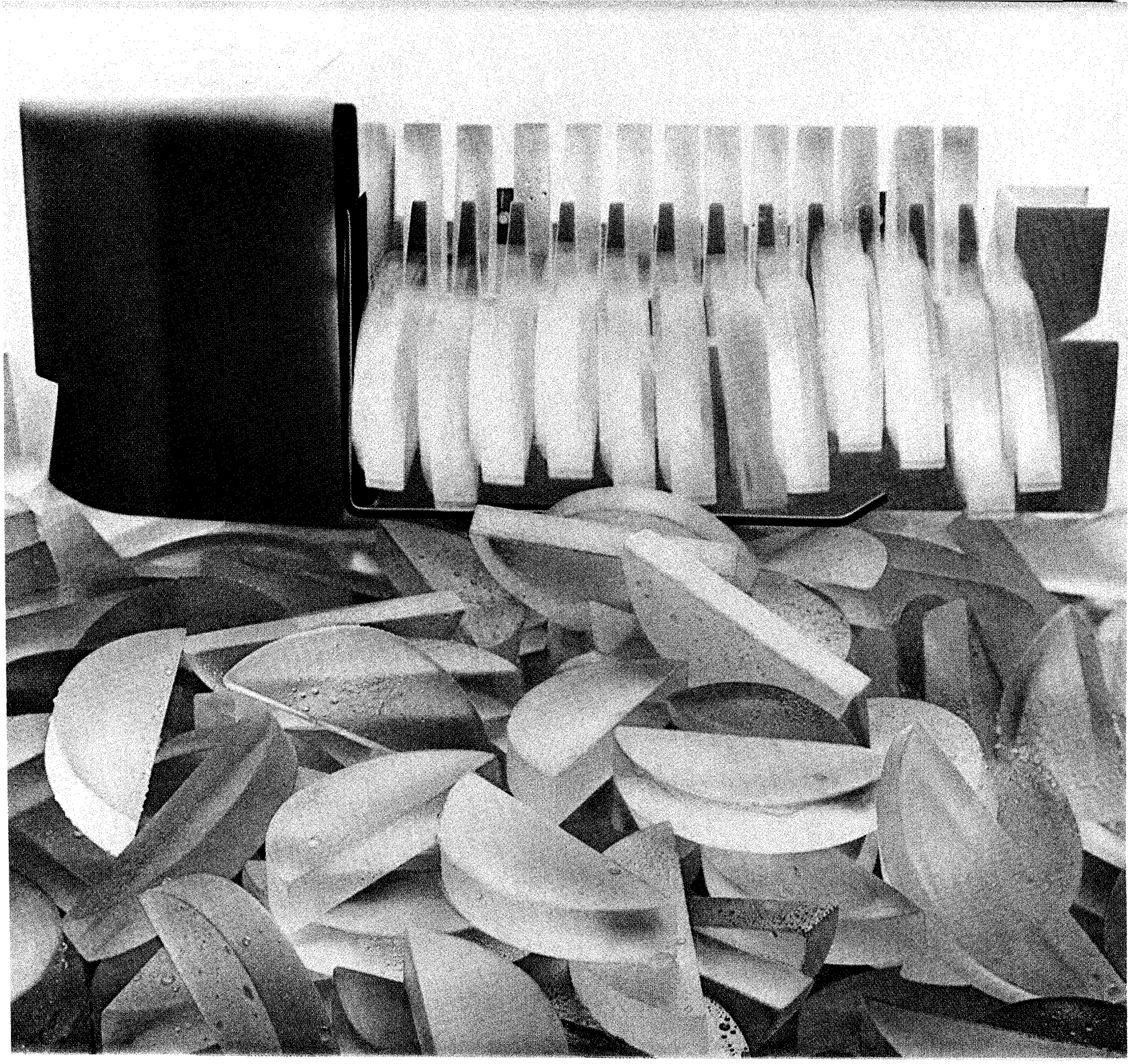


Open your own ice cube factory.

When you're having a party and you haven't invited your neighbors, it's embarrassing to borrow their ice cubes.

Neighbor, your borrowing days are over.

We have an ice cube factory for you—a refrigerator that will automatically put hundreds of ice cubes at your disposal any time of the day or night. Now, life can be one long party.

But maybe you only throw a few parties a year. It hardly seems worth it to buy a factory.

On the contrary, don't you need ice cubes for yourself and your family, for neighbors who "just" drop in, for the kids' sodas and your aunt's iced teas? Now, you can just open the freezer and take out the ice cubes.

Because these ice cubes don't stick. They come ready to use in anything from a morning tomato juice to a 5 o'clock pick-me-up to a late-at-night ice pack.

You'll never again have to fill a tray or spill a tray or pry an ice cube loose with a crowbar or melt it down to half its size getting it out with hot water.

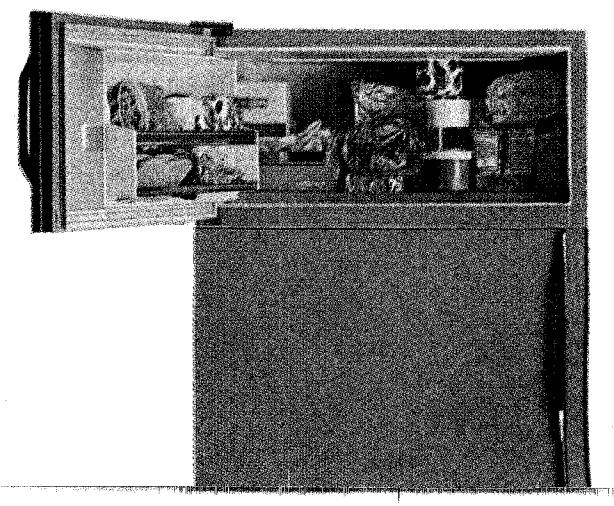
But since everybody's needs are different, our ice cube factory comes in 10 different refrigerator models, from a little over 12 cubic feet to a little over 21 cubic feet.

One last thing.

Don't worry that your ice cube factory will attract all the neighborhood ice borrowers.

You may be the last in your neighborhood to have one. (Whirlpool has sold over a million of them already.)

Whirlpool



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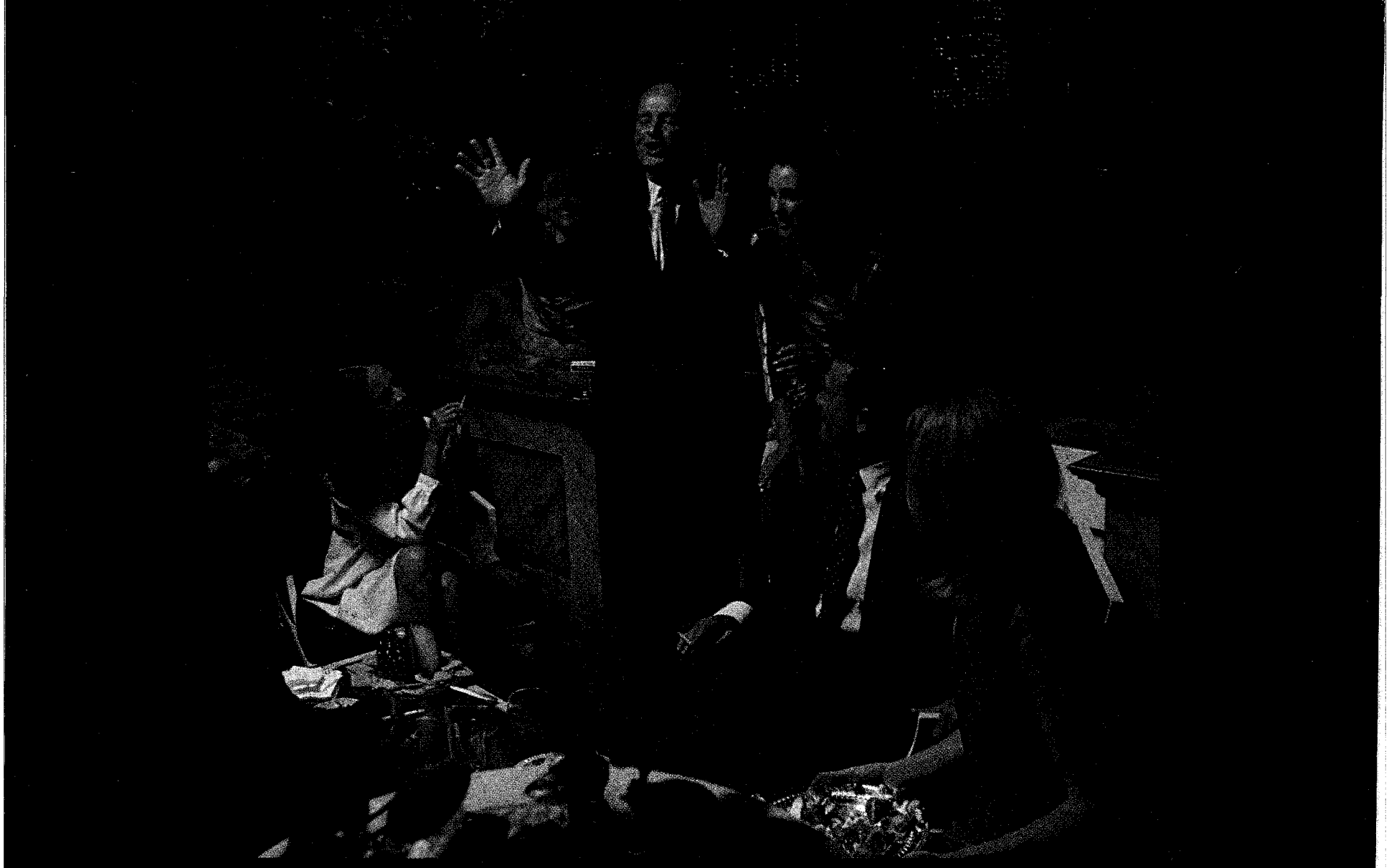
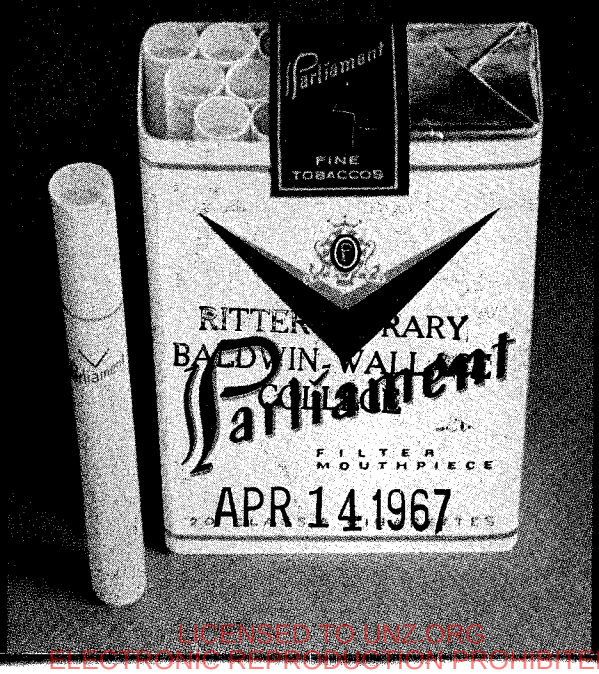
Jim Morgan is an architect by day.
After dark he's one of the Night People. And a great storyteller.
So pull up a chair... light up a Parliament... and listen. He's one of the best acts in town.



Night People

They smoke Parliament. They like the style of this cigarette.

Parliament is made a different way
with a firm tip, and the filter
that's recessed inside a mouthpiece.
That's what makes it taste good.
Try Parliament. Tonight!



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